

DRUMMER



495

A BARGAIN!

THE FETISH
FEET
BOOTS
& SHOES
THE FANTASY

THE NIGHT
BEFORE
CHRISTMAS

AT THE
QUARTERS
COMPOUND
MANWATCHING
ON FOLSOM

NEW!
FORUM
SAFESEX

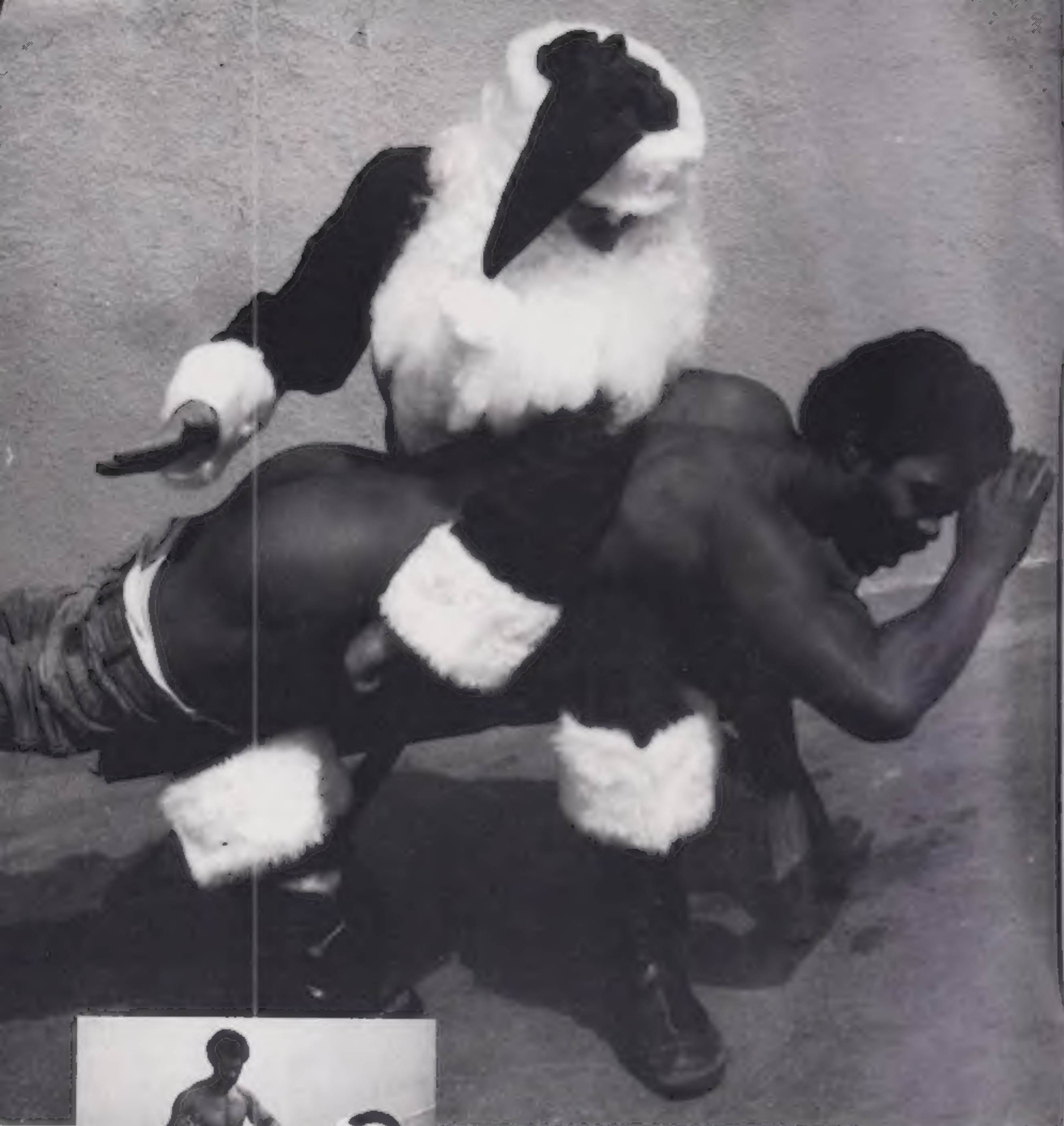
WHY YOU CAN'T
FIND A MAN

WHY GAY MEN
HAVE TO BE
STRONGER
THAN NON-GAYS!

THE GIFT
MAGNIFICENT
FICTION BY
OLAF

WITH ORIGINAL ART
THE PERFECT GIFT!
A MAN FROM OUR
CLASSIFIEDS!

ISSUE 89



HAPPY HOLIDAYS
FROM YOUR FRIENDS AT
DRUMMER

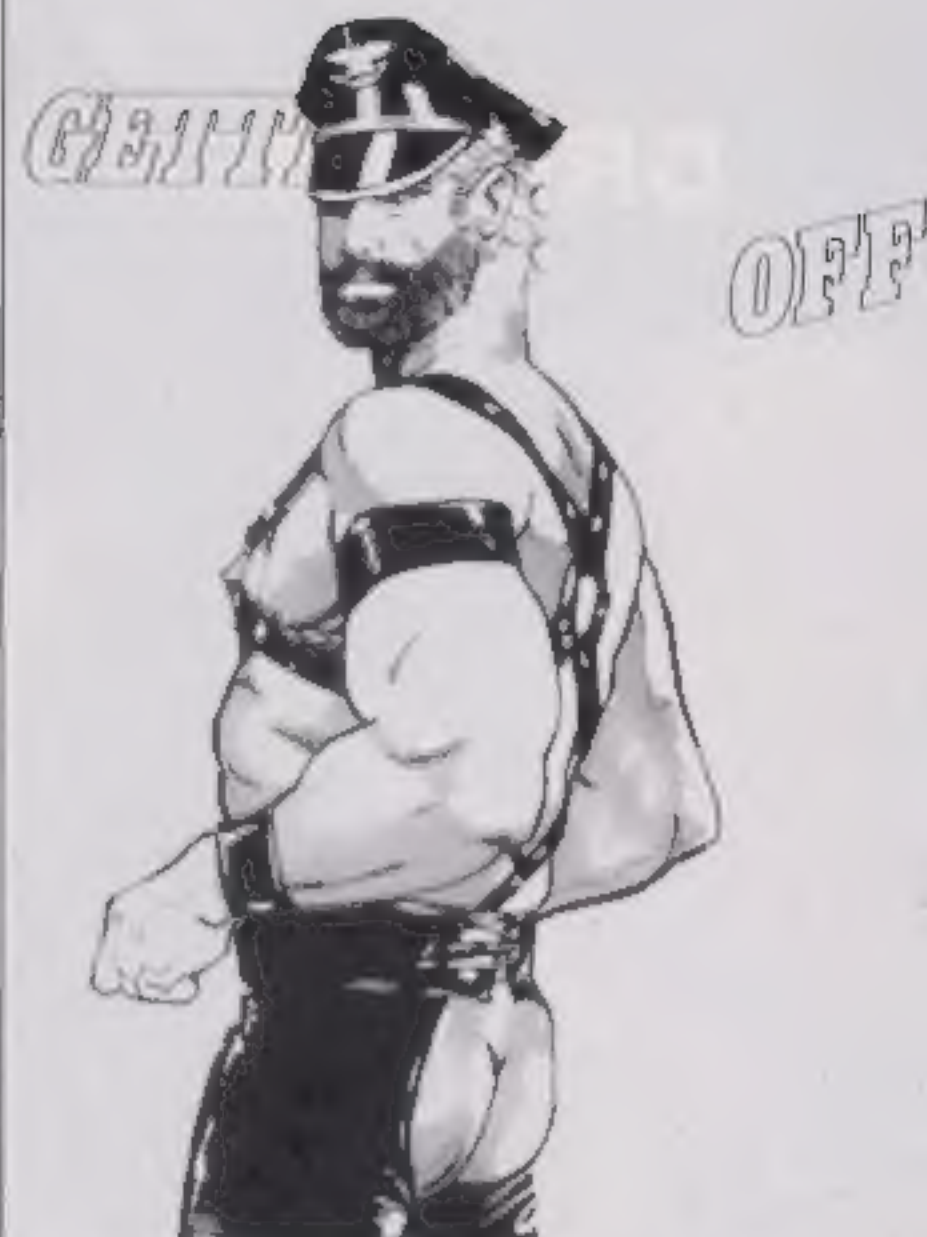
"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau



- 4 **DRUMMER'S FETISH PARADE: FEET FIRST** Since ancient times, men have had a lot to say about and do with feet. Foot worship is big enough to have a fraternal organization or two.
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Cover: "Tie him up with Christmas tree lights and plug him in." A festive idea using Charley, our centerfold, who went along with the idea. Photo by Patrick Nunn.
Opposite Page: Two versions of a Santaspank for boys who have been good and boys who have been bad. By Man's Hand Films.



On November 2, we understand, a contest was held to select Mr. Leather New York at the Paradise Garage in that city. I had received a letter from a photographer there offering to cover the contest for Drummer. There was no return address on it, let alone a telephone number. So much for that.

Yesterday we got a call from another someone calling for Artie Haber, the contest's organizer, saying that that someone had been photographing the proceedings on behalf of Drummer and that Artie was very concerned since none of the contestants wanted their pictures in print.

San Francisco's Mr. S, who was a judge, tells us that the winner was sponsored by the Mineshaft, which was recently raided by sixty-five of NYC's finest. We thought they only did that in LA, sending an army to hack up a place of business to close it, instead of merely serving a piece of paper.

Last year, everyone was happy that New York was finally getting its shit together and having a contest at all. We assume their winner is to go to Chicago for Mr. International Leather and we hope not wearing a paper bag over his head to keep from being recognized.

This is in no way criticism of Mr. Haber, of whom we are rather fond, or of the people involved with or in the New York contest. Or even the contestants who, for reason of their own, must remain nameless and faceless. But kids, New York City should be a far cry from Wichita Falls.

It is too bad that the New York leather community is so closeted that it tolerates such a raid on the Mineshaft, or any other place of business that is to follow.

And speaking of following, a city the size of NYC should be leading the way for leather as well as the rest of the gay community.

—John H. Embry

DRUMMER FETISHES: FOOT WORSHIP

FEET FIRST



When, in the words of that hoary old articulation exercise, "Moses supposes his toeses are roses," does he also realize that he makes of himself the pet of the pediphiliac set? Because there, precisely and anatomically, is where the action begins for the dedicated foot fetishist, paying homage to those appendages of man which are in closest and most frequent contact with the earth that affirms all men's basic brotherhood.

To the less liberated among us, thanks to somber ol' Sigmund Freud himself, any brand of fetishism is "abnormality... (which)... may be counted as one of the perversions." Such an atavistic attitude in this day and age should be shelved along with such equally disproven myths as "Masturbation will make your palms hairy" and "Sodomy stunts your growth." Whatever.

Of all fetishes, pediphilia is the one which most requires the performance of a positive act of worship. Art historians verify that in Christian iconography, since the Middle Ages, the human foot has been used as the standard symbol of humility and service. Its origins are found at the Last Supper, when Jesus stripped down and

washed the feet of his disciples, instructing them "Ye also ought to wash one another's feet" (John 13:4-14). Then there was that strange Pharisee woman who washed His feet with her tears, dried them with her hair, and covered them with kisses (Luke 7:38).

Zoologist Desmond Morris, out of his depth in psychology after crassly crossing disciplines into the profitable realm of best-sellerdom, would accuse the above of having been *mal-printed* at the time of their first sexual experience. Nonsense! And poppycock! There's nothing like a good healthy case of pediphilia to get a kid off the streets and into the john. But, why even waste time on a writer who also flatly states (in *The Human Zoo*) that the "normal object" of sexual desire is "a member of the opposite sex"?

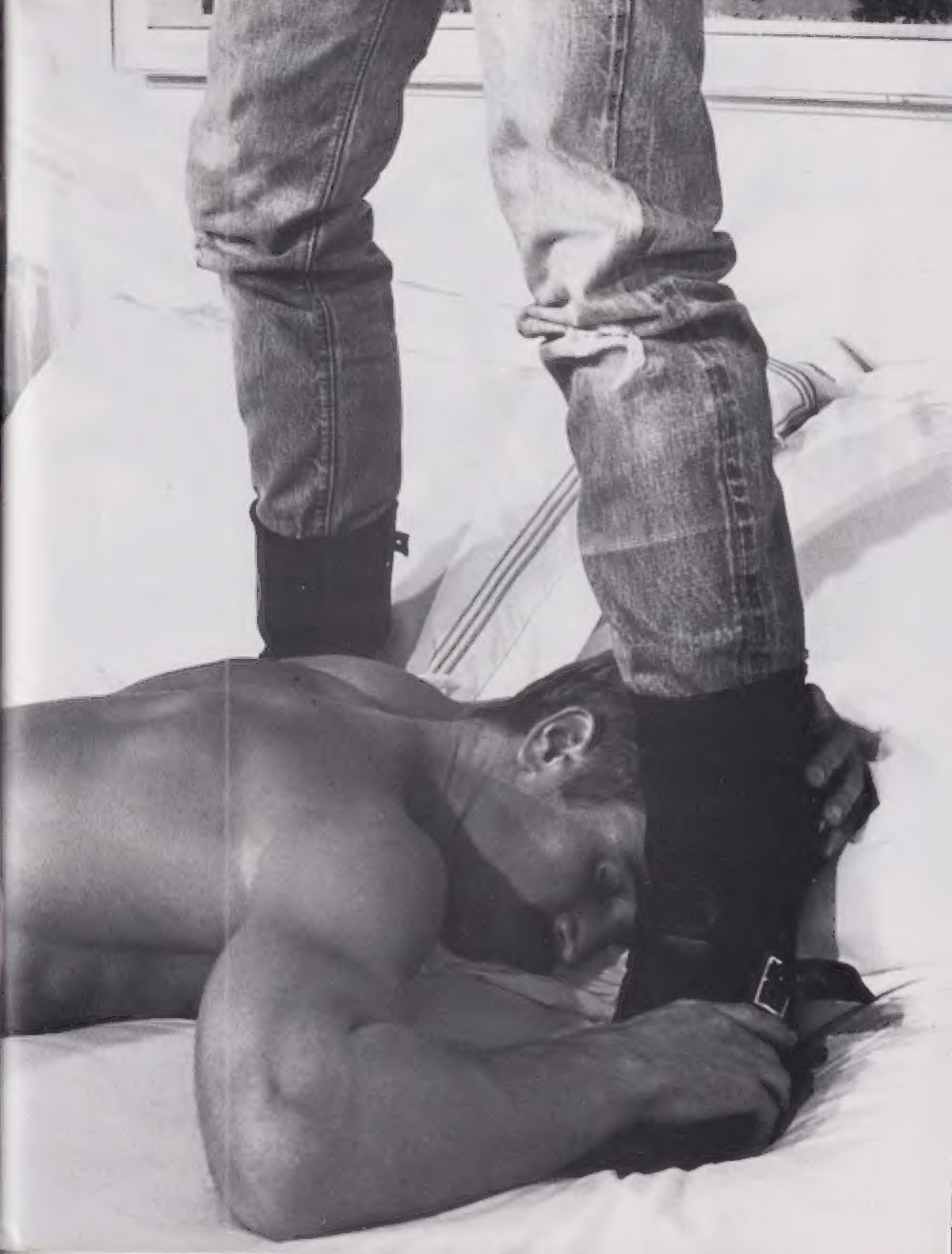
It's interesting to note how frequently the foot appears in literature. Robert Browning (sic) seems to have had quite a thing for feet. In *Respectability*, he coined the phrase "put forward your best foot!" (Tho' Shakespeare, uncharacteristically more grammatic, exhorts in *King John* to "Make haste; the better foot before.") But who could improve on Browning's

description, in Part X, *The Ring and the Book*, of the pediphiliac's ultimate scene: "Why comes temptation, but for man to meet/And master and make crouch beneath his foot..."?

In *He Wishes for the Cloths of Heaven*, William Butler Yeats confesses "I have spread my dreams under your feet," a romantic image with deep meaning for all unreconstructed foot fetishists, yet hardly in the same league with T. S. Eliot, who, in his masterful *The Waste Land* fantasizes about those who "wash their feet in soda water" (Part II, "The Fire Sermon"). Examples could be cited endlessly. Just ask the Pope.

The importance of all this to the practicing pediphiliac is that precedence now prescribes he need no longer keep his wont a secret; he can come out of the shoe closet, as it were. Surely so devout an act of "humility and service" merits full disclosure and discussion, and its practitioners especially warrant the respect and gratitude of us all. Few activists offer such equal pleasure to both parties involved, whether entered into as an end in itself or as a prelude to other mutually satisfying undertakings.

If you wish to do your pediphiliac





partner a favor, wear sneakers with no socks and jog a lot, preferably on a well-used bridle path. Good clean sweat and honest dirt combine to provide the kind of challenging treat certain to light up your foot-lover's eyes and moisten his mouth. Nearly all of his senses will become engaged: sight, smell, touch and taste; and the greater the participation of the senses, the greater the heights of passion that may be reached.

The act itself must be done with finesse as well as devotion. First comes the ritual removal of footwear, one at a time, carefully untying laces, gently slipping the backs down and over the heel, pulling forward past the instep, finally revealing the naked toes and tenderly setting the shoe to one side. The foot is next fully massaged by the hands, warming the flesh, kneading and pulling the toes individually from smallest to largest, caressing along the sole and back to the heel, striving to relax any tensions lodged in the Achilles tendon, rotating the whole foot both clockwise and counterclockwise at the ankle.

Ready for climactic moments, the tongue itself is now put to work. Starting again at the tiniest toe, tongue





Worshipful bootlicking from Manhood Rituals 1/The Compound. Taken at the Arena slave auctions where many Quarters personnel were recruited.



Boot biting under duress. A toe-touching scene from Born To Raise Hell. The boot is Val Martin's.

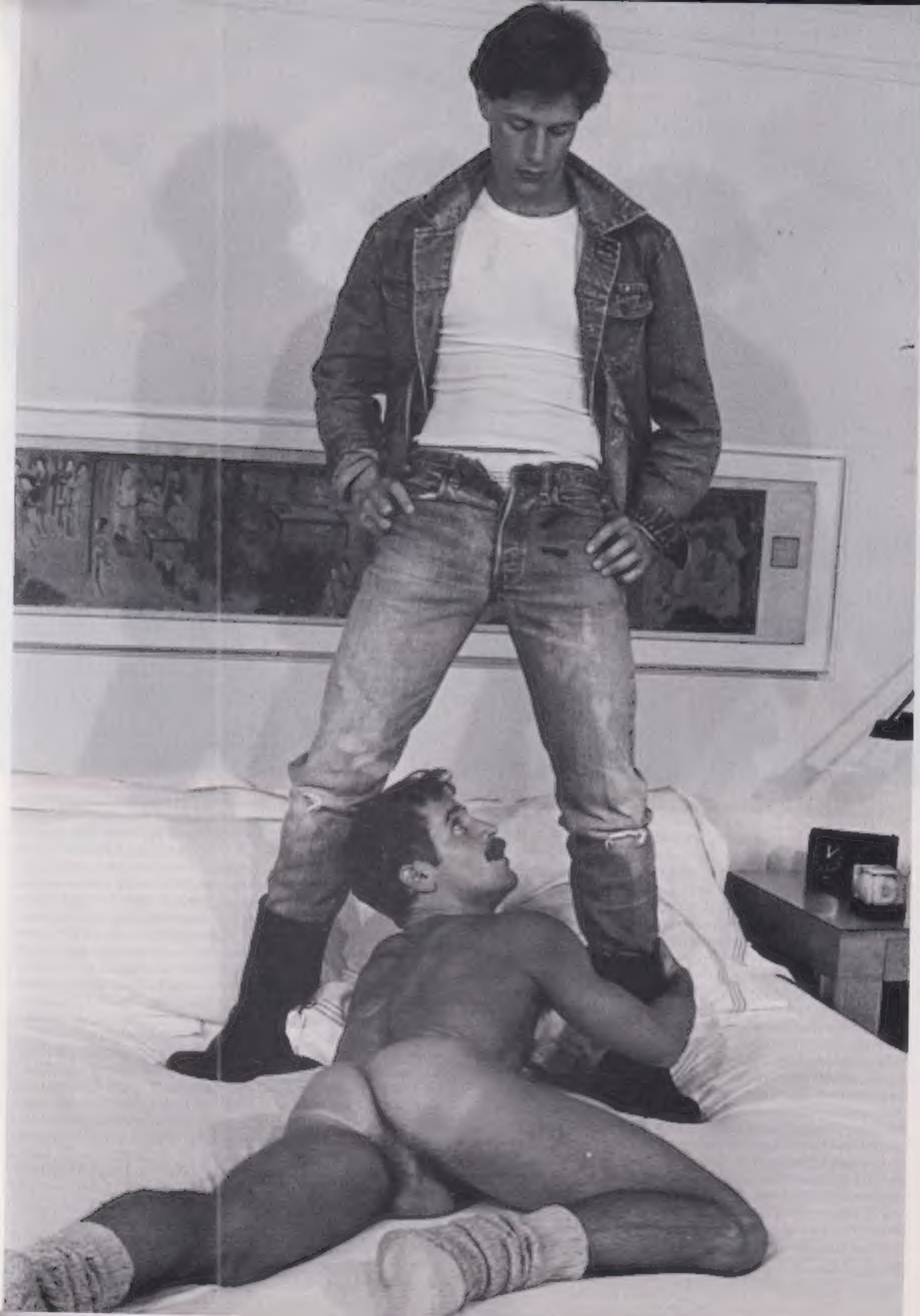
around and around it, then hold it between the lips, alternately sucking and blowing. And, as with sucking and blowing other things, make sure the teeth don't make contact, for they can utterly destroy the sensuality produced by the licking and sucking. A sensuality, incidentally, that can be heightened by using the hands to massage his calves.

After his toes, with special attention having been given to the sensitive spaces between them, the sole of the foot becomes the focus of attention. This area should be laved with long, languishing licks, from toes to heel in one slow and steady motion and then back again, over and over, finishing up with a fluttering and flicking of the tongue across the entire bottom and sides of the foot. The same procedures are repeated on the top of the foot. The hands, perhaps, have now worked their way up to the thighs and...er...whatchamacallums.

A minimum of a quarter-of-an-hour should be spent on each foot if a thorough and satisfying job, resulting in complete arousal, is to be accomplished. Remember that anything worth doing at all is worth doing well. This is particularly true in the world of pedophilia where, in the final analysis, the whole point is to have a foot in your mouth.

Or wherever.

—Ed Franklin



MORE FOOT FETISH

I KNOW JUST WHAT YOU WANT



I know just what you want. And I know exactly how to give it to you.

Ever since I saw you staring at my boots I knew that sooner or later your mouth would be planted on top of these shitkickers. Something in the look in your eyes told me that you wanted to be mastered. That's just what I'm going to do. The minute I spotted you I had a feeling that you'd be spending the rest of the night with your face down around my feet. I can spot a slave a mile away. Even when they strut around and put on a macho act, I can tell that they're thinking up ways to please the next man who snaps his fingers at them. All it takes is the right kind of look, and they're ready to heel; just like you're ready right now. So, instead of wasting any more time with playing silly mind games, why don't you just get down on your knees where you belong.

You look real natural there. That mouth of yours comes right up to where my crotch is. But don't get any ideas that just because your lips are only a few inches away from my dick that you can just reach out and take what you want so desperately. No way. You're going to have to work to get what's in that crotch. And you can start by planting your mouth on those crud-covered boots of mine. There's lots of stale beer piss coating that worn out leather. And before you get to tasting any cock tonight, I want to see those shitkickers shiny from your hot spit. That's it slaveboy, get those boots real clean. I want to know that they've been tongue polished by a hot boot slave. Let me feel that pig tongue of yours lapping up all that recycled

slime juice. Then, when you're finished with the right foot, you can start on the left one. It's been a long while since those boots got the kind of attention they deserve. And now that they've got a good pair of slave lips on them, they better wind up looking like they did the day they were bought.

That wasn't too bad for a beginner. With a little experience, I could turn you into a first class boot slave—the kind I'd be proud to loan out to some of my raunchy buddies. I bet you'd really like that. That mouth of yours would be tasting boot polish from sunup to sundown. And when you were through licking up spit-shined leather, maybe I'd let you taste some of my overripe socks. They're real raunchy from being inside those hot shitkickers all day. The fact that they haven't been washed for a whole week should give you some idea of what they're going to smell like. They've got the kind of funk on them that bootboys the whole world over dream about. And I bet you're no different from all those other fuckers who get off on the smell of a man's raunchy sock. So, instead of just lying there like a dog waiting to be kicked, why don't you put yourself to good use and pull off your master's boots. Only do it real slow. I want you to savor everything that is going to be coming your way.

Man, those socks smell like they've been dragged through elephant shit. But then, that's the kind of smell a slave like you deserves to be breathing in. Just wait till you get those shitkickers all the way off. The best part's on the bottom. That's it, bootbreath. Get those fuckers over the heel. Now, ain't that



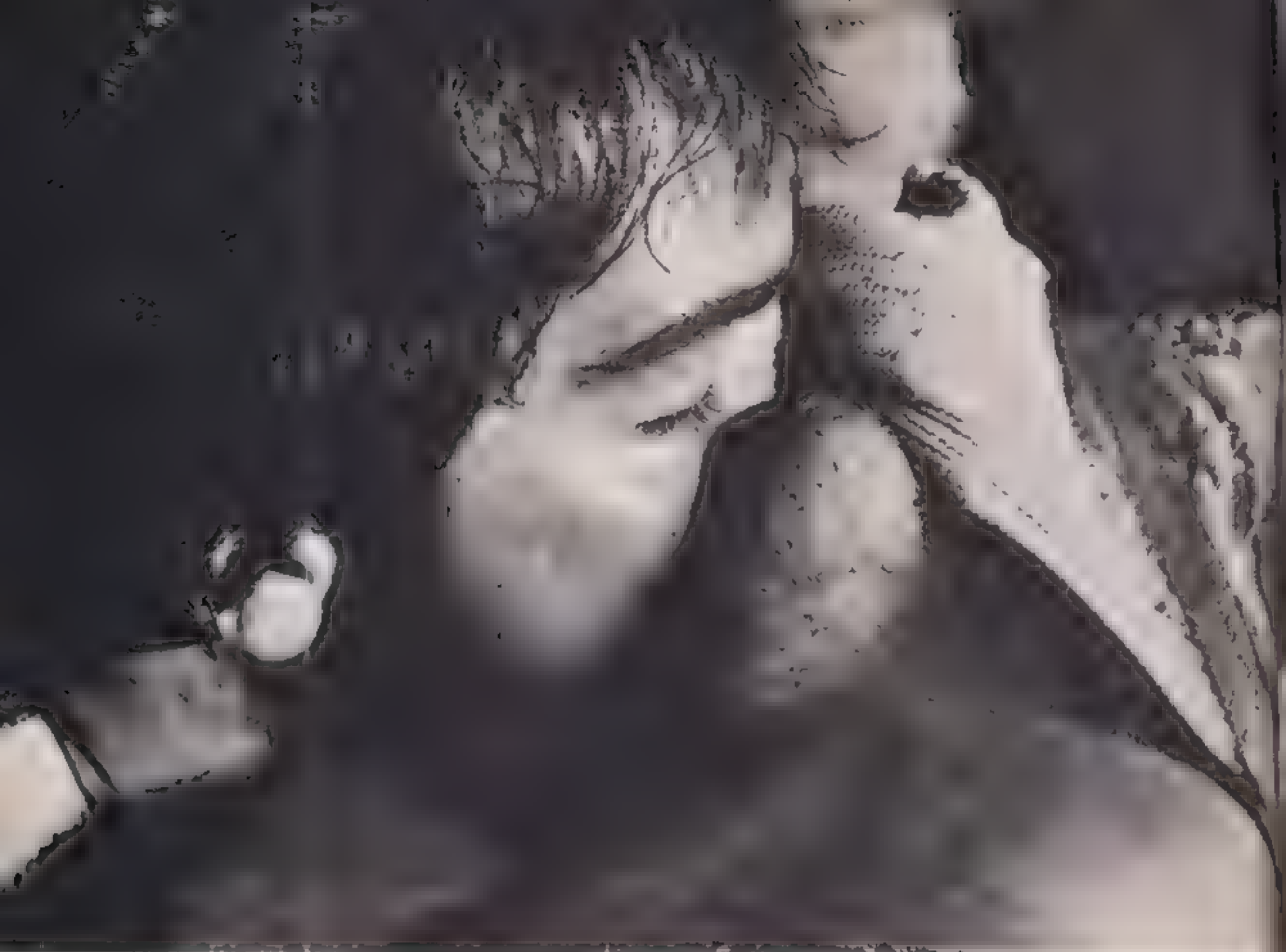
something else? I can tell you like it real raunchy. That cock of yours looks like it's ready to burst out of its jock. Why don't you give your master a look at that prick? Man, that's some piece of meat. Too bad it's going to spend the rest of the night buried inside that smelly old sneaker. There's nothing I like more than wrapping my slave's dick inside one of his raunchy Nikes. And those extra long laces are real convenient for tying them around your waist. Maybe when I'm through with that pig mouth, I'll tie the other sneaker onto your face. But right now, I need your mouth. These sweat socks need to be peeled off my feet. Only, doing it with your hands is too damned easy. I want you to pull those socks off with your teeth. And just so you don't get the idea that you'll sneak your hands into the action, I better tie those hands behind your back for good measure.

Man, you sure are one slow fucker. I know half a dozen bootboys who'd have those socks peeled off in half the time it takes you to get them past the ankles. I guess you're going to need plenty of good, hard training before you deserve the right to be called a footman. Now, get that mouth moving. I'm going to count to ten. And if those socks aren't peeled off before I finish, you'll be eating off the floor for the rest of the week. One...two...three...You gotta do better than that...four...five...Come on fucker. Get a move on...six...All right now get the other one...seven...eight...What a fucking slowpoke...nine...Man, you don't know how close you came to being turned into a fucking dog.

Now. Pick up those socks with your mouth and start sucking

them clean. I want you to get to know how your master's socks taste. If you do a good job maybe I'll reward you by letting you lick my jock off. Come to think of it, maybe I should reward you with my bare feet instead. I could use a good tongue massage. It's been a real long day. And that mouth looks like it's got talents that ain't been discovered yet. So when your finished lapping up that sock juice, you can start working on my toes. They're real anxious to try out that slave mouth of yours.

That's it, slave boy. Get your tongue between my toes. Lick out all that toe jam. It's what you've been wanting for a real long time. Remember all those nights you used to lie in bed, dreaming about how hot it would be to have your master's toes buried down your throat? Well, now's your chance. Open that pig mouth. Stretch it real wide. Now, shove it down on my foot. That's it, fucker, swallow the whole fucking foot. Bury those toes inside that pighole. Work that tongue of yours around that foot. Make love to those toes. Suck on them just like they were a cock. If you do a good job, maybe you'll get to taste your master's prick. You'd like that, wouldn't you? Good, now start on the other foot. I want to feel your spit dripping down on my feet. Just like my cum's going to be dripping down your throat. Take it all, baby. Take every inch of hot manfoot in that mouth of yours. Good boy. Now, I want you to start licking the rest of those size twelves. Get that pig tongue of yours down on the underside. I want your mouth to memorize every inch of your master's foot. Worship it like it was an eight-inch stiffer. There's a pouch full of cock waiting as your reward.



You did real well. I bet that tongue of yours tastes like it just came out of a sewer pipe. Well, as long as it's good and ready we might as well go all the way. This jock of mine's on a par with those stinking sweat socks. There's plenty of crotch sweat inside that elastic. That and more than its share of stale piss mixed in with a couple of heavy cum loads. So, since I'm such a nice guy, I think I'll give you a reward for being such a good bootslave. Yeah, you got it, just lower your head onto my jock. Now, get that pig tongue working on it. You taste all that beer piss? It's the same hot juice you sucked off my boots. Only now you can taste where it came from. You can suck on my dick through my jock and imagine how it would taste with a hot stream of recycled beer pouring down your throat. In fact, why just think about it? Why not do it instead? I know you've been waiting for it, so just clamp your lips around my cockhead and get ready for some bottle feeding.

Damn, you swallow that juice just like it came from a carton. Well, now that you've tasted what's inside that cock, you might as well start working on the meat itself. Only first I think you ought to get a sample of how it tastes through that sock of mine. I can tell that you like the looks of my dick wrapped up in a beat-up old sweat sock. Now, let's see how well you like the taste of it. That's it, cocksucker, go down on that stiff meat. Bury that prick down your throat. Lap up all that foot stink on my dick. Suck the juices out of that sock. Get it clean with that slave mouth of yours. That's it. Keep pumping. Let me know how much you love your master's prick. Suck it down to the root. Yeah, . . . eat it bootbreath . . . eat your master's cock . . . swallow that whole fucking rod . . . get it good and wet . . . show me how

much of a slave you are to a dick . . . yeah, that's it . . . suck it hard . . . come on fucker . . . suck it . . . suck . . .

That was real hot. You took that load like the dicks ave you were born to be. Now, you can lick the sweat out of my hairy pits while I lie up that dick of yours with my sock. Maybe if you're real good, I'll even let you shoot your load. But not until you've tasted every other inch of your master. Sure, I know that's going to take a real long time. But I'm in no rush. There's still a couple of other kinks I want to work out on you. Like some hot tit play. And maybe the acting out of a few fantasies. I think your mind needs some stretching as much as the rest of you. I got plenty of beer and a few joints. And a whole roomful of toys just waiting to be tested on a hot bottom man. So, wipe that shitass smile off your face. We've got some serious training to get into. By the time I'm finished, you'll be the kind of bootslave you always dreamed of being. And that's saying a lot.

Now, get up off your knees and start walking behind your Master. I ain't got all night.


From the FOOT FRATERNITY archives. Men interested in the male foot with its attendant socks, loafers, wing-tips, sandals, boots and even uniforms are invited to correspond with THE FRATERNITY which has a newsletter with ads, photo sets and advice on books, videos and things of interest to men who are attracted to the foot. Contact them at PO Box 24102, Cleveland, Ohio 44124.





**HAPPY
HOLIDAYS!**

FROM THE MEN OF



*"They're right! Oil of Olay
does make your skin
younger and prettier
And this new bottle is just
the right shape and size
for so many other uses"*



Yeah, man. Real chrome on solid steel, huh! The only part I'm havin' trouble gettin' used to is when he connects them to the transformer for his electric train!"



"Don't mind me fellows. I'm just the night watchman."



"Gee, Sir. A toothpaste tube squeezer key for my nuts
Just what I've always wanted!"



"Yeah! Mom said I could keep you in the shed if
I'll feed you and take care of you and clean up
after you



Finish up all your 'Kibbles & Bits' or you won't
get any pumpkin pie to sit in and eat off each
other!"

That's nice, tella. But I think
it's your stocking Santa is
supposed to fill tonight



"I love your new Pinocchio doll, but where do you put the batteries?"

"Yes, he's a very festive addition to the room, but wait until we plug in the tree lights."

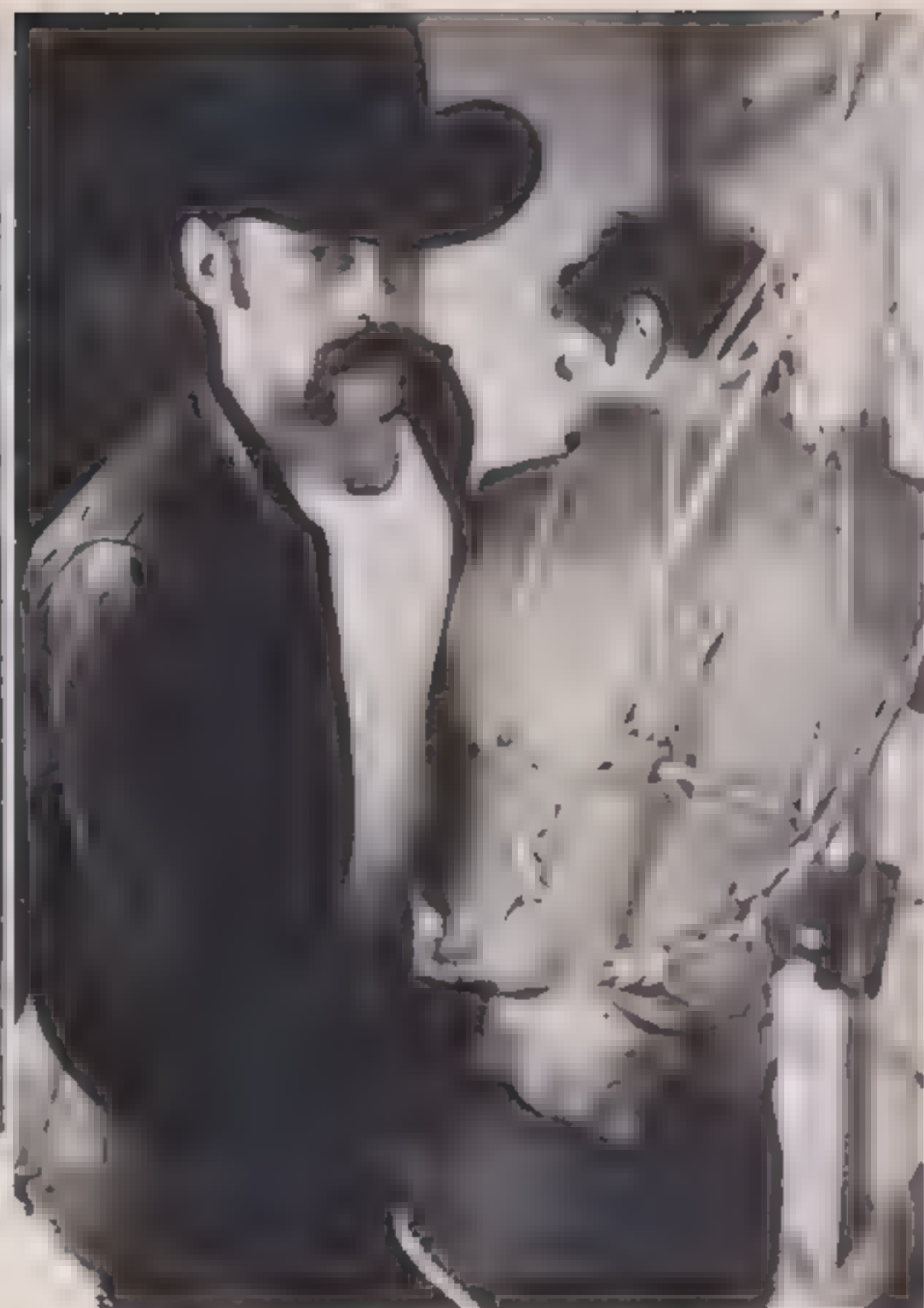


"Brush 'em and feed 'em and keep 'em clean. Sometimes I think we should change back to reindeer."





"Here, gentlemen, is a deluxe model convertible with pull-down top, lots of room in the rear and well broken in. Only been driven a few careful miles on weekends..."



"I don't know which is hardest—going out and finding a present or wrapping it in time for Christmas morning."

A VISIT FROM SLAVE NICHOLAS

'Twas the night before Christmas, and
all through the house
Resounded the "Salome" of
Herr Richard Strauss;
The harness was hung in the playroom
with care
In hopes that slave Nicholas soon
would be there!
I (Master) was ready, my whips tipped
with lead,
While visions of discipline
danced in my head.
In brass-studded leather,
from my boots to my cap,
I oiled ev'ry chain and
greased ev'ry strap.

Then out on the street there
arose a wild clatter
Announcing the bike of my night's
subject matter.
Away to the window
I flew like a flash,
And peered through the bars after
op'ning the sash:
When what to my glittering eyes
should appear,
On his chrome and black chopper,
with a six-pack of Rainier,
But a hunky young driver,
all asshole and prick;
I knew, without doubt, 'twas my
muscular Nick!

So I drew in my head, and was turning
around,
When into my room he came
with a bound
He wore a torn T-shirt
(was naked of foot),
With tattered blue cut-offs
all covered with soot;
A bundle of "toys" was strapped to
his back,
And he very obediently called for
his clique.



"Oh, hi, Mom. Uncle Jack and I were just playing 'doctor' with the new toys he gave me. Would you mind closing the door so our noise won't bother anyone?"



"Shine his fuckin' boots, kiss his ass. And if that weren't enough, that Hol Hol Hol is about to drive me nuts!"

REPRINTED FROM DRUMMER'S FIRST CHRISTMAS ISSUE (#10,

As rapid as faggots our brothers all came,
And Nick submissively savoured
each name:

"Yes, Robert! Yes, Brutus! Yes, Larry
and Penni!

On Drummer! On Daddies! On Masters,
I'm ready!

To the cold soundproof room
at the end of the hall:

Now lash away, lash away, lash away all!"

He kept his eyes lowered, and knelt,
stationary,
Awaiting the orders to offer his cherry;
A wink of my eye

and a twist of my head
Soon gave him to know he had
nothing to dread.

He spoke not a word,
but went straight to his work,
Stripped off all his clothes,
then turned with a jerk.

He then donned the harness,
with supposed repose—
(Except for his cock,
which steadily rose).

He was hung like a horse,
my bondage -mad elf,
And I drooled when I saw it,
in spite of myself.

I sprang to his flanks with a
dominant whistle

And took a firm grip
of his vulnerable gristle;

Then I heard him confess,
as my fancies took flight,
"Happy Christmas to you, Sir.
I'm all yours for tonight!"

—Ed Franklin
(with no apologies to Clement C. Moore)

HOW TO HAVE A

JO

JO PARTY

SOCIAL NOTES

All over the country men are getting together, sometimes on a regular basis, for hot, healthy sex play parties. The obvious favorite is JO, which of course does not require a party or even a partner. But most anything is more fun done in groups. There are other kinds of parties that qualify but let's take them up later on.

According to a well thought-up pamphlet put out by JO Buddies, it is the best way to celebrate any happening, a birthday or even a nonevent. Not like the bars, baths or bushes, a JO party can provide a secure, clean sex-positive, loving environment for the stimulation of dickmeat. A great time for you—"And there were three dozen naked men in my apartment, playing like crazy. I'll remember it forever!" So will your friends if you dress it up with some leather and other accoutrements.



"HOT DICK WHACKING AND A GOOD TIME BEING HAD BY ALL!" EVERYBODY SEEMS TO BE DOING IT!

Inside is advice on whom to invite and whom not to, how to invite them, notes on lubricants and gourmet delicacies, music, video, decor, food, shopping lists, getting ready, how to get it started and how to put a stop to behavior not in keeping with what you had in mind.

JO with a group of uncloseted cock-crazed men is totally different than that isolated activity we carried on in our teens. Group JO becomes a pulsating, ever-changing organism of sex energy. Circles of hard dicks, chains of men linked in ball-grabbing and nipple biting. Union of stroking, moaning, spurring and mutual enjoyment.

A JO party can also be spiced by any flavor of kink that gets you off—leather, bondage, uniforms, sex toys, domination, humiliation and whatever. Create your own sexual fantasy and let it fly. Sponsor a party to raise money for your favorite community service group that fights the disease you are hereby preventing.

For those who are health conscious and concerned about STDs, a group JO session can be hot, satisfying and safe. It's easier to limit your activity to JO in a group that has agreed *just* to JO. You don't have to worry about getting swept away by your passion into activity you might later regret or feel guilty about.

What the JO Buddies offer is expertise distilled from thousands of hours of research—ball sniffing, neck biting, nipple licking, man sweat, man smells, hot dick whacking and a good time being had by all!

Copies of the publication are available for two bucks a copy or in bulk. Contact JO Buddies, 1150 Bryant St., San Francisco, CA 94103





REPORT

Send your entries for this national leather update to DRUMMER Report, 640 Natoma St., San Francisco, CA 94103



VIDEO CATALOG

Mark I. Chester, whose photographs and stories of bondage and dark brooding sexuality have appeared often on our pages, has put together a one-hour video that catalogs his major work from 1981 until the present. Starting with images of bondage and hard cocks from "Feeling Good on the Edge of Madness" and "Between a Rock and a Hard Place," the video includes some images that will be familiar to Drummer readers, but the majority of the images have never been published.

Further, the video shows "City of Wounded Boys and Sexual Warriors" which were images in response to the devastating Folsom fire that destroyed Chester's work and home, as well as the home of many other people including

artist Rex. This portfolio and "Lost on a Sea of Desire" are intense psychosexual portraits of men and women into radical sexuality. The video also includes body portraiture from "Marked Men" and live performance photographs in addition to collages and a ten-minute segment from a bondage performance by Chester with music by Peter Hartman.

This raw, home-produced video is technically simple, so do not expect a flashy slick product. Without question, the potency of the cocks and bodies wrapped in rope definitely enhances the power of the photographs.

Available from Mark I. Chester, PO Box 42501, San Francisco, CA 94101 \$30 postpaid. Specify VHS or Beta

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

We are indebted to ultra-right wing Rep. William Dannemeyer (R-Calif.) for this one. "Curious, is it not, that in an age of ubiquitous pornography and blunt speech, it should be so hard to say in plain English that AIDS is

almost entirely a disease caught by men who bugger and are buggered by dozens or even hundreds of other men every year?

We can't help but wonder what his reaction, if any, was to legionnaire's disease?



We are indebted to the one of their drawings of Wasatch Leathermen Motor HAWK by Garcia, an outstanding talent of whom we would like to see much more.

"SANTA" TORTURES BROKER

A disgruntled investor 46, said Pittsburgh Police Superintendent Stephen Joyce Phillippi and another man were charged with kidnapping and criminal conspiracy because \$500,000 in deals had gone sour, police in Pittsburgh, PA reported.

Broker Robert J. Have, 49, of Mount Lebanon was freed after the ordeal from a farm where police found him handcuffed to a bed in a makeshift torture chamber. He was treated for a broken nose and other minor injuries.

The Santa Claus was a prominent Greene County physician, Dr. Grover H. Phillippi,

He alleges that Robert Have sold him or assisted him in investing large amounts of money and that this was a poor investment," Joyce said.

Have had been shackled to a bed in a small mobile home, which also contained a six-foot pine box resembling a coffin and a chair fitted with metal flashing and wires to resemble an electric chair, police said.

DRUMMER FORUM



"HEALTH" SPAS

I loved the baths. When I went to New York City I said I was going to see Dream Girls. Actually I was headed for the famed St. Mark's, supposedly the biggest bathhouse in the world. I've been to little Gent's Turkish Baths in East Los Angeles, decrepit Dave's in San Francisco, the Vulcan in San Diego, Club Baths in Indianapolis in our nation's conservative heartland and in Carter Country's Atlanta and in prickly Cactus Land, Phoenix. So I alone could have spread a deadly disease nationwide if I had one.

The baths became as addictive as any drug to me. They were great! Being admired, cruised and propositioned by stud after naked stud could build anybody's ego. I was underage so I didn't mind too much when I picked up a case of the crabs at the moldy Lionheart Baths on Melrose in a seedy part of Hollywood. I panicked when I got scabies at the Corral Club in North Hollywood. But at least I was acquiring parasites at a classier place and a bottle of Kwell cleared those critters out. Then came syphilis at the visually appealing Bulldog Baths in San Francisco's Tenderloin. A few bitter pills and I was back on the same track. Walking the slippery floors of Eighth and Howard in search of yet another anonymous trick and a case of penile warts. It cost me a hundred bucks for my dermatologist to freeze them and then burn them off electrically. As they say, live better electrically. By this time I was dependent on the baths. After a decade in the steam I had forgotten how to approach a clothed man in the glare of daylight. Never mind that someone broke into my locker and stole my new watch and all my cash. I didn't miss a beat.

It was St. Patrick's Day so I headed for Boston and Club Boston via Club East Hartford. They were my rest stops, restaurants, hotels and destinations. I don't know in which I picked up a dripping green dose of gonorrhea in my pee pee, but I'll never forget those two painful shots in the ass at the VD clinic. Still my addiction could not be broken. It may be at the Serpent 8 Club in the San Fernando Valley that I picked up Hepatitis. My skin turned yellow, my eyes orange, my piss turned a rancid brown and my shit turned a frightening bleached white. I couldn't hold down solid food. I was bedridden for three months. My best gay friend was too afraid to come and see me much less help me.

When I could walk I returned to the tubs. I didn't realize that I was becoming as run down as some of the dilapidated facilities I was paying to enter. I did realize that in those dimly lit cubicles, steam-rooms, saunas and mazes I couldn't survey the body of my partner for open sores or lesions. Often I would see some slut spread his cheeks on the outside foam rubber mattress in the smelly orgy room and get fucked by a dozen, maybe two dozen guys he never saw. None wore condoms. We would gang bang all night. We resembled sharks encircling our prey in a feeding frenzy. We hadn't heard of AIDS yet. It was still called gay cancer. We had heard of herpes yet we risked permanent contamination. We used Vaseline petroleum jelly as a lubricant—not a water soluble lube. Traces of the Vaseline would not wash off, providing a medium for infection. We freely used amyl butate and nitrate. Someone spilled a full bottle all over my crotch. I felt like I was on fire. Yet that was probably better than inhaling that shit nasally or even orally.

Still I felt I had a right to go where I pleased.

So I frolicked at the Rich St. Baths where I knew several patrons had burned to death several years earlier. Later I screwed a twenty-year-old. I rarely screw someone I don't know well but I figured what could a twenty-year-old have. He had AIDS and he knew it at the time. I cried. I cried for him, for his desperation, for his death sentence. I was afraid for myself. I was shaken to my core.

Pagans threw the Christians to the lions in the Coliseum in Ancient Rome. Today we are throwing ourselves into the pit of death.

Sir



THE TIME IS DEFINITELY NOW...

The gay community is used to being under fire. But not as badly as it is under siege now in the age of AIDS. The viciousness of the far right, citing their peculiar brand of religion and taking full and unconscionable advantage of the AIDS scare has opened a full scale attack, usually centered in the Bible Belt areas where they are the strongest. Houston has been under siege and, at this writing, shows small hope of throwing off the "Straight Slate's" attempts to take over a reasonably progressive city government. Headed by a doctor, a general practitioner who should be brought up before the AMA and/or the Texas Medical Board for the asinine statements he is making about the communication of the AIDS disease, alone.

The Houston Gay Community was not spectacularly successful in fighting the repeal of their hard-won gay rights employment bill. I hope I am very wrong, but it looks like they are in for a rough time with this crowd of neo-Nazis in office.

But opposition and trial can create some amazing results. Anita Bryant united us as never before. The homophobia of Chief Ed Davis finally brought together some rationale for civilian control of the fierce L.A. P.D., eventually. In the case of this terrible disease, we must be stronger than it is. That, as with most everything else, depends on the individual. You and me, kids.

Your general health has to be several notches above your heterosexual brothers. And I am not talking about trips to the gym to pump up those pecs and biceps. It means sensible hours, plenty of rest with very little all-night boogieing anymore. It should mean giving up Marlboros, Camels and Virginia Slims along with Hard-

THE DRUMMER PHILOSOPHY RUNS AMOK!

This is the Publisher's page. The general consensus by the editorial staff was roughly, "Give him a space he can do anything he wants with and maybe it'll help keep him out of our hair."

They did and I am. But I don't want to do all the writing. I want you to do it. We start off with a couple of very provocative pieces (the ones on both sides) with the Drummer philosophy in the middle.

ware, Rush and The Plain Brown Bottle stuff. No needles, no drugs. Cool it with the ant biotics and the need for them. "You are what you eat" is an old line and a very true one. Junk food, soda pop and booze won't help keep any virus away.

Your sex life may need changing considerably too; the style along with the substance. There are plenty of things to do to with one another without drinking and eating it. Drummer has listed dozens of fetishes for years that are as safe as sitting in your mother's lap and, I assume, much more exciting.

Possibly worse than the AIDS virus is the paranoia and panic that is sweeping both the heterosexual and homosexual communities. It could be time to remember 1932 when FDR told the country it had "nothing to fear but fear itself." The Bible benders and hate merchants will be working hard on that fear in the time to come. What we must not let it do is make us afraid of one another, to touch one another. Reasonable precautions are one thing. Unwarranted seclusion is quite another.

Those among us who have AIDS must be supported. We have to take care of our own. There are organizations of every description doing fine and wonderful things for those in the hospitals or at home. They must have our support, our love and whatever we can do for them to ease their burden. This is no time for a guilt trip.

AIDS is a venereal disease. It cannot be casually communicated by handshaking or sneezing or touching. That is fact. And in no way is it God's punishment to our community anymore than the Mexican earthquake was to punish Catholics or that children's birth defects happen to punish the parents.

Being strong includes avoiding the paranoia and the fear that abounds among us today, fired by the Bible-benders. Besides your immediate family and circle, you have well over twenty million brothers and sisters out there with the same thing at stake. We must support and defend one another. If there is any lesson to this terrible plague, that surely must be it.

Since this was written, and just before press time, we are delighted to report that the "Straight Slate" in Houston has gone down to defeat. A bright note to end what we hope are very positive comments on being gay, strong and proud.

However, in the meantime, bundle up, stop smoking and take your vitamins.

—John H. Embry



WHY YOU CAN'T FIND THE RIGHT GUY

In a casual, yet involved, overview of the world of Masters and slaves, I have made a few very uncomfortable observations. Primarily, there are only Masters. There are no real slaves. And with such an abundance of good top men and such a deficit of honorable slave boys, Drummer may have to take a more realistic approach to SM and the Master/slave relationship.

A good, caring Master does not need to ask his slave "What are you into?", and he certainly does not need to inquire "What are your limits?" A good, serious slave or boy doesn't have the right to ask any questions of the Master. And what is the first question the stupid slave always asks? "What do you look like?", as if to indicate that he's a slave only to a handsome, leather-clad man. The heterosexual world has already taught us this lesson, but we haven't listened. The best long-time partners are not the beautiful, blond girls who think only of how they look and how much money they can marry, but are the less attractive ones who give of themselves and their spirits and their hearts because they want to belong to someone.

The "Masters" portrayed in Drummer are a minority! They are the exception rather than the rule! So when boys call me in response to my ad, they are turned off when I describe myself as "average-looking" and indicate that I am of the leather philosophy rather than the leather "dress code." I am a very good top, with references to prove it. I have a commanding voice on the telephone, and an even more commanding philosophy. Yet, I am an "average" guy, more at home in a coat and tie than Levi's and leather vests and boots. And I don't need to look like Rydard Hanson or write like John Preston to be a good Master. The readers of Drummer are looking for fantasies. Real Masters are looking for relationships. And the magazine actually diminishes the chances of a Master to locate a real slave through its classified section.

I have recently tried out two slave prospects, one from Aurora, Colorado, and the other from Dallas, Texas, both in management positions and with a good level of intelligence. But they, as most all slave boys do, sat around and waited breathlessly for the Master to "take them" and sweep them off their asses. What they should have done, as true slave prospects, was to give themselves to the Master. What your readers seek are visual stars...celebrities...Mr. Drummer winners. And mainstream America ain't made up of that kind of hype shit, but it does have a lot of very good, talented, and qualified Masters. You can't be made to be a slave. You are a slave! And the sooner these assholes realize that and leave us good top men alone, the better. A call from three thousand miles away at two in the morning is not an interested party. A call on a Sunday afternoon with interesting and well-thought-out questions is. And if we don't start caring for hearts instead of hard-ons, caring for each other in a relationship instead of in a scene or a visual, looking on the spirit instead of the boots and the moustache, the problems of the gay community will only continue to amplify. AIDS is not a homosexual disease, but its spread is directly related to our damned promiscuity, resulting from our not wanting to get "involved" with anyone. "Give me a handsome man in leather, and I'll do anything he wants." Venereal disease was spread from heterosexual promiscuity, and they haven't learned anything either. So why don't we teach them something. You guys have the power and the clout to promote safe, one-on-one relationships. Why don't you take the lead, and do it? That "distant drummer" seems to be getting a little farther away, fellows! If we want to be accepted, let's start at least being acceptable.

P.S., Print this, Embry, and get on your fucking soapbox. You're long overdue pal.

R C
North Carolina

No Less a Man for Playing Safe



POSTER OF THE MONTH

From AID ATLANTA comes a beautiful poster with the memorable imprint "No Less a Man for Playing Safe." They are for sale at \$5 each plus \$50 for postage handling. The very hard

some calendar is available at the same price and will be shown in *Drummer* next issue when we review calendars. It's a good cause. Write AID ATLANTA 811 Cypress St. Atlanta GA 30309



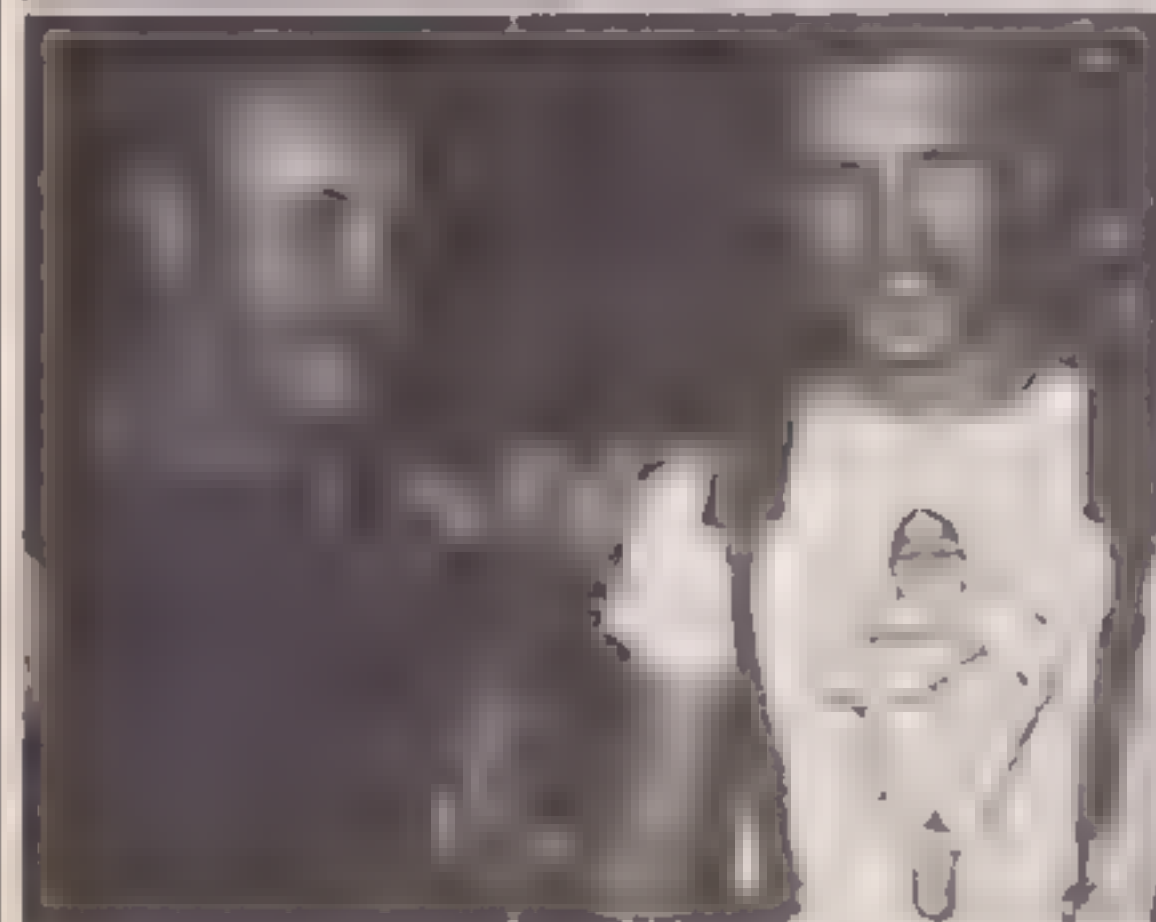
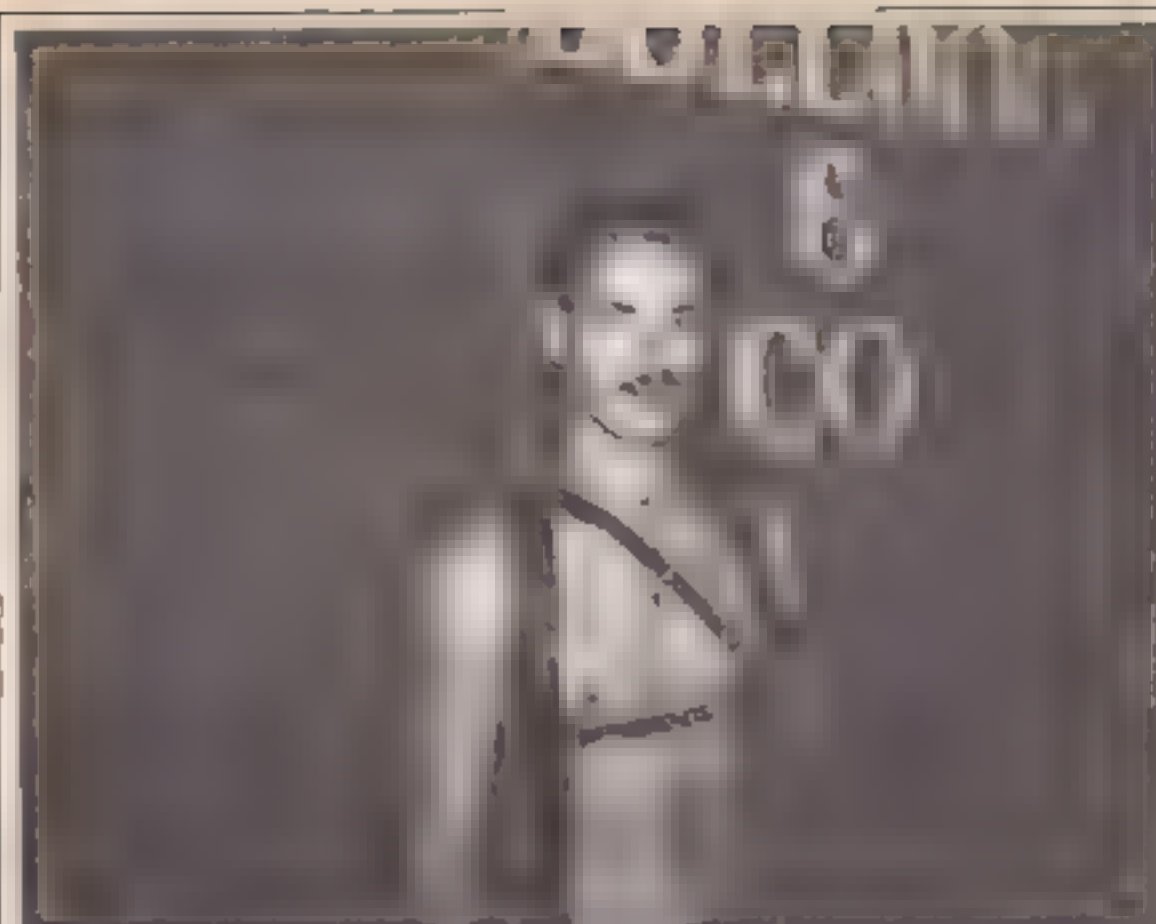
WRONG PICTURE, RIGHT DADDY'S BOY

Last issue we ran a story about a fund raiser for Richard Hennigh, this year's Washington State Mr. Leather and runner-up in the '85 Mr. International Leather contest. Both Patrick Toner, Mr. International Leather, and Steve Reisswig, Mr. Drummer, attended. So far so good. But when no photographic coverage arrived by press time, we ran a pic of the two titleholders along with another titleholder, Steve Kajikawa, winner of the Leather Daddy's Boy contest in San Francisco, where the photo was taken. We are happy to report that Steve is not an AIDS victim and that coverage of that contest is available in the upcoming *Drummer Daddies*. Now you know.



DR. GOOD SEX MEETS MR. SAFESEX

Sgt. Glenn Swann taped a "safe sex" discussion with noted TV/radio sexpert Dr. Ruth Westheimer October 10 in New York City. They met in Washington, D.C. at the Human Rights Campaign Fund dinner which Dr. Ruth M.C.'d. In the middle half of November, Swann and mentor Jack Campbell will tour California where they will be met in San Francisco by Miami titleholder "Mr. Safesex" Ken Bergquist, Mr. Drummer '84 runner-up. Swann will be Drummer coverman for the January Military Issue. Mr. Campbell, we assume, simply enjoys safe sex with any or none of the above.



ATLANTA—A WELL KEPT SECRET

Those of you who have not been lucky enough to visit Atlanta probably remember it from that famous or infamous—depending on your point of view—scene from *Gone With The Wind* where Rhett Butler and Scarlett O'Hara are racing through the streets of a burning Atlanta.

Recently I have had the opportunity to visit Atlanta on several occasions and sample some of the much noted "Southern Hospitality."

It is with sadness that I must report that one of the oldest leather bars in the Southeast, P's, has been turned into a disco and its name changed and is very seldom patronized by the leather community. However, do not be dismayed. There are two other bars that have taken up where P's left off and are well worth check-

ing out when you visit this beautiful city.

The first bar that I visited was **Bulldogs**. Bulldogs is located across the street from the hotel where I was staying, the Cabana. There are no signs on the building and the entrance is located on the side, but upon entering Bulldogs there is no doubt that you are in a man's bar. The interior is rustic and spacious and open, a good indication of great cruising. There is one long bar down one side of the room with a square bar in the center. In the basement can be found an excellent leathershop. One feature I liked about Bulldogs is a large patio area, which makes for good cruising in the summer (checking out those sweating torsos), and a quiet spot to gather and carry on a conversation.

During my last weekend in Atlanta I visited **Texas Drilling Company**. As it turned out they were celebrating the owner's birthday and the party was in progress. Texas is a well-lit, spacious bar. Though not as rustic as Bulldogs, it is still a cruisy bar and the clientele is friendly and does not hesitate to welcome you to Atlanta. They too have a well-equipped leather shop and the bartenders and staff are among the friendliest in Atlanta. It has been said that Atlanta's leather/Levi scene may soon exceed that of Houston.

There are two clubs in Atlanta—**Atlantis** and **The Leathermen**. I was fortunate enough to meet members of both clubs during my romps in and around Atlanta. They are both solid and well-

established and go out of their way to welcome newcomers to Atlanta.

Besides the leather shops in Bulldogs and Texas Drilling Company there is a shop called **Taz-Men** a few blocks down Peachtree from Bulldogs. The owner makes all his leather wear and will custom make anything your kinky heart may desire. His prices are the lowest I've seen on the East Coast.

As my tour of Georgia draws to a close I want to pass on to you something a friend of mine said about Atlanta: "There are more bottoms than you can shake a whip at." And I found this to be true as can be seen by some of the enclosed photos. So all you Tops out there who are searching for new meat, check out Atlanta. He's there, waiting. —Tom of Virginia

MALECALL

SHOCKED AMAZEMENT

I don't usually write to magazines but I just had to take a few minutes to let you know how much I enjoyed Mark I. Chester's article "Metamorphosis" in the newest issue (*Drummer* 86). It was one of the most unique, interesting and erotic pieces I've ever seen in the magazine. The photos and words meshed together to create an unusual feeling of sexuality, respect, shock and awe.

I have been fortunate enough to know Bill Browning and attend several performances by him in New York, including one with Mark I. Chester and sponsored by GMSMA. Most recently Bill was featured at Danceteria's Fetish Night. He was tied from his many rings with strings which stretched out all over a small, dimly lit room. Spectators entered the room and stood, staring in shocked amazement at this human work of art. Many of the trendy New York nightclub crowd bore uncomfortable expressions as they gazed at Bill, others took just one look and made a nervous exit.

Bill has that effect on people...even some of the leather crowd that congregates at The Spike and The Mineshaft find it difficult to accept Bill's expressions of sexuality. He pushes the limits and always walks on the wild side. Considering the quote by Thoreau which appears on *Drummer's* masthead each month, someone like Bill Browning seems a much more appropriate choice for Mr. *Drummer* than the big, beautiful hunks in new leather harnesses that always seem to be selected.

Bryant Jamerson
New York, NY

ROYAL SCREW

I read your reviews of Adam and Company's two latest video flicks *Modern Men* and *Outpost* (*Drummedia* Video, *Drummer* 87, page 88). The favorable reviews are much appreciated as everyone worked hard and enjoyed every minute.

However, there was one mistake in the review of *Outpost*. Prior to Mario Calderon's (Max Montoya's) arrival at

Helios, the cutaway sequence involved Brad Leatherwood who was royally screwing Mike Rexford (Alexander Tate, the group leader) and not Tom Burns as mentioned. I know this because it was me on the receiving end of Brad's royal screw!

Mike Rexford
Long Beach, CA

TICKLING

I don't understand why, in all these years, the subject of tickling is never in your fine magazine. It is most definitely an SM activity and can be unbearably erotic. I love to reduce a big, helpless dude to tears as I erotically tickle his bound feet with my fingers and feathers and work over his cock and balls while they're restrained in a cock harness and tease him to cumming, though not letting him cum until I'm ready.

Tickling definitely deserves a place in your mag, it can be painful and erotic at the same time and there is always an SM role. Group tickling can even be more erotic. Also, you can't mention foot fetishes without discussing tickling.

Jim Fox
Branford, CT

LEAKY GALOSHES

My lover and I have been devoted readers of *Drummer* for some time. We never miss an issue. About a year ago we began responding to ads which caught our interests. Through our replies we've met some nice guys—and made some good friends. However, we have a gripe which we're sure other readers no doubt have also.

We had a very embarrassing experience several weeks ago. For several months, we corresponded with a supposedly "well-hung daddy" who attested to be in his mid-thirties. The three of us sent photos back and forth. The photos my lover and I sent were current and graphic. They were never returned. But, compared to the rest of the story, that's nothing!

From "Daddy" we received some of the

hottest nude photos we'd ever received from our responses to Dear Sir. So in turn we returned the photos which he had sent us—out of simple courtesy. Along with the returned photos we included an open invitation to visit us for fun and games whenever he wished. Big mistake!

Several weeks ago, there was a knock at our front door. Our "daddy" had driven approximately two hundred miles to spend the weekend with us. Sounds great, huh? Wrong! He wasn't "Daddy," but rather "Great Granddaddy." To clarify matters, my lover and I aren't "anti-senility." If a guy likes older men—great! But quite frankly, we're not qualified to administer CPR. Shocked and feeling naive and stupid, after a collective twenty-five years in gay life, my lover and I asked "Great Granddaddy" who the hunk in the photos was. It was his twenty-nine-year-old lover. He was given a beer and sent packing!

A few suggestions for those who place and answer ads:

First, it does no good to reply, sending outdated or fictitious photos. If there is a face-to-face encounter, and if you've falsified your physical assets and/or prowess, it can become a humiliating experience for all involved.

Second, (to those who never return photos, but insist on receiving them) if you're into collecting nude pix, great! But state it in your ad. Unless you have a darkroom, photography isn't a cheap hobby. A few photos may cost several bucks. A stamp costs a lot less.

Third, don't say you travel "widely" when you haven't been out of your hometown and have no intention of crossing the county line for the next ten years!

Finally, don't state you're into leather, especially if the next best thing you've got is a pair of leaky galoshes that have been in your mother's basement for the last decade and you don't know where they are.

Smelling the coffee and a few other things...

J & C
Ohio

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SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST ➤

I am writing to voice my support for the issues that G.B. from Louisville, Kentucky raised in Malecall in *Drummer* 86. The sight of young (18-25) guys, engaged in some type of struggle is extremely arousing. One man triumphing over another—survival of the fittest, if you like.

In any case, I would certainly rather see two tough, young punks in Levis wrestling than obvious actors who don't "get into" the parts, so to speak.

Let's hear it for those fighting young studs and let's see much more of them.

A.G.
Brooklyn, NY

SEXIEST MALE

Every once in a while you manage to provide me with a picture of a man who sums up all of my fantasies. On page 21 of *Drummer* 87 you've done it again. Who is that guy in the dark T-shirt with the mustache and the tattoo on his right arm in the Robert Pruzan photograph on the lower left side of the page? He's the sexiest male I've seen since the actor Klaus Lowitch in the movie *Despair*. Please run that photograph again, full page, in color if possible.

The man is incredibly handsome. He is Cyrus Wheelwright from *Song of the Loon*. He is Chuck Lambert from *Prison Punk*. He is a modern day Magnus from *Slaves of the Empire*.

For God's sake, put him on the cover of *Drummer*!

JNK

Philadelphia, PA

(Editors note: We would if we could, but even Robert Pruzan doesn't know who he is, other than one of the beautiful people that appear at special events in San Francisco. If the gentleman wants to model, he knows where to find us.)

FOLLOW-UP ➤

How about a follow-up type feature to let us horny leathermen know what has happened to the previous Mr. *Drummer* and Mr. International Leather titleholders? Some information on where they are now, their careers, even photos.

Of special interest is Luke Daniel. There hasn't been anybody like him since. He feeds my fantasies! Which side does he wear his keys on now? An interview would be great!

Keep up the great work.

E.M.

Columbia, SC

(Editor's note: Unfortunately not all this information is readily available. We'll make an open invitation to both the Mr. *Drummer* and Mr. International Leather titleholders to contact us to fill you in on their lives since these leather crowns were placed on their handsome heads.

Luke Daniel is the only one to win both titles. He resides in Los Angeles, lives with a lover of several years, is finishing his schooling and keeps a low profile.)

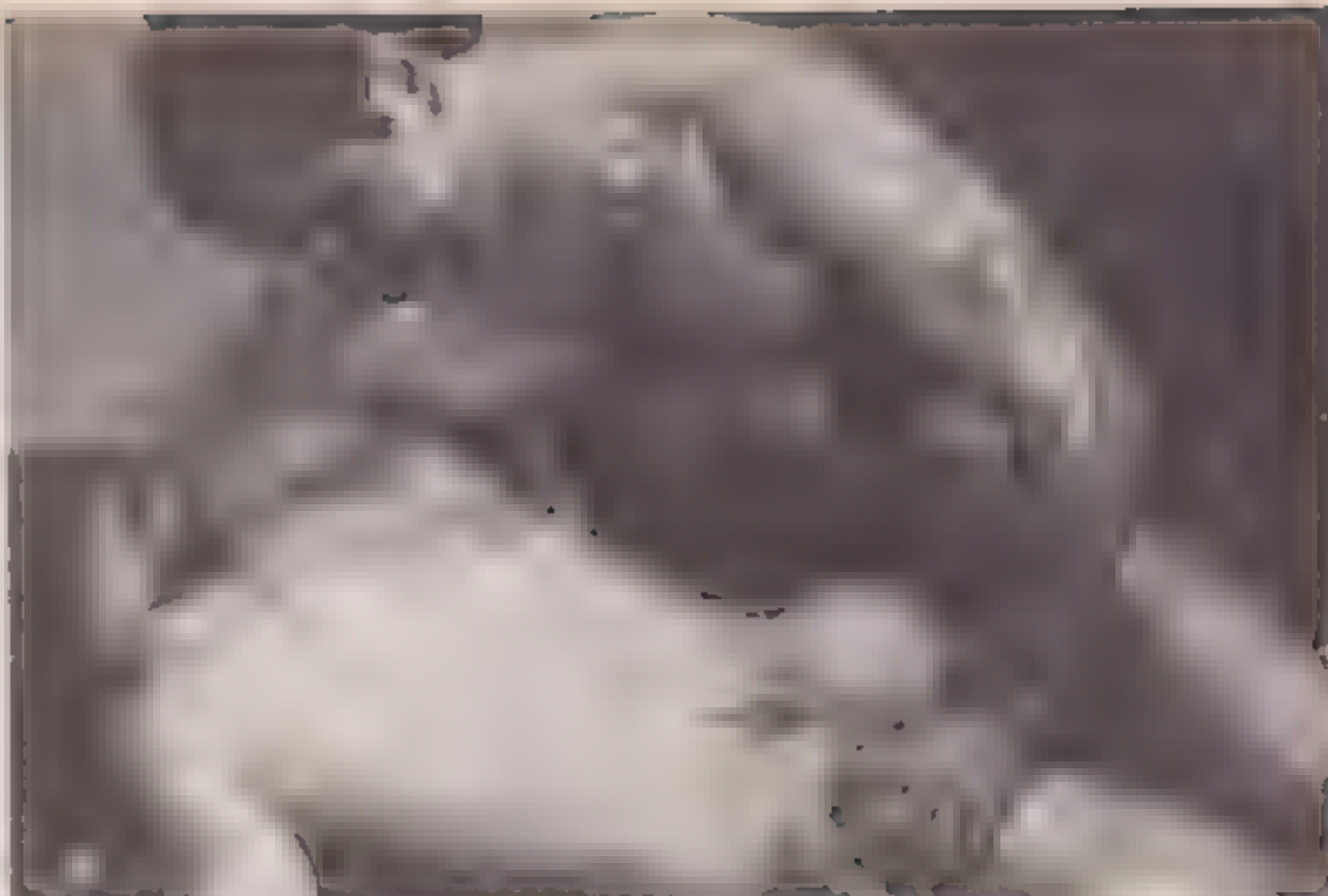


Photo by JIM MOSS

GETTING INTO IT: One man triumphing over another



LUKE DANIEL: Mr. *Drummer* '83 keeping a low profile

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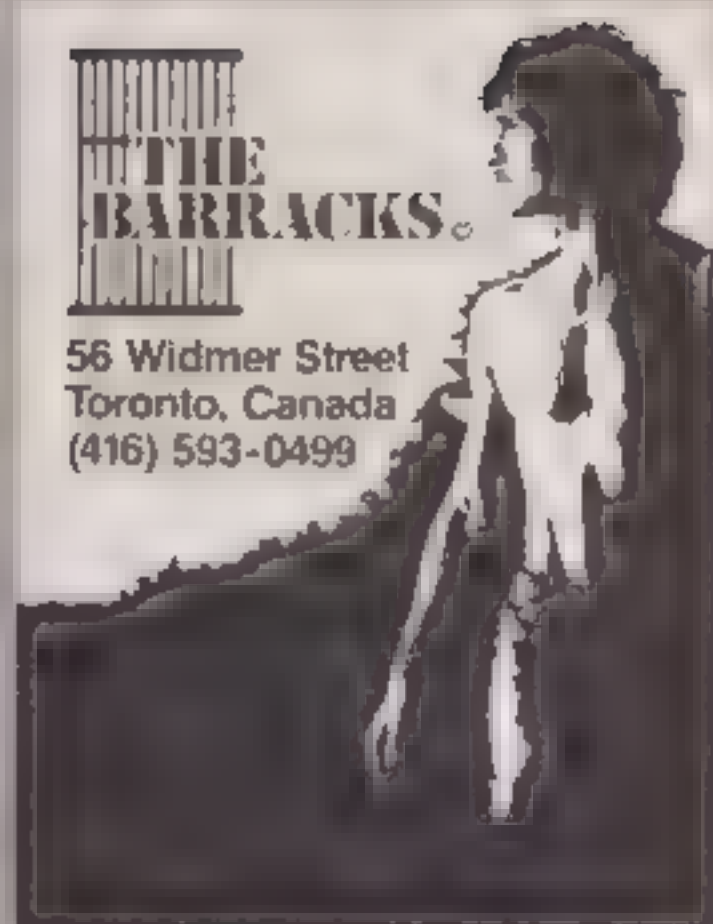
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Dear Larry,

I have found a Top to end all Tops! The guy is terrific, and I love every second of the time I'm with him. But he makes me pay for my pleasure by cleaning up his dungeon and polishing all the leather toys. This is okay by me, except that he makes me use a boot polish on the leather that gives me a rash. I don't want to be a blubbery bottom, so I haven't said anything to him, hoping he'd notice the problem. He hasn't, because our sessions are just far enough apart that I heal up in the meantime, at least so far. Is there some way to tell him without seeming to be a "cry baby"? Or is there something I could suggest instead of the boot polish?

Would-Be Slave, Phoenix, AZ

Dear Would-Be,

Buy him a big bottle of Neet's Oil. It's much better for the leather than polish, and it probably won't cause a rash.

Dear Larry,

When people run ads, like in *Drummer*, they use abbreviations that I guess everyone is supposed to understand. But I don't know what most of them mean. I assume WM means "white male," and I guess FF means fist-fucking. But I don't understand. WS, B&D versus B&B, TT, etc. And what does "safe sex" mean? I really think you should publish some kind of glossary.

Reader, Miami FL

Dear Reader,

You're probably right, and maybe the *Drummer* editors will take heed. I have to confess that some of the more esoteric abbreviations confuse me, too; but I guess the people who are supposed to understand them do. Of the ones you mention, WS means "watersports" (as in piss); B&D is "bondage and discipline," B&B means "boots and britches" (uniforms), but BB means "bodybuilding." TT now means "tit torture," although a few years back it sometimes meant "testicle torture," and I've even seen it used to mean "toilet training." So you see, the aficionados can sometimes be confused, too. As for "safe sex," that means the guys want to do it following the guidelines that are supposed to guard against the exchange of bodily fluids (thereby preventing transmission of the AIDS virus).

Dear Larry,

My roommate and I are having a dispute, which maybe you can settle. I know from reading your *Leatherman's Handbook* that you disapprove of having sex with animals, and I agree with you. But my roomie (not my lover) likes to play around with our dog. We have both been tested for the AIDS virus, and he is positive. (I'm negative.) I'm concerned that he could transmit the disease to the dog. He says it's not possible, because it's a human disease. Can you tell me?

A.R., San Francisco, CA

Dear A.R.,

My medical advisor says, "Probably not." He went on to cite the lab experiments he knew about where they had used animals, specifically monkeys, but the virus used in these experiments is not exactly the same as the human variety. He said he was sure that a lab technician or someone else involved directly in lab research could answer you off the top of his head. If such responds to this column, I'll let you know.

Dear Larry,

A couple of years ago I had a great pair of leather pants made to order by a San Francisco outfit that's no longer in business. I've now worn them so often that they are all stretched out of shape, particularly at the knees and around the ass. I know I can't shrink the old ones back to size, so I'm going to have to buy another pair. The first ones were a pretty heavy leather, and I'd like to try a lighter weight this time. But knowing how badly (and quickly) the originals got out of shape, is there anything I can do to make the new ones last longer?

Alex, Los Angeles, CA

Dear Alex,

Leather is going to stretch when you wear it, no matter what you do. And the lighter the weight, the more it's going to do this. I have found two alternatives, however, that seem to lessen the problem. One is to have the pants made of a moderately heavy leather, really fitted tightly to your body and cut to ride low on the hips. This seems to eliminate much of the stretching in the ass area, and if the legs are light enough the slight bagginess at the knees does not amount to much. This works out better if you're slender, of course. The other way is to use a lightweight leather and have it lined in a slick (silky) material. This keeps the leather from sticking to your skin, and does not allow the sweat to soften it so that it stretches as much. Of course, this also eliminates the sensation of having hot leather directly against your body. If you really love it, and love the feel of it, you may just have to lay out the bucks for a new pair every few years.

Dear Larry,

Since the advent of the current health crisis, I have done what many of my gay brothers have done, which is to load up on hot mags and videotapes, and jack off to the fantasies I am afraid to enjoy in reality. I have gradually expanded my horizons (or at least my sensations) by using a variety of sex toys. I really like to stretch my balls down with one of several devices and slowly manipulate myself. I've actually gotten good enough at this to keep it hard and randy, but just short of ejaculation, from the beginning to the very end of a 90-minute videotape. Then, when I finally let myself cum, Oh Man!—what a blast! It's almost as good as the real thing. But now I've got a problem. I've noticed that my cum has started to get a sort of rusty color to it. It happened once before but went away after a few days. Now it's started again, and it's lasted for over two weeks. It scared me enough that I went to the drug store and bought one of those kits designed for testing if your shit has blood in it. My sperm tested positive, so I know I'm bleeding internally. Because I live in a small bible-belt town, I'm afraid to go to a doctor and tell him the whole story. What should I do? Have you ever heard of a similar case?

Frightened, (near) Des Moines, IA

Dear Frightened,

I'm writing to you directly, but I'm also sharing your dilemma with our readers. The November 1985 issue of the *Mayo Clinic Health Letter* contains a timely answer. It states that whereas blood in other bodily secretions is of cause for alarm, "...appearance of blood in the seminal fluid after ejaculation rarely is a hallmark of significant disease." The article goes on to say that it should prompt a visit to your doctor, but that the source of blood is rarely found unless there is really a problem in the prostate or testes. In other words, there are often minor sources of bleeding from the surface blood vessels in the lining of the sperm storage sites. These generally tend to heal themselves after a period of time. So, while I am telling you that you probably have no great cause for alarm, you should get yourself checked out by a doctor. You don't have to tell him about all your toys, since your condition can easily happen without their use. The chances of serious problems are remote, but don't take a chance. Besides, the doc can probably prescribe some medication to clear up the condition and make sure it doesn't become serious.

(If you would like to have Larry Townsend address a particular problem or issue, you can write him via *Leather Notebook*, *Drummer*, 640 Natoma Street, San Francisco, CA 94103.)

SLOW SWELLING IN THE WEST

It's the opening minutes of *Unfinished Business*, the Theatre Rhinoceros revue about AIDS which will soon be touring the country, and the conversation of two lesbians cuts through to our guts. "How would you feel if each time you made love you risked your life?" one asks the other. A good many men do know how they feel about the risks of making love, and have been having safe sex. And as carousing is curtailed, the watching of video—certainly a form of safe sex—has become more popular than ever. But how do you feel about watching somebody else risk their life so you can get off?

Let's suppose porn videos came marked like cigaret cartons: "Warning: The Surgeon General Has Advised that Committing the Sexual Acts Depicted in this Movie May Lead to Your Death." That's a swell warning for viewers. But has anyone warned the actors? Certainly not video producers. So far they have resisted all suggestion of marketing safe sex videos other than a few JO collections like "The Joys of Self Abuse." Though a restriction to JO may be safe it is not entirely satisfying to many who want the whole menu even if it necessitates the use of on-screen rubbers.

Can we presume that actors in the AIDS era know the risks they are taking and leave it at that? That's presuming a lot, some men would have sex in a burning building, and the extent to which we must be firemen for them is the issue. Porn has always had attendant side issues, but never have the reviewer and home consumer of porn been placed so closely, and in such an uncomfortable position, in the chain. Although porn fulfills many of our needs, it lags behind in the most important issues, and faces the wrath of both censors and health departments if

it doesn't soon reflect the sexual realities of gay men in the eighties.

Porn will continue to be produced, however, so it is better to review it and comment, and to watch it with a new awareness, than not. But at times it's hard. To see gay

video, *How to Enlarge Your Penis*, is a logical step in his long record of solo performances. His pump routine has been little featured in commercial porn, as it's a time consuming activity difficult to depict in the shorter time strictures of movies. Aficiona-

body healthy, his skin lush and his sculpted face beautifully colored. His performing ability is casual and admirable here he narrates, offering arousing cock-talk, instructional advice on use of the pump, and interesting tidbits about its construction. He's used many vacuum pumps, not finding any heavy duty enough until the one marketed by Vacu-Tech. It's made from cast Lucite, a special airlock gasket only recently designed, and a gleaming bilge pump. As Taylor says, it's the only cock toy approved by the Coast Guard. The airlock permits the pump to be detached from the cock sheath without breaking the vacuum, important in savoring the sensations of a long pump trip.

It's the size the pump adds to his cock which most intrigues Taylor. "I love having a big cock," he reveals. After pumping up, he'll wear the pump-encased cock in his pants. "I let it hang down, big and fleshy, letting people stare at it. They love it. I love it."

"The real difference," he tells us, "isn't in the length. It's the thickness. It's like the difference between a hot dog and a salami."

The pump removes liquids from the flesh of the cock. "It still has a hard core," Taylor says. "It's just the skin that is getting thicker."

It also gets spongier, one of the pump's drawbacks, along with a certain amount of pain, like a rug burn. Taylor describes it as a stinging sensation in the flesh, adding, "If you can handle it, it will eventually turn into pleasure. Handling and accepting that is part of the whole pump scene."

Another part of the scene, at least for Taylor, is its curious bisexuality. Although the video is thoroughly homoerotic, an exercise in cock-worship, it is carefully un-gay in application. Taylor assures



men commit acts on the screen which we no longer permit ourselves can be simultaneously arousing and a cold slap. How far can suspension of disbelief go?

Scott Taylor comes partially to the rescue with an instructional video aimed at bringing his pump specialty into your home. His thirty-minute

dos will find their pleasure truncated in this video, but the curious newcomer may find just what he needs in the fifteen minutes Taylor spends testifying to the glories of his specially designed pump and demonstrating its unarguable effectiveness.

The handsome Taylor looks his best in this video, his lean

us, while gazing admiringly at his cock, that his girlfriend loves the pump, and that he gets together with his "buddies" for pump trips. Straight boys admiring their dicks together? Good for them.

Although always a solo artist, Taylor's appearances in gay films have identified him as a gay performer. Yet in the second half of this video, he broaches the last frontier of gay sexuality—heterosexuality. We've had watersports, fisting and S&M. What could be more progressive, more taboo, than straight sex?

Waddling over to the phone with his engorged penis bobbing between his legs in the pump-sheath, Taylor invites Erica Boyer over, and she's a lusty addition to the scene. She's dressed in black lace and spandex, "Your pants are so tight I can read your lips," drools Taylor, and Boyer isn't wearing those pants over her head. Her shaved crotch is a surprising visual, and she's mad for Taylor's cock, taking it in every orifice available. It's hot sex, especially when she and Taylor lick his cockhead together, or when he beats her nipples with his bloated cock, or when she sits on every last inch of it. As a final bonus for her enthusiasm, he kisses her deeply, making me realize I'd never seen him kiss a man on screen. While that may have been safe sex for him—as is a pump trip—it isn't for Erica, who eats his cum.

While neither the instruction nor fucking sections of the video are long enough to allow the satisfactions of full-length videos, they are well-filmed, edited and musically scored. The display of Taylor's cock should be enough for most, and his worry about his size should be reassuring. "The pump has kept me from thinking my cock was too small," he says in all seriousness about one of the largest cocks in porn history. Too small for what—blocking traffic in the Holland Tunnel?

The make of pump Taylor uses is available from Vacu-Tech, 2040 Polk Street, Suite 113-N, San Francisco, CA 94109, as is *How to Enlarge Your Penis* (\$39 first class post-paid, California residents add applicable sales tax).

—John F. Karr

THE STUFF OF LEGENDS



UNDER SIEGE: A castle burns during the frantic heat of battle in Akira Kurosawa's *Ran*, a classic tale reenacted in strife-torn feudal Japan.

—Edmund is dead, my lord
—That's but a trifle here
—King Lear, V.iii

In the strife-torn feudal age of Japan lived a revered daimyo, Lord Mori, whose unifying powers were so great he could divide his territory among his three faithful sons while he still lived, and maintain a far-flung peace even beyond their combined borders. Legend has it, had this warlord lived a bit closer to the uneasy imperial seat, the course of Japanese history might have taken a different turn... During the same period, on the other side of the planet, Shakespeare's perhaps greatest drama told of yet an older story in which a minor king divests himself of power in the same manner only to find himself stripped of land, love and sanity. Chaos ensued. Parents never could brook a little constructive criticism in public—especially not from their youngest.

Akira Kurosawa, the "Emperor" of Japanese cinema, has combined and inverted the two historical legends with flawless ingenuity to make his 27th film, *Ran* ("Chaos"), his masterpiece to date.

Ran is a spectacular revenge drama that builds within the suspenseful framework of a

Noh performance that has been booby-trapped with theatrical dynamite. The Bard's plot is followed with precision (the essence of each character in *Lear* is completely recognizable barring a gender change from daughters to sons), with the transmutation of seductive evil, and the touchstone role of Shakespearean Fool is raised to a unique perfection of androgyny. This adherence to classic—universal—characters enables non-Japanese audiences (and that illiterate, purblind portion of them who abhor subtitles) to easily trace the ins and outs of relationships and still be receptive to fresh nuance and complexities. This is in contrast to Kurosawa's last film epic, *Kagemusha* (Shadow Warrior) which left many foreign viewers with a sense of colorful excitement and little of context or motivation. Others have simply been "translated" into English versions: *Rashomon* to *The Outcasts*, *Seven Samurai* to *The Magnificent Seven*, and *Yojimbo* to *A Fistful of Dollars*. *Ran*, despite its meticulous attention to unfamiliar period detail (authentic down to the mixing of original 16th Century dyes by costumer Emi Wada), not only fits into Western film

conventions, but expands on them in a particularly Asian mode.

The Japanese-French co-production stars Tatsuya Nakadai, a handsome, dashing, sexy young actor throughout the sixties and seventies just now reaching his adult prime, is wonderfully aged as the warlord Hidetora, done in by his own pride and fury unleashed. Among the featured players are Daisuke Ryu as the rebellious but loving younger son, Saburo; Mieko Harada as the haughty dagger-wielding Lady Kaede, who in a scene unparalleled in its murderous passion, savages the neck of the inlaw who widowed her, flings herself on his stunned body, tongues the wound and then gives him a taste of his own blood in a wicked kiss; and, omnipresent in the supporting role of the Fool, Kyoami, is a 32-year-old (looking 15) traditional dancer and cabaret entertainer (raised as a girl from the age of three, as his father before him), known only as Peter. In parti-colored silken tatters, Kyoami/Peter is the sole truth-sayer, the magician/court jester, the mocking sprite, the story's only free spirit and, as Hidetora's sole companion in his madness, its



RUTHLESSLY AMBITIOUS As *Szabo* (left) directs the movie, *Colonel Redl*, *Szabo* (right) plays the role of the Emperor. *Szabo* (left) and *Szabo* (right) are both Hungarian Empire

closest prisoner

When least expected, the action of *Ran* segues from the frantic heat of battle (or the conflagration of a castle under siege) to the cool frieze of a doomed woman's Buddhist meditations to the hesitant steps of a blind boy-prince on a wild clifftop. The soundtrack glides and flashes from glorious full-orchestra to a futuristic symphony of human and insect voices, to a hellish stunning stillness. Natural and manmade settings are exhibited in scene after scene of exhilarating panoramas. (At a rare press interview near his Hakone home in June, Kurosawa responded to praise for "that wonderful painted sky" with the simple declaration of principle: "There is no

painted sky. I wait for the weather."—a reason why the "Emperor" turned to France to fund the film.) Breathtakingly paced with stormy mass motion and close-ups of stylized *mie*-like poses that run the gamut of emotion and mood

Prancing horses mounted in full armor ford a stream in flood, three armies mass end-to-end in silhouette against the mountain mist across a wide horizon to swoop down through wild forest to medieval confrontations on a manicured, grassy plain. There is gore, brief and fearsome, but none so fearsome as the human brain gone awry. In anger, hatred, war—even in petulance, sly deceit, clumsiness and wandering wits (all

the essentials of tragedy on a grand scale)—*Ran* formulates a grace and balance and a palpable weighing of physical and emotional space. When the screen is in stasis and all is rigid and soundless for moments, the full force of Kurosawa's artistry, as painter and filmmaker, is best revealed. The audience is detached, distanced to godlike perspectives, the better to perceive itself.

Such is the stuff our finest entertainment is made of

...

Colonel Redl's tale, like that of many an historical figure, is shrouded in the mists of bare fact. There is much room for the imagination to play in the scarcely documented accounts of the queer circum-

stances that led to the suicide of the Chief of Military Intelligence for the crumbling Austro-Hungarian Empire just prior to World War I. Numerous articles, books and a John (Look Back in Anger) Osborne play looked to this figure as a man out of his time and place.

Istvan Szabo draws on the skeletal official records, Osborne's *A Patriot for Me*, and his own fertile filmic imagination to trace the story of Alfred Redl, the officer who was not a gentleman, a peasant made dangerous by his own innocence. Szabo reprises some of the effective company of his *Mephisto* to bring Colonel Redl to life—producer Manfred Durniak, screenwriter Peter Dobai, cinematographer Lajos Koltai (also responsible for the revealing look at Eastern Europe of Peter Gothar's *Time Strands Still*) and the remarkable talents of Klaus Maria Brandauer in the title role.

From the day Redl enters the Royal Cadet School (the child actors are exceptionally well-drawn) he teeters on the edge of being an outcast, a stolid, serious little boy who takes the senile Emperor for god and father without question, and who accepts punishment as reward for his friendship with young patrician Kristof Kubinyi. His very eagerness to learn, to adhere to disciplines he was not born to, to take for granted the love and loyalty of a childhood comrade, to behave, in fact, like the true aristocrat he is not, carries the seeds of his downfall. The very static structure he so admires is already rotten to the core, and he climbs the ladder of military success blindly and ruthlessly, seeking heights that are already on the verge of dissolution. Redl lives in isolation in a glass house with his kindled homosexual passions for the hotheaded, cold- and blue-blooded Kristof, damped again and again, then exploited in a fury of blackmail and architected treason.

Brandauer's Redl, as in his soul-selling role in *Mephisto*, is a man who can brood and sparkle with hope at the same time—he has a "Fassbinder" feel to him, a Franz-Bieberkopf stubborn, selfish naivety, desiring simply to do

what is right, desirable and convenient at the moment, without an idea of the machinations going on around him. His innocence is a threat to others and he has been tagged as a scapegoat almost by virtue of his own gullibility, by chance and circumstance. Brandauer is a commanding, magnetic presence, a mixture of sensuality and brutality in an almost comic-opera milieu. The military and court intrigue (as well as Redl's advancement) is led by the ill-fated Archduke Ferdinand, painted with petulant treachery by Armin Mueller-Stahl (an actual Fassbinder treasure)—Redl is no match for the man whose ambitions led to an assassination that would wreak havoc on a continent and change the face of Europe.

Perhaps, if Szabo's version of the Redl legend were true and the master intelligencer had completed his task to uncover plots against the throne and root out decadent officers in the outmoded army... Sarajevo would be just an obscure word in a crossword puzzle.

...

A remote, bleak mining encampment in Chile, circa 1906, is the setting for Miguel Littin's 1975 Oscar nominee, *Letters from Marusia*. Here is a story that has been expunged from the history books altogether and has been ten years getting to American theaters: the revolt of an entire community in a manner and mode that neither the powers-that-were nor the powers-that-be (with the brief but notable exception of the Allende government years) wish to see explored. This account has been passed down to generations verbally, no less believable in the hands of a filmmaker whose talent for allegory (*Alsino and the Condor*) can fill in the blanks and flesh out shadowy figures, and sugarcoat bitter political pills, better than any other of today's rhetoricians.

Recreated on Mexican sites, the English-owned mining company and company town at Marusia was the location of a people's uprising, strike, battle, mass torture and massacre that swept across several Central American countries and

fixed the struggle in a mold that has successively been, if not broken, at least made to lament continuing pressure against governments that have not been exactly in the people's best interests. The word "people" is not used casually—*Letters* shows how a revolution, however aborted, is made up of individual "heroes."

If *Letters* can be said to have a star, it is Gran Maria Volonte who recedes into the background as often as he steps forward, in a remarkably low-keyed playing of an organizer, Gregorio, who for the purposes of this movie, set down the story in letters as it may have happened. Volonte brings a great deal of conviction to his politically oriented films but is popularly known for his lead in Francisco Rosi pictures (notably Carlo Levi in *Christ Stopped at Eboli* and in the title role of Gangiand's *Lucky Luciano*). His Italianisms are here absorbed among the Mexican/Indeo actors and citizen-extras.

Littin's flair for drifting into visual fantasy in the midst of horrifying reality keeps terror at bay, and allows personal images to come through without descending into preachy docudrama or superficial, "objectively" televised war news.

In sharp cuts between supernatural landscapes and distinctive personalities, a whole new effect is created. Frequent far shots of sun-scorched, wind-blasted salt-peter barrens, the dusty hallucinatory still life bearing uneven rows of skinny crosses askew over shallow graves blends with the women's wash line gossip under siege, and the man who straps dynamite to his chest and waits, smiling to himself, to bait the soldiers. There is no talk of thirst, of a need for freedom and dignity, no crying out from pain, no following of the random thread of resolve and convictions in the face of all odds—it is all acted out on screen in a swift-paced story that is both a tribute to those who died by the thousands and those who came after to meet the same ends. For all that it is about the "people," Littin takes that necessary focusing step that puts the viewer in touch with



TORTURE AND MASSACRE: Gran Maria Volonte stars in Miguel Littin's *Letters from Marusia*, a gripping drama about a people's uprising set in a remote, bleak mining camp in Chile at the turn of the century.

individuals.

Some of the dreamlike approach of *Alsino* is embedded in *Letters*, not least arising from the charm of an original score by Mikis Theodorakis—the tempo of the Aegean (reminiscent of *Zorba the Greek* and *Z*) built on Latin harmonics. This is part of Littin's magic, the ability to internationalize emotions in a stark, direct manner that over-

rides seventy years in time and dissolves the barriers between first, second and third-world cultures.

...

It was Henry Ford, of all people, who recognized that "history is more or less bunk." Kurosawa, Szabo and Littin make it entertaining bunk—perhaps a little closer to the truth.

—Penni Kimmel

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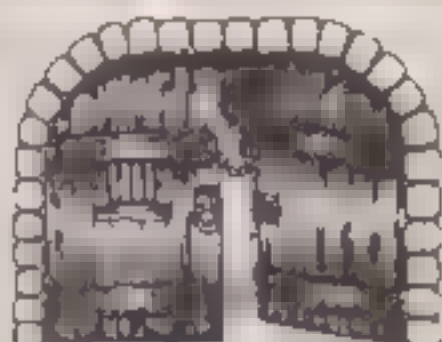
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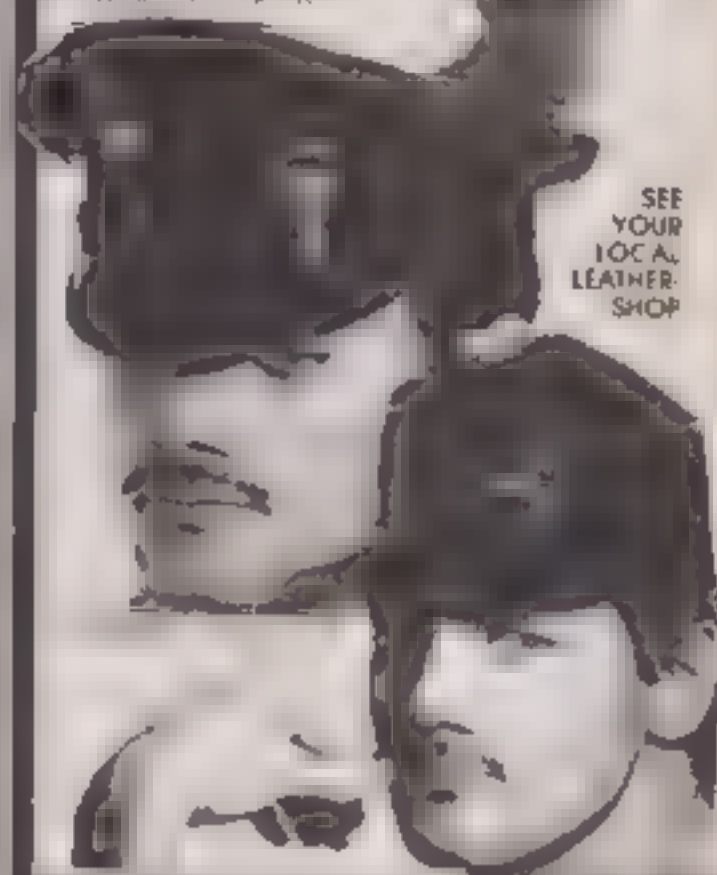
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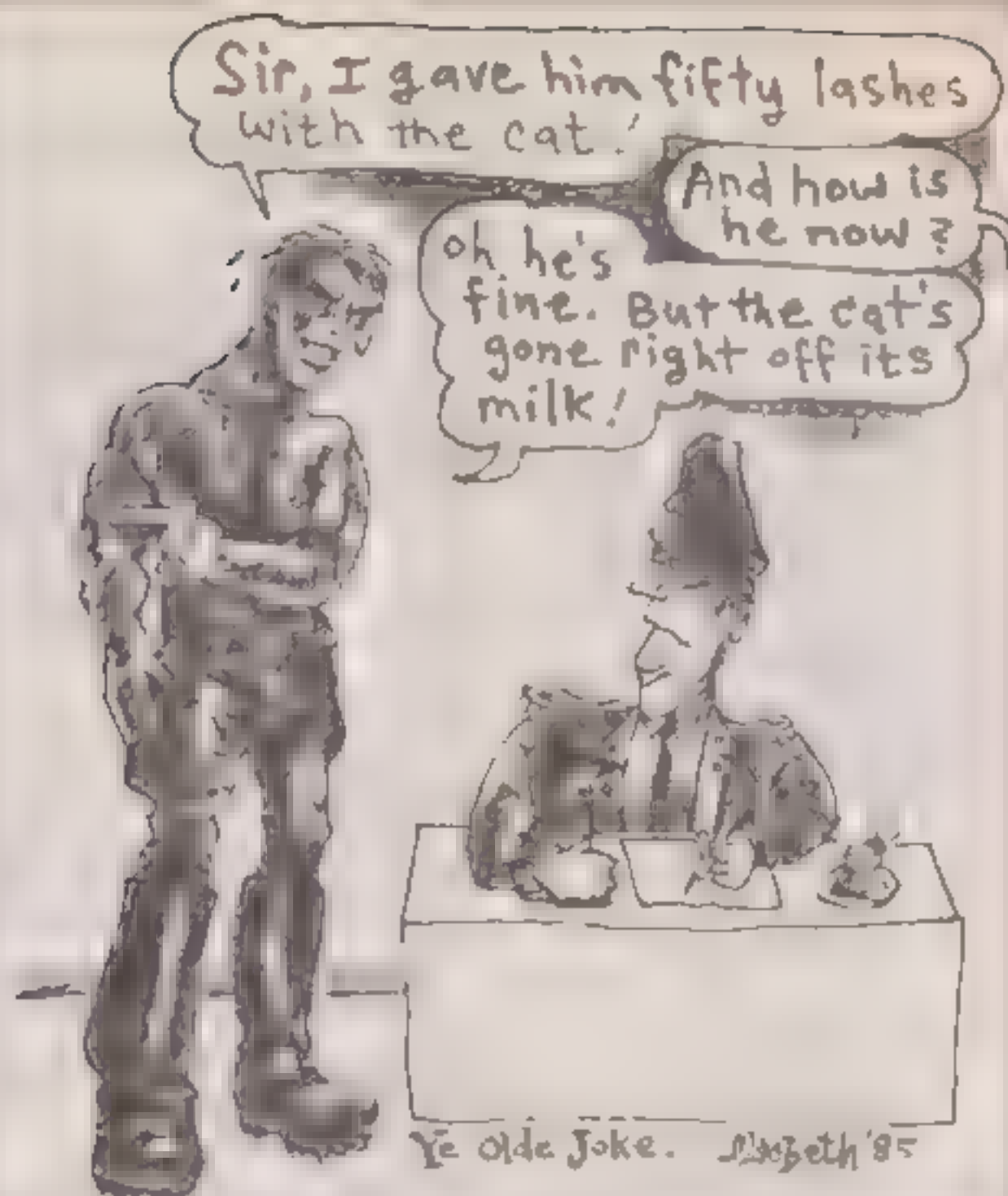
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DRUMSTICKS

Stool Sitting

Alone on a barstool
 "Hi, you're cute."
 "I'm owned."
 Thick, hairy pecs
 Bulging biceps.
 Huge, rough hands.
 "Wanna suck cock?"
 "I can't."
 Devilishly smiling, blue eyes.
 Infectious grin.
 Expressive eyebrows.
 Rough hand inches up
 his hairless thigh.
 Slave cock engorges
 "Oh, God, leave me a one,
 He'll kill me."
 Master approaches.
 "I told you."
 Smiling, blue eyes closed,
 laid out on the bar floor

1/2/85



Ye Olde Joke. Elizabeth '85



"Now look! Your ad says 'Big, hairy leather Daddy,' so, how about it?"

DRUMMER FICTION

The Gift

by Olaf Odegaard



BAD AS THE SHIT THAT IS SPILLED ON THE BARROOM FLOOR

The one-eared monkey O'Casey keeps on his shoulder shits down O'Casey's back in incessant little dribbles.

"He's got diarrhea from the grapes he eats. Every time he gets into them he gets the shits," O'Casey explains to anyone who gets close enough to hear him. Everyone seems to be keeping as far away from O'Casey as they can. "And he drinks too much beer," he adds. The little simian is pulling at O'Casey's hair, and he swats the little hands away.

"Two beers," he says to the bartender.

At the third booth from the rear of the bar, Peggitty McClaren sits with Ludwig, a young street punk, a hustler, who plays nothing but Beethoven on his Walkman. Peggitty is a battered, old boxer who, down on the skids, has kept his body whittled to a fine piece of sculpture nonetheless.

"Yeah, man, I can really get into whatever it is you are talking about," Ludwig says as he taps di-di-di-dah with his fingernails on the table top. There is an implausible blond spot about an inch across on the left side of his dark brown, punk-cut hair; he wears a silver stud on his right ear. His black, silk shirt is open to his navel, exposing a well-developed chest covered with long, silky hair.

What Peggitty is saying is that the world is rapidly going to hell in a handbag, but it is the "rapidly" that bothers him. He explains that he bought a little computer to try to keep up, but that he couldn't learn "Basic," so he sold it for half of what he paid and drank it up.

Di-di-di-dah. "Yeah, man, they don't write music like they used to, either," Ludwig says. "Even the Police."

Peggitty's head pops up. "The police write music?" He doesn't like the word "police." He has been running numbers for Black Richard, who operates the neighborhood, and is paranoid.

"Old man," the kid says. "The Police is a rock group."

"Oh," Peggitty mumbles, and takes a sip of beer.

"But Beethoven has got it over everybody, for my money,"

"Speaking of money, Ludwig, I don't got much tonight."

"We can make it some other time."

"But I need it tonight. Can I give you ten and owe you ten?"

Ludwig sits back and slumps. "I don't know. Look man, I look at you like a friend, you know that, but my landlady kicked me out today..."

"Jesus! God! What the fuck...?" Someone has just come into the bar and has slapped O'Casey on the back, pulling his hand back covered with monkey slime.

"Just because," Ludwig continues, "I owe her two weeks rent."

"I got a place where you can stay awhile, you know that," Peggitty says.

"Yeah, man, one bedroom and a piss-little living room; what would you say when I start to bring my tricks home?"

"You could stay a couple days until you get back on your feet, you know that," and Peggitty gives him his best hang-dog, straight-in-the-eye look.

"I'll think about it, man," Ludwig replies, then jumps up. "Holy shit! I just remembered..." He scrounges around in his front jeans pocket and pulls out a crumpled-up piece of paper. "I got a trick tonight! I forgot all about it. It's a quicky, but the son-of-a-bitch is paying me seventy-five bucks to whip up his ass a little. What time is it?"

Peggitty looks at the clock behind the bar. "It's a quarter past eight," he says.

"Holy God, I've got fifteen minutes to get over there," Ludwig yells and looks around, then puts his hands in his pockets again. He looks at Peggitty and says, "You gonna be here later?"

"I thought that I'd hang around awhile and then go home and watch *Dallas*," he replies.

"Okay," Ludwig says, "give me the ten bucks. I gotta take a cab if I'm going to get there on time."

"I don't know, Ludwig," he says, shaking his head.

"Listen, it's gonna be short. The old dude cums quick. I'll

come right back and spend the rest of the night with you. I don't got no place to stay, anyway. I'll give you a good twenty dollar fuck, I promise. See, you'd make money."

Peggitty shrugs his shoulders and pulls his last ten dollars, neatly folded, out of his shirt pocket. "What if I'm not here?" he asks.

Grabbing the bill and starting to run toward the door, Ludwig calls back, "Then I'll go over to your place." He steps in a piece of monkey shit.

Peggitty takes a long sip on his beer, then looks up.

Fast Freddy Serpe is heading his way. Peggitty tries to look away; he doesn't want to talk to Fast Freddy, who is too pretty, too expensively dressed, uses too much hair spray in his wavy locks, and sweats too much for Peggitty's taste. But, Fast Freddy sits down across from him anyway.

"Your boyfriend is in a hurry," Fast Freddy says. "What happened, he give you the clap?"

"You got a dirty mouth, Fast Freddy, and a dirty mind." Peggitty takes another sip of his beer.

It's a dirty world, old man. It's tilted with disease and filth and shit.

"You're a piece of shit, Serpe," Peggitty says. Fast Freddy puts his arms in the air, like he is giving up, showing two big sweat stains at his arm pits. Nobody fights with Peggitty, even with his bad leg. That could be looking for a date with the coroner.

"You're looking for a fight tonight, it sounds like to me."

Peggitty shrugs his shoulders and quiets down. "No, nothing like that."

Fast Freddy leans over the table, his garlic breath hitting Peggitty square in the nose and whispers, loudly: "There's a crapshoot at Fathead's tonight. You interested?"

"No," he replies, "I'm broke."

"Yeah, after you give the punk your bread. I saw you give it to him."

"He needs it now," Peggitty says. "He's a good boy."

"To you, old man, they're all good boys. He's a fucking hustler, that's what he is."

"Maybe so," Peggitty replies, beginning to flush in the face, "but he's a good boy. I like Ludwig."

"You like his big fucking cock, that's what you like. That's what everybody likes about the cheap little two-bit whore. He's a piece of shit, Peggitty, and I say this to you because I love you."

"Get out of here, Serpe, or I'll knock your brains all over the barroom floor!" and Peggitty's eyes sparkle, a look of fixed iron comes over his features, the muscles of his arms and chest swell.

Fast Freddy stands up. "I'm going man. Keep cool."

After he leaves, Peggitty sits and watches the diarrhea dribbling down O'Casey's back.

Peggitty closes his eyes and sees the lights blazing down on him in the ring. It is The Fight, the last one, the big one. He is fighting Cat Moran, one mean fighter, for the chance to fight Archie Moore for the Heavyweight Championship of the World. Cat Moran is out of his territory. He is the heavy this night. They boo him when he enters the ring. And they cheer their asses off when Peggitty raises his arms, struts around the ring, like a cock entering the henhouse.

The lights... the cheering crowds... the smell of man-sweat and cologne from the fancy dudes at ringside set him off...

God, he is a stud then! And what a life at the top, fucking fancy Jorges at night, eating chateaubriand at the best restaurants, being cruised by the hunkiest men... his trainer pulling his robe off his already sweating, hard body, pulsating in excitement... he tastes blood...

He looks up. Someone new has just entered the bar. He is standing in the open door, dark against the bright light of the street, a vision of some wonderfully-built, young, lost angel who moves inside into the shadows, dances around the monkey shit, then steps over to a booth opposite Peggitty's.

The young man wears a black T-shirt with "The Police" bes-

pangled on the front, a pair of tight blue jeans and a studded black leather belt. He has a face fit for an angel, dark and glowing with deep, brown eyes, heavily lashed, and a light moustache and a few days growth of beard. His hair is slightly waved. He keeps brushing it off his forehead. He gives the impression of a dude who wants to say, "I'm tough, I'm wicked, I kick ass, but I also give it," but Peggitty sees a lost soul at the end of its wits. Pete, the bartender, comes over, asks for the kid's ID and wipes his hands on his no longer clean apron. The kid orders a beer, which Pete delivers, yelling at O'Casey to take his shit-dripping monkey out of the place before he calls the cops or the health department or whoever. O'Casey is drunk by this time. The monkey is drunker.

Peggitty is staring at the boy, who is aware of it but who stares instead into his own beer. Peggitty feels a rise in his crotch. But, more than that, he senses in the kid a son he never had.

Someone new has just entered the bar. He is standing in the open door, dark against the bright light of the street, a vision of some wonderfully-built, young, lost angel who moves inside into the shadows.

Peggitty gets up and goes to the john, which stinks, since the toilets and urinals are all clogged and the floor is wet with water, piss and toilet paper. He takes a long, satisfying beer piss on his tip-toes and returns to the bar where Pete, who has just gotten O'Casey out, is pouring Lysol in a pail of hot water to clean up behind the monkey. He tells Pete to put the kid's drinks on his tab.

"You got the hots again?" Pete asks.

Peggitty shrugs his shoulders.

"Okay," Pete says, "your credit's always good here, Champ. But O'Casey..." Pete's eyes enflame, "That fallopian-tube-sucking son-of-a-bitch brings that fucking freak in here again and I'll kill the bastard!"

Someone yells, "You can't discriminate," and Pete shouts "He's a mongoloid monster!" Looie Louie jumps up and does a little dance, scattering all the spare change he's panhandled that day on the barroom floor. One quarter lands deeply in a piece of monkey shit. He kneels down and picks up the coins, then tries to extricate the quarter with the tip of his fingernails. "Gimme a napkin," he calls out to his partner, Robbie the Rooster, so named because he crows like a cock when he gets drunk. Robbie forthwith pulls a napkin out of the dispenser and hands it to him. By this time, Pete is out in front of the bar with his pail and mop and tells Louie to drop the coin in the pail, to which someone suggests they drop Louie in the pail. Louie gives him the finger, then slips, face-forward, into the shit on the floor. The Rooster crows.

Peggitty walks back to his booth, sits down and watches the boy sipping beer. Finally he asks, "Man, you want some company?"

"You speaking to me?" the kid asks.

"Do you want someone to talk to?"

The kid looks hard at Peggitty, then says, "I don't know. Sure, if you need someone to talk to. But, I ain't very good at talking, least of all right now. But sure." The kid has a slightly southern accent.

Peggitty picks up his beer and joins the kid in his booth. They both sit sipping for awhile, then Peggitty asks, "What's your name? They call me Peggitty."

"Why?"

"Aw, well, perhaps you noticed, I got a bum leg. It was a blood clot in my brain from a fight I had; it half-paralyzed me



for awhile. I was a fighter, a boxer once. Everything else is all right now, I guess. But I still have trouble with the leg. So, they call me Peggitty now. My name is Mickey McClaren. Maybe you remember?"

The kid looked dumbly at him.

"I almost fought Archie Moore for the heavyweight championship of the world."

"Who's Archie Moore?"

Peggitty sits back, looks at the kid. God, he is young.

"When were you born?" he asks.

"1961, when were you?"

1961! Four years after the fight. Two years before Kennedy was assassinated.

"You're nineteen?" he asks.

"Twenty," the kid replies. "And my name's Willard Rodriguez, for God's sake, but they call me Willy."

I was standing on Hollywood Boulevard passing the time with the rest of those smart-assed dudes I hung around with, when this white-haired, good-looking old dude asks me if I want to make a hundred bucks."

Nice name, both of them," Peggitty says.

"Naw, naw, it's not a nice name, either of them. I hate it."

"What would you like to be called? I mean, in this bar nearly everyone but Pete, the bartender, has a nickname. If you don't give it to yourself, they give it to you."

"I never been in here before, probably won't be again."

"So...? What you like to be called?"

The boy pauses, takes a sip of his beer, almost finishes it off, then, putting the bottle back down, says "Luke."

Peggitty is surprised. He pulls his body and head back against the booth wall and says "Luke? Why Luke?"

"Well," the boy says, "first there's Luke on General Hospital. I feel a lot like him, like I could go out and rape sometime or, if I fall in love, I figure I'd be in love forever. Then, there's Luke Skywalker from Star Wars. I feel a lot like him, being thrust from one incredible adventure to another, never really knowing what's in store, except that he's got the Force. And then, there's Saint Luke, you know, in the Bible. He was a doctor and healed people, stopped their pain." The kid lathers, then finishes off his beer. Peggitty turns around and waves two fingers at Pete, who brings them another round.

After Pete leaves, Peggitty looks at Willy and says, "Luke, I think you've got some kind of pain."

Luke moves his hands through his hair, pushing back the locks that fall over his forehead.

"I'm just no damned good," he says.

They sit there, each of them, gulping a swig of fresh brew. Their bottles land on the table at the same time.

Peggitty says, "I never heard a man say he was no good who was no good."

They each take another swig of beer. Then Luke stares straight into Peggitty's eyes and says, "I don't mean to, but I bring trouble to everyone I meet." His eyes begin to water, like drops from a deep, dark well. Peggitty has a throbbing, blue hard-on.

"What do you mean?" he asks.

"My father died the day I was born, to begin with," Luke says. "We was from Pasadena, the Texas one, and he was driving my mother to the hospital because I was just about ready to burst out, and he hit a police car."

He says it like "poo-lice car." "I was delivered by a cop. My

mother had never worked a day in her life, and her family hated her because I was illegitimate when I was conceived, and my father hated her, I think. He was a yankee. So we all moved to Los Angeles where my mother wanted to become a movie star. That's what she said. All I remember is her working in cheap hamburger joints, coming home late and tired, sometimes bringing men with her. I really liked some of them who stayed awhile. I wanted them to stay and be a father. But, she was a cheap fucking tramp, when you come down to it, though I loved her.

"Then, one day, when I was sixteen, and bursting out all over with no place to go, I was standing on Hollywood Boulevard passing the time with the rest of those smart-assed dudes I hung around with, when this big, old Rolls Royce stops at the curb and this white-haired, good-looking old dude asks me if I want to make a hundred bucks. Can you believe it? Me, sixteen, with thirty-five cents in my pocket and he wants to give me a hundred bucks?"

Peggitty scratches his head. Dallas has already started, but this is better.

"What do I have to do?" I asked. 'Nothing much,' the dude says, 'except let me suck on your penis.' He actually said, 'penis.' Hell, I didn't care, even though nobody had ever sucked me off before. So, I got in the Rolls Royce and he took me to this incredible Mexican-looking palace in the hills and I let him suck me off. Does this offend you?"

Peggitty shakes his head.

"I'm boring you."

"No, no, I like the story," he says. He rubs his blue boner.

"Well, this dude produces movies. He really does. Some big ones. And he asks me to stay with him for awhile. I didn't even call my mother. I didn't care. That's the kind of creep I am. I stayed with him. I was his little boy for two years. I had to be naughty sometimes so he could spank me. He bought me lots of clothes and a Mustang convertible. He wasn't home much. He worked a lot, so I had the place pretty much to myself. Until one day he brought a new and younger kid home.

"Well, you can guess what happened. The car was in his name. I kept some of the clothes. I was back on the streets again. Only, I hexed him."

"Hexed him?" Peggitty asks.

"Yeah, I laid a hex on him. I damned his damnable soul and, a week later, I read in the Times that he gagged on a piece of liver at a wrap-up party and died. I had three dollars in my pocket when that happened and I bought a paper and a cup of coffee and read in the paper how the son-of-a-bitch died."

"Then I was spaced out on acid one night, boozing it down the street when this...elderly dude...stands in my way. He is a hunk. I have to admit that."

Peggitty's cock is raging hard now.

"And he was dressed in leather and studs. 'Good God,' I thought to myself. I tried to pass him, but he grabbed my arm and wouldn't let go."

"I like your style, kid," he said. I got defensive, so I said to him, 'What will you pay?' real cocky-like. I wanted him to think that I was a pro. The S-O-B pulls out a wad of bills and peels off a fifty. 'To begin with,' he says. That was my language. A big, black Cadillac limousine pulls up to the curb and he pushes me inside. He's down on me sooner than the door slams shut behind us. Well, to make a long story short, he wants me to move in with him and I got to, you know, start to care for the dude, but I was just a piece of meat to him. So, one night, while he was out, I took everything I had, which wasn't much, grabbed a black felt pen and drew a big X on his door. He died of a hernia a couple of weeks later." Luke takes a long swig of the beer. "Then, the last one..."

"Hey, man, you don't want to hear this."

"I'm listening. I'm listening."

"Well, I'm not telling." The kid sits sullen, then looks up and stares at Peggitty. The bar is getting quiet now. A lot of the regulars have left or are out of spare change and are back on the streets. Dallas is over.

Luke has the sweetest face Peggitty has ever seen on a man. He wants to take the boy in his arms and crush him with affection, but Peggitty doesn't know how to approach him. He doesn't know how to move across the table and tell the boy that hexes and love don't kill.

"Peggitty...?" the boy asks.

"Yeah...?"

"I got nowhere to stay tonight."

"I figured."

"You're the first real, honest man I've talked to in a long time."

Peggitty stares into the kid's deep, dark eyes.

"Can I stay with you. Just for tonight? No longer, just for tonight?"

Peggitty's heart jumps. "Of course you can, kid. I got a friend who might come in, in the middle of the night, but God only

When he opens his eyes, the boy is staring at him, their eyes only inches apart. The boy moves his mouth toward his, presses his body closer and kisses him, deeply and passionately.

knows about that. I doubt it. If he does, he can sleep on the sofa. I mean... unless you want to... I mean, I only got one bed."

"I want to sleep with you, Peggitty. I need somebody like you right now. I want to feel you close to me. I don't know exactly why, but I want to wake up tomorrow morning with you next to me."

Peggitty feels the kid's hands on his thigh under the table. He places his own hand over it and the kid takes Peggitty's hand and pulls it over against his basket. The kid has a hard-on. Peggitty's legs shake.

"Well, come on, let's go," he says, and stands up. Pete glances at their swollen baskets as they leave.

"Good night, Pete..."

"G'night, Peg..."

Luke's buns stretch his jeans tight, nearly bursting the seams. His body casts a long shadow down the street...

The floodlights... the roar of the crowd... the cheering... the smell of sweat and cologne... his smashed head suddenly bouncing off the mat, broken and...

The long, dark journey into day.

II. WAKING UP IN THE MORNING AIN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE.

Peggitty opens his eyes. Light is coming in through the window. It is morning. He rolls over and puts his arm around the boy next to him. Luke jumps a little, then draws his body up tightly against Peggitty's. They lie there for awhile. The kid is a middleweight. He has an athlete's body, firm and well-muscled.

Peggitty's hand creeps down and takes hold of the kid's cock. He plays with its head and feels it grow hard and erect in his hand. When he opens his eyes, the boy is staring at him, their eyes only inches apart. The boy moves his mouth toward his, presses his body closer and kisses him, deeply and passionately. Peggitty holds both their cocks in his hand between their pressing groins, rubbing them together. The kid's is enormous. He remembers the night before, how it felt inside of him, plowing up there so deeply he thought it would come out his mouth. And the kid is good at it. He has some tricks even Peggitty has never experienced.

Luke breaks off the kiss, then says, "God, you're built, man. How do you do it?"



"I work out. Every day. Lift weights. Run. Spar a little when they let me."

"Do you mind if I ask, but, uh, how old are you?"

"Fifty-six. And I don't mind. A boxer gets this old and he's proud of the fact."

Luke's hands are running over his body. "There's not an ounce of fat on you. You're like steel, man."

"Don't always feel like steel. Sometimes like a ton of iron. The leg, you know..."

"You had a stroke?"

"That's what they said. Too much battering around."

Luke's hands are kneading his buttocks, the softest part of his body. His fingers begin to insinuate themselves into his hole. It feels so damned good he pulls his ass back to open it up more. He places his own hands around the kid's buns. They are firmer than his, tighter. He sticks his finger in the kid's hole. It is tight. He wonders what it would feel like to stick his cock in there.

"Oh, man..." Luke whispers, "that really feels good." He pulls his hands away from Peggitty's buns and begins stroking Peggitty's cock, after he spits into his hand. The morning paralysis suddenly disappears and every sensation in the organ comes back. Peggitty has big hands, long, thick fingers. The kid is still tight, but he gets two, then three of his fingers inside him. The kid is beginning to shake, waves of shuddering spasms pass through his body each time Peggitty presses his fingers in further. He feels the nodule that is Luke's prostate and rubs his fingers against it, massaging and manipulating it. Luke is out of his mind.

Finally, he pulls his fingers out and picks up the kid's legs and throws them over his shoulders. He shoves his blue-veined cock into the kid's ass, brutally, hard. Luke cries out, but he rams it in all the way until his hairy crotch is pressed tightly against the kid's firm ass; then he rubs himself against him, sensitizing, enflaming the flesh of his ass. He pulls back, until only the head of his cock is inside, then shoves it in again. Luke cries out again. Tears are beginning to stream out of his eyes. He

slaps the kid's face, then begins to fuck the shit out of him.

When he cums, it is long, intense and violent. He pulls the boy close to him, holds him tightly in his massive arms and cradles him as his body trembles, erupts and shakes—then falls down upon him. The kid is looking up at him, eyes wide open and he is smiling.

Later, as they lay cradled in each other's arms, Luke says, "That was the best fuck I've ever had. No, that is the only fuck I've ever had."

"You like it rough?"

"I like it every way. In the afternoons I like it slow and easy, lasting a long time. I could almost go to sleep, it feels so good. But, I also like it rough and exciting. I like it to hurt, sometimes. Until I feel like I'm going to pop out of my skull."

Peggitty kisses him on the forehead. Their cocks, half-hard, are pressed tightly between them. What he feels toward the kid he's never felt before. He's never felt anything this intense about another man.

Just as they are finishing bacon and eggs, there is a knock on the door. Luke goes into the bedroom and Peggitty puts on his robe, the same one he'd used almost thirty years before in the ring, with "McClaren" embroidered on the back in white against the burgundy satin.

It is Ludwig, dressed in his black leather gear.

"Hey, man, I'm sorry I didn't show up last night, but we got into this really heavy scene." Ludwig is speeding. "And he really got into me and gave me two hundred more megabucks to stay all night. I mean, I couldn't really let that pass." He hands Peggitty a twenty dollar bill, then begins to pace around the room.

Oh man, it was terrific. You know what it's like sometimes. First of all, this dude's a hunk, not built like you, or anything. I mean he shows his age, but he's a hunk. Then, he's got imagination, and a room that he designed where you can get down to some real hard action. And the stereo was incredible. We went

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through all of the symphonies. All nine of them. It turns out he's into Beethoven, too. By this morning I had him into a whining mass of red pulp. He loved it! He wants me again next weekend. I can get another place to live, man. He said I can have five hundred a weekend. I think he'd even let me move in with him, but that would really cramp my style. I mean, I'm high on more lists than his, you know..."

The bedroom door opens and Luke, dressed, walks out. Ludwig and the kid stare at each other.

"Man, I didn't know you had company," Ludwig says. He shifts his body awkwardly. Peggitty, feeling uncomfortable, introduces the two young studs. He feels like a referee; then, suddenly, old, distant, apart.

Ludwig and Luke are sizing each other up when Ludwig starts fluttering his hands, then grabs onto his belt. "I, uh, I gotta go find a room," he says, looking straight into Luke's eyes, but speaking to Peggitty. Then, with something as close to real emotion as he can muster, he says to Luke: "Peggitty's real. There ain't no better man alive. You hurt this man and I'll kill you." Then he turns around and walks out of the apartment, slamming the door behind him.

"He's high," Peggitty says, looking at Luke, who stands, stunned, shaking a little.

Luke shakes his head. "No," he says, "he's right. He got my number right away."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm a hustler like he is."

"Don't..." Peggitty says.

"I didn't tell you about my last affair," Luke interrupts.

Peggitty sits down at the table. Two cold slabs of bacon lay on a plate, and a half slice of toast. He can see the teeth marks of the serrated edge. Luke lifts his left arm and scratches his armpit with his right hand. "The Police" insignia sparkles suddenly under the light bulb that hangs over the table.

"I had my twentieth birthday on the street. I felt mean and

down on the world. I called my mother, the first time in four years, and she didn't even remember it was my birthday. Her voice was hoarse and tough, like she'd been drinking and smoking too much. I asked her if I could come by, and she said 'Not now, honey. I've got a man and he's real good to me, but he doesn't know I got a kid. Call me in a couple weeks and I'll see if I can break it to him.' I called a couple weeks later and she hadn't told him. 'I'm almost forty, baby,' she said. 'I don't have too many chances left.'

"So, I hung up on her. 'Fuck her,' I said. I was standing there in the telephone booth, wondering where in hell I was in the world..."

Luke reaches over and grabs a slice of cold bacon and eats it...when I see this dude standing in the shadows of a door of a store front, watching me. He is playing with himself, with his hand in his pocket.

"'Oh hell,' I think. I am down to a couple dollars in my pocket. He is a big dude, good-looking, young. I stand there in the booth and put my hand over my basket, you know. That gets a reaction out of him. So, I go over to him."

"There is this hotel nearby where they charge by the hour. We go there. He is pretty good sex, gives me thirty dollars, then pulls out a badge, puts cuffs on me and I get angry and make the mistake of battering my knee as hard as I can into his balls. He beats the shit out of me and I end up in the slammer. I spend two months there. I get raped four times. I got out yesterday morning."

Peggitty closes his eyes. Getting up in the mornings is getting harder each day.

"You know," Luke says, "I dreamed last night that I was free. I don't know, but I think I knew all the time that I was sleeping and dreaming, that you were lying there with me. Why was that?"

"I don't know," Peggitty says. He picks up the last slice of bacon and eats it.

"But right now I don't feel free," Luke continues, stands up

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and walks over to the window. "I feel lost. I'm a fucking hustler."

Oh God," Peggitty thinks. What he feels and what he can do, or ought to do, are miles apart

Luke turns toward Peggitty and says, "Give me some kind of sign, man, say something to me."

"I don't want to love you," Peggitty says

Luke puts his hands in the pockets of his jeans, looks at the floor. "I understand, man. Life's just too hard, one big pile of shit everywhere you turn

"But I do," Peggitty adds. Then he nods his head, agreeing with himself. He looks up at Luke. "I ain't much, you know. I ain't got nothing

He can't lock eyes with Luke. He is setting himself up to be shot down. "... But, I think that I love you. And, I ain't never said that to anyone before

Luke falls down at Peggitty's feet and hugs his knees. The fucking kid is crying

It's one of those mornings," Peggitty thinks to himself, then "No, it's not. I never have said that to a man before."

He reaches down and pulls the kid up. Then he stands and pulls him tightly against himself

"Sometimes you have to take a chance and make an asshole out of yourself," he thinks. "What the hell?"

THE GARBAGE PILES HIGHER—SOMEONE HAS TO PICK IT UP.

"Where's your partner?" Pete asks as Peggitty comes shuffling into the bar. O'Casey is off in a corner booth sulking. He has been sulking for days since the monkey died

"He got a job," Peggitty answers. "He's working for the city Sanitation department."

A garbage collector?" Pete asks

How's he smell when he come's home?" Rooster crows from his booth

Like a man," Peggitty says and limps back to his booth. Pete brings him over a beer

"Daddy's having a rough time?" he asks

"No, I'm just a little tighter, sorer than usual," Peggitty answers. "The leg is swelling up. I think it's the heat and humidity. This is one hell of a summer

"They say it's some goddamned current in the Pacific," Pete says. "It's called 'El Nino.' Fucking up the weather all over. If it weren't so close to fall, I'd have them put in an air conditioner, though God knows I can't afford it."

Pete sits down across from Peggitty, which is unusual. There are only five customers in the place

"I'm a little worried about you, Peg," he says. "Every day you get a little slower, a little more tired. It's none of my fuckin' business, but is the kid wearing you out? I mean, there's over thirty years difference between you. Fuck, I couldn't handle a young stud like that."

Peggitty shakes his head. "No, I'm in good shape. Pete, the kid really loves me. He worships me. I've never been so cared for in my life. He'd give his life for me. And I love him. For the first time in my life, I can really say I love somebody. Sure, the whole thing scares me a little... hell, it terrifies me, but I'm happy

You loved Jorge, didn't you?

In a way. But, after that fight, he wasn't around any more. He didn't really care. Only as long as I was on top. And, you know something, I didn't care that he didn't care

Pete taps his fingers on the table

"Ludwig was in today," he says

"What's he doing

Same shit. Only now he's throwing the bread around. Bought a round for the house. Has a new custom-made leather jacket with a silver eagle on the back. Parked a Mercedes sports car outside. Real flush."

He's living with that dude?

So he says. But, I don't know. I don't think it's everything he makes it out to be

"How's that?"

"He's aging. He's still a kid, but he looks older. He's scared of something. Acts paranoid, as if someone was going to steal the fucking car. I don't know where that kid comes from."

"Hunger."

"How's that?"

"He comes from hunger, like all of us."

"He's got a big cock."

"You know?"

"He paid off a bar bill with it once. I didn't mind. There aren't many young cocks come in here."

"You used to have the hots for me."

"I've always had the hots for you. Still do. As far back as I can remember. You're the champ, man. You're the only celebrity who's ever come in here. And, you got a lot more going for you than these young studs." Pete's face flushes. "Well, I said it again."

Peggitty moves his hands across the table and places them on top of Pete's hand and squeezes it. "You're a good friend," he says.

Pete turns his hand around and holds Peggitty's weathered tough hand, palm to palm against his softer, plumper hand, and presses it tight.

"I used to jerk off at night thinking about you. I remember how you looked in the ring," Pete laughs. "I remember one fight. I spent my last buck to get a front row seat near your corner. After the seventh round you were sitting on your stool and one of your balls fell out of your jock strap. I thought to myself that I'd never seen such a beautiful ball in my life. Even now, when you come in the bar, I feel the same old feelings. I can't keep my eyes off your basket. Your arms excite me like I was fifteen years old again and just discovering life."

Peggitty grins. "You didn't discover life until you were fifteen?" he asks. "I was eleven when this kid I knew taught me sixty-nine."

"I'm making an ass out of myself," Pete says.

"No," Peggitty says. "I'm really flattered. You're the only one who remembers those days. Sometimes I think I'm forgetting."

"You were the body, Peg. Remember, even the papers called you that? If that thing hadn't happened, you would have been the champ."

"Well, it did happen and I wasn't the champ."

"You're still champ to me."

"And you're still the best bartender and friend in town," Peggitty says.

Louie is standing at the bar, holding an empty glass in the air, yelling "Barkeep, Barkeep."

Pete breaks the hand-hold and stands up.

"Duty calls..." he says.

Duty also calls Peggitty, and he gets up and walks to the john. Pete has cleaned there this morning. As he stands before the urinal, holding his big cock, letting go a stream of piss, he remembers the first time Luke had wanted it.

They are in the bathroom together. Luke is sitting on the floor, naked, as he watches Peggitty undress to take a shower. He takes the attention the boy pays him. Suddenly, before he begins to spout, Luke is kneeling before him: "Give it to me," he pleads. "What the hell," he thinks, as Luke's mouth encloses itself over his now half-erect organ. He pisses into Luke's mouth. It feels warm and secure to do it, like it's being flushed out of him. Trickles of the golden liquid escape the corners of Luke's mouth as he can't swallow fast enough.

It is an incredibly intimate feeling, not like sex and yet, like it. There is such implicit trust in the act on Luke's part.

After that, nearly everytime he pisses, it is into the boy's mouth. Luke gets better at it until he never loses a drop.

And, with this little change in their habits comes a greater change in attitude. Peggitty begins to realize that Luke wants to be dominated, cared for, abused, commanded. He can tell when the kid wants it most: he will misbehave, do something to hurt Peggitty and then wait for punishment. Like a naughty

puppy, as if punishment was the truest way he can show his love.

At first, Peggitty doesn't want to do it. He can strike the kid, but he doesn't want to hurt him. But, when he sees that Luke takes his refusal to inflict pain on him as a sign that he doesn't love him, he reluctantly uses his belt on the kid's buttocks. Not really hard, just enough to elicit a burnished glow to the copper-colored skin.

Soon, Luke is provoking him more and more. Having learned Peggitty's likes and dislikes, he knows which buttons to push.

One night, after a long, loud battle, Peggitty gets so angry that he beats the shit out of Luke. Then, suddenly, when he realizes that he is inflicting real pain, he stops.

"My god, my god, what in hell am I doing?" he screams. Luke is lying on the floor, panting, his body a mass of red and purple welts. Peggitty falls down next to the boy and holds him in his arms.

He pisses into Luke's mouth. It feels warm and secure to do it, like it's being flushed out of him. Trickles of the golden liquid escape the corners of Luke's mouth as he can't swallow fast enough.

"I'm sorry, I'm really sorry, Luke. I don't know what got into me..."

But Luke looks up at him and smiles.

"I asked for it. I wanted it."

They make passionate love like they have never done before. More urgent, more complete than anything he has ever done (the smell of sweat and cologne and cigars as the crowd cheers...) before.

Their lives fall into certain patterns. Luke wants to do all the domestic chores, which doesn't bother Peggitty one bit. He is, in fact, a first-class cook, if only a little too fancy for Peggitty's simpler tastes. "I'm a meat and potato man," he says. But, he also remembers the times before the big fight, when he enjoyed the great restaurants. Jorges had known how to order in French.

There is never much money. One day Luke offers to go out and hustle again to bring in some extra income, but Peggitty nixes the idea. He would rather go without than have to sit at home and wonder who Luke was with and what they were doing. His 55¢ check isn't adequate at all, and his numbers run doesn't add much to it. So, Luke, lying in bed with him one morning says: "I'm going to get a job. I met someone the other day who can get me in at the Sanitation Department."

"A garbage collector?"

Luke chuckles. He has a wonderful way of chuckling; it starts in his belly. All the tight muscles of his abdominals quiver and shake; then it moves up to his chest, which heaves and pants, then comes, anticlimactically, out of him as a giggle, a chuckle.

"A garbage collector," he says at last. "What the hell, it's honest work and I really need to feel useful. Besides, it's pretty good money, with a lot of benefits. Also, who knows what I can drag home. People throw away a lot of incredible shit." He laughs. Soon, Peggitty is laughing with him, belly to belly.

"After all, somebody's got to clean up the shit this world makes," Luke says.

One day, while they are talking over dinner, Luke slips and calls Peggitty "Dad." Peggitty doesn't even realize it until afterward. He doesn't say anything. But, a couple days later he discovers himself calling Luke "son." And Luke never says a

word about it. But the words give them both a new, warmer feeling inside.

If anything, as the months roll by, and autumn turns to winter, winter into spring and summer comes again, their love grows deeper, stronger. Their love-making becomes more intense.

"I've never felt anything like this in my whole life," Luke says. They are walking in the park, holding hands, watching other lovers come and go. "I didn't know there was such a thing to feel."

Peggitty is silent. He is choked up. He cannot think of one goddamned word to say. So, he presses Luke's hand even tighter. Finally, when they stop at a corner, both of them pretending to be looking into the window of a sporting goods store, he feels the certain sensation of warm, wet tears flowing out of his eyes which cannot stop, and he turns and looks at Luke. "I love you, you little son-of-a-bitch," he says. They kiss in broad daylight. Someone whistles from across the street.

A dog is chasing a squirrel across the street in the park. The squirrel makes it up a tree and the dog tries to jump up and climb it, but falls back to the ground. The squirrel, safe on a limb, chatters loudly at the dog, who proceeds to bark his head off.

"Oh, Dad," Luke says, "I want to make love to you, right here, right now, right here in the open. Where the whole world can see."

They don't. They cross back into the park and find a clump of bushes with an opening in the middle where there is evidence of others who have used the place before.

After Luke gets his job, Peggitty starts to cook again. He picks up a couple of books and tries some exotic dishes, but Luke likes his simple things the best.

One night Luke is over an hour and a half late. Peggitty is furious. The roast has nearly burned and both of them like it rare. Luke comes through the door, sheepishly. Peggitty is about to remove his belt and knock the shit out of the kid. Instead, he stands in the middle of the room and gives him his

best icy stare.

"Well?" he asks.

Luke stands, his legs firmly planted apart, defiantly staring at Peggitty.

"Well, what?"

"Where the hell were you?"

"Would you believe overtime?"

So, what was it?"

"I had sex with another man." Peggitty's heart seems to sink down into his belly. He belches.

"I had to know," Luke continues. "I had to find out something."

What?

"How much I love you."

And . . .

"It wasn't any good. He wasn't you."

They stand and stare at each other, but Peggitty feels his heart rising, beating, feels pressure in his head. His temples throb.

"The roast's too well done," he says.

And still they stand and stare at each other. Finally, Luke rushes toward Peggitty and begins beating his fists against Peggitty's mammoth chest.

"Goddamn it, goddamn it, it's not fair," he sobs, then falls to his knees and begins to cry. "I'm twenty-one years old, I'm good-looking—no, I'm more than good-looking. I'm gorgeous. . . ." He slips back into his Texas drawl when he says "goorgeous." "And there's a whole world of hunky men out there who want to make it with me. And I don't want anybody in this whole fucking world but you, Dad. He was a hunk. He was sexy and he really had the hots for me, but I couldn't even get a goddamned hard-on." Luke is crying. He seems to be racked in pain. He trembles and shakes.

Peggitty kneels down in front of him and puts his massive arms around the kid's chest and pulls him close to him.

"I'm sorry," he says.

Luke stammers out of his sobbing and tears, "Sorry for what?"

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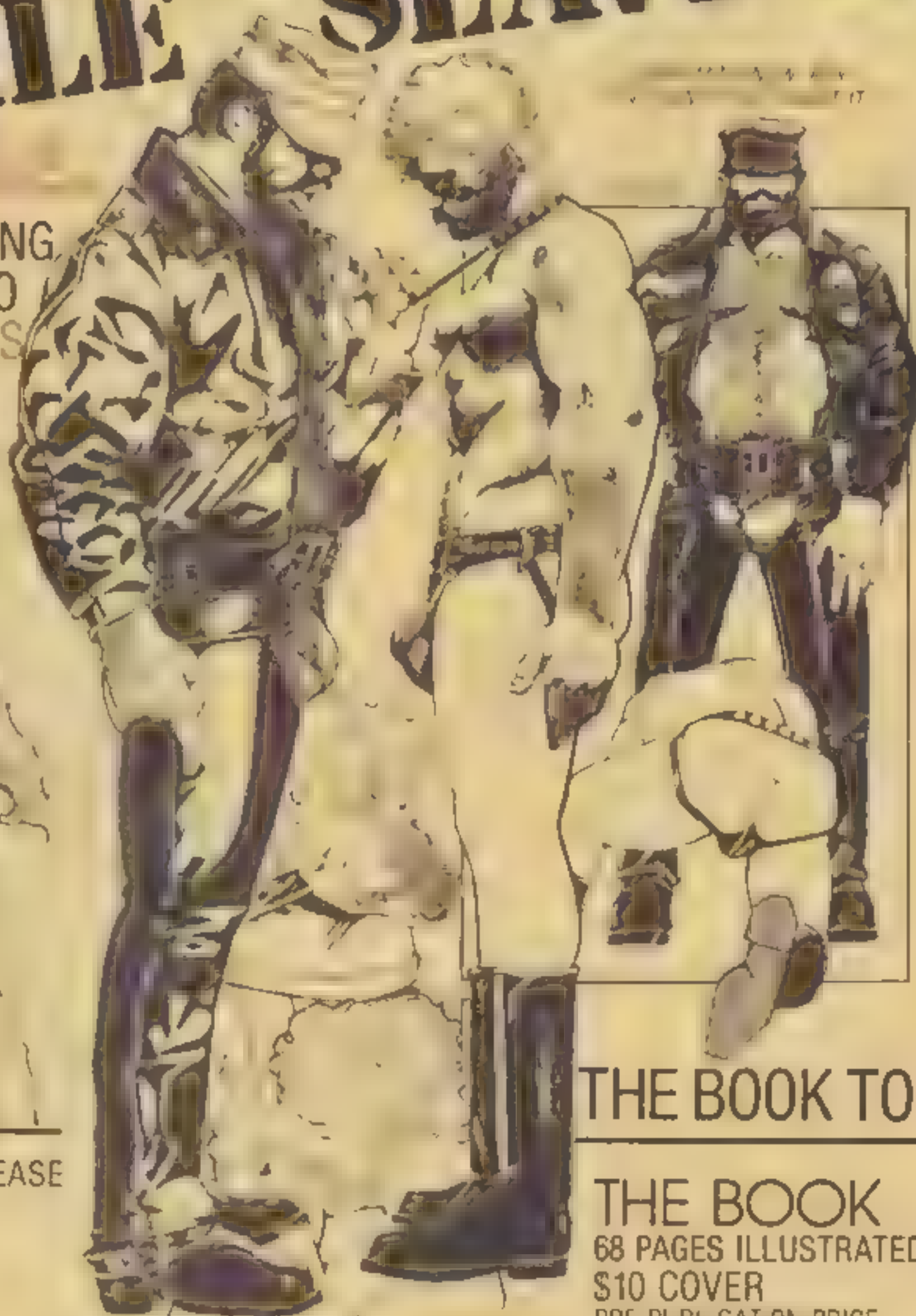
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Sorry because we love each other. I never thought anyone could ever love me, not 'til you. I tried to love other men before, but never could. Give me one good reason for you to be sorry, Dad, and I'll leave you right now, tonight."

Peggitty has no good reason. He runs his hand through Luke's hair. He pulls his face close to him and kisses him, deeply, darkly. He feels his cock rise up in his tight jeans, and he picks Luke up and carries him into the bedroom. He undresses the both of them and they make gentle, long and loving sex until the sun rises. Until Luke falls asleep cradled in his arms, his slowing breath falling upon Peggitty's nipple. And Peggitty lies awake as the sun breaks through the bedroom windows, falling upon the two of them. He watches the peeling paint on the ceiling above.

"God," he thinks, "how much love can a man take before it destroys him?" And he is sorry. He's created a cripple.

His lifeblood flows in and out of the kid who sleeps in his arms

It is Saturday, nearly afternoon when Luke awakes and stumbles out of the bedroom, a piss-filled hard-on preceding him. Peggitty is dressed in his sweat-suit, sitting at the kitchen table, nursing his third cup of coffee

"Take your piss and I'll pour you a cup of java. We're going to the gym today."

Luke isn't awake yet. He stretches his arms and yawns. "What?" he asks.

"You're going to learn to box," Peggitty says.

"What...?"

Peggitty grins. "You're going to learn the manly art of self-defense, my boy. Now, get out of that dream world and get ready for a real one. I'm going to make a fighter out of you."

THINGS OFTEN SMELL BETTER WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN

The kid has a natural talent. He is quick, responsive; he uses his head. He concentrates on what he is doing. And he has the body—the strength, the muscle. He has a tendency to overplay his opponent, jump in when it isn't necessary, then play with him like a cat does with a mouse. But that isn't really a problem: he can win matches with those instincts.

He takes punches well; in fact, Peggitty knows he will. He seems to enjoy the hard punches. And he likes the body contact

What Luke doesn't like is the discipline, the hours of training and workouts, the weight lifting, the jogging. "It's like fighting a shadow," Luke says, so Peggitty introduces him to shadowboxing, then Tai Chi, then karate. Luke is a natural in all of these sports. His body begins to develop further, his responses get quicker, he becomes more aggressive.

Their love life begins to change. Often now, it is Luke who takes the initiative. It is Luke who wants to do the fucking, rather than get fucked. He stops calling Peggitty "Dad" except on those rare moments when he is depressed and tired.

Peggitty is proud of his boy. But, he is also concerned that Luke will grow up and away from him. Finally he comes to the understanding with himself that if it does happen, what better thing could he do. Because, in the back of Peggitty's mind is the feeling that he will not be here forever to keep and protect the kid. And the greatest gift that he can give him is the strength to go out and face the world alone without Peggitty, without anyone if it comes to that. The kid will be tough, will be able to take the knocks, walk in whatever shit life lays in his path and come out clean. The thirty-odd years difference in their ages lies heavily with Peggitty, if not with the kid.

So he pushes him, cajoles, even whips him into being strong.

Peggitty increases his numbers runs, until he tells Luke to quit his job collecting garbage. He gets him training all day and into night school in the evenings

"You need your head as well as your body," he says. "I never used my head too much."

"I feel like a kid again, going back to school."

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foolishly, doesn't defend himself properly. He opens himself to Luke's attack, as if he wants it, impales himself on his blows, feels weakness in his knees and finally falls prone before his master. He too loves, he knows; as, on the floor, he looks up and sees the magnificence of the human beast towering over him, fire in his eyes.

"What did I do?" he thinks, then passes into unconsciousness

Luke begins to feel alive.

But life is not such a complete thing. He must return to Peggitty's death, to the annihilation of his dreams, to the apart-

He remembers every sensation of it. He remembers every detail, every vein, every cock hair. He strokes himself. He reads porno. He tries to arouse himself to life again. He even brings hustlers home, but it does not work out.

ment that they shared.

He withdraws into closets. Sitting on the floor, beneath rows of the old man's clothing, he batters his bare fists into the wall until the blood splatters everywhere.

Life is not like the ring. Peggitty is gone. He is nothing more than the man he was the night he first met the old man. Only now he is a boxing champion, and the reporters are after him. He escapes even further into Peggitty's world. He sits in the old, worn, winged-back chair in front of the fireplace and stares at the pictures above the mantle of Peggitty in his boxing shorts, especially of that yellowing photo of the blow that ended Peggitty's dreams. Forever.

Somewhere in his world there was a physical father he never knew. And there was Peggitty, who gave him life.

He sits and watches the photos and he remembers Peggitty's cock up his ass. He remembers every sensation of it. He remembers every detail, every vein, every cock hair. He strokes himself. He reads porno. He tries to arouse himself to life again. He even brings hustlers home, but it does not work out. He sends them back out to the streets.

Peggitty is dead.

Dead. Dead.

Luke is famous, rich...and alone

SUNRISE

Pete brings him a beer. Luke has been coming in almost every night lately.

"Hey, Champ," he says, "you haven't moved out of Peg's old apartment yet?"

"No. It's good enough for me. There's a lot of Peggitty around, and it feels comfortable."

"Kid, you're boxing champion of the world now. You can afford anything. You're the biggest celebrity to ever come in my place."

"Some things you just can't buy, Pete."

"Do you mind...?" Pete gestures that he'd like to sit down. Luke nods. Pete sits down across the table from Luke.

"You just ain't changed since Peg died. All that's happened to you, and you just ain't changed a bit. It's been almost two years, Luke."

"I'm happy. Why should I change?"

"But Peggitty's dead."

"I know."

"And you can't just keep going on as if nothing's changed."

"Nothing much really has changed. I won't keep the belt forever. I know that I'll grow old. But some things are forever. They don't pass like dreams in the night."

"Then you gotta learn to add to those things," Pete says. Someone is standing at the bar, calling him.

"I gotta serve the man," Pete says, standing up. "If you got any respect for what Peg wanted for you, you'll do something and you know what I mean. Drinks are on me tonight."

Luke replies, "Seems as if drinks are on the house every time I come in here."

"Brings in business."

O'Casey's new monkey is sitting on his shoulder, picking at his balding head.

Luke leans back and stares into space. The thrill of victory is beginning to die down, the reporters are coming by less, fewer people now stop him on the streets. He wishes that Peggitty had been with him to help him cope with the fame and the glitter, at least at first. Oh hell, he wishes he were still here. He even tells one reporter that he is thinking of retiring. "I got what I wanted," he says.

Nights are the worst. Lying in Peggitty's old bed, he keeps the television on until he falls asleep, waking up sometimes to test patterns or old reruns of *Gunsmoke* or *Ironside*.

Loony Louie and Rooster are dancing in the middle of the barroom floor, Rooster waving his arms and cackling.

Luke's mother calls him after the title fight. She'd lost her old man, wants to know if he'd like her to come and "take care" of him. He hangs up on her. She calls back and is crying. "For God's sake, Ma," he shouts, "I don't need you or nobody."

He is endorsing a line of sporting goods. As he looks over at the bar he sees himself on television. When the ad is over he feels, rather than hears, a hush fall over the place and every eye is looking at him. He wants to crawl under the table and hide. Instead, he takes another swig of beer from the long neck.

Ludwig comes in. Luke can't see clearly, but the kid looks as if he is limping. He pulls himself over to a booth and sits down. A neon beer ad lights him alternately in pink and green. There is a gash across his forehead and his black leather jacket is torn. He grabs for some napkins and presses them over the gash. Luke gets up and sits himself across from the kid.

"What in hell happened?" he asks.

"Fuckin' Bozo. He didn't know where the hell to stop."

Luke reaches over and pulls Ludwig's hand and napkins away from his forehead. "That's nasty. Let's get you to the hospital."

"No way, man. They're gonna ask too many fuckin' questions I ain't gonna answer."

Luke thinks for a moment. "Wait here," he says.

"Where can I go?" Ludwig mutters as Luke sprints toward the phone. When he returns, he grabs Ludwig under the arm and helps him up.

"I called my ring physician. There'll be no questions asked," he says, leading the kid outside. Pete has already hailed a cab.

"Seven fucking stitches," Ludwig moans, looking at his bandaged face in the mirror. "Right in front where the whole world can see!" Then he feels his body, looks around in a state of panic. "Where'd my goddamn Walkman go?" he cries.

"You didn't have it with you."

"Goddamn it," he screams, "and I can't go back to the fucker's place and get it."

"I'll get you another one. Come on, lie down."

"But I had all nine symphonies. That fucker's going to pay for this."

"Come on, come on..." Luke is urging him into the bedroom.

The sedative the doctor has given him is beginning to work. He stumbles a little, then puts his arms around Luke's shoulder.

"You're not half bad, you know," he says. Luke sits him down on the bed and begins to take his clothing off him. The torn jacket is covered with dried blood.

"You going to try to take advantage of me?" he asks Luke, who laughs. "I don't give a damn if you do, you know. Every goddamn man in this city's gotten inside of me. It don't feel any more."

Luke is pulling off his black, grimy engineer's boots, then his fatigues. He is suddenly freaked. The kid's cock and balls are covered with dozens of little scars, a couple of them fresh.

Ludwig sees him staring, then says: "Yeah, that's what I meant

He was going to cut my balls off. I pulled back and he swung the fuckin' knife at me and hit my forehead, so I kicked him in the balls and, as he was kneeling over, I clubbed him on the head. Then I tied him up and split."

by going too far. He was going to cut my balls off. I pulled back and he swung the fuckin' knife at me and hit my forehead, so I kicked him in the balls and, as he was kneeling over, I clubbed him on the head. Then I tied him up and split. I hope he sits there for a week, but he won't. I never was too good at knots." He looks over at Luke. He is naked now. He smiles.

"I always hated you. Peggitty loved you, not me. I never got around to telling him, but I loved that old man. But you're not..." His eyes are beginning to close, "...you're not so bad, after all."

Luke pulls a sheet up over the kid's body, then turns out the lights, closes the bedroom door and returns to the living room.

He sits for a couple of hours in the worn-out, faded, old, overstuffed chair that Peggitty always used to sit in. The fireplace mantel holds some of Peggitty's trophies and some of his.

Hanging over all of them, around a photo of Peggitty and Luke together in boxing trunks pretending to spar, is the Championship Belt. It seems to glitter as the first beams of sunrise burst into the shadowed old room.

"Thanks, Dad," he says.

Now he is tired. He looks into the bedroom. The kid is stoned asleep, one hand hanging over the side of the bed. Luke undresses then climbs into bed beside him. He lies on his back, watching patterns in the cracked and peeling ceiling.

He looks over at Ludwig. The bandage is showing a little blood. He will have to clean it first thing after they get up, then try to get the kid to help himself in getting his own life cleaned up. He doubts if Ludwig will go along with that one. He turns on his side and snuggles up behind the kid. He begins to get erect. The boy, in his sleep, pushes his ass back into Luke's groin. Luke enters him, then falls asleep.

When he awakens, the sun outside is beginning to lower itself in the sky. Ludwig is moving his ass, fucking Luke's cock.

Later, while Luke is changing Ludwig's bandage, he feels the stirring in him again. The kid is so damned vulnerable, so cocky, so filled with life. But street dumb.

Luke bends over and kisses the kid's wound. The kid starts to shake. Luke kneels down and wraps his arms around the boy. He cares.

By sunset they are in bed again, together. Each needing as much as the other. Each giving. □

Chez Mollet

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"Fuck it. It's growing up, son. Use every resource you got. It's a tough world."

Luke somehow knows what Peggitty is doing: giving him everything he's got to make him ready for the time when Peggitty won't be here. He cries a lot at night, after Peggitty falls asleep, and wraps his increasingly big arms around the great bum. He swears at him, curses him, and whenever he has the chance, loves him to death. And, Luke decides, he will be everything Peggitty wants him to be. English literature and European cultural history are not his favorite subjects, but he works hard, brings the work home with him, shares his lessons with Peggitty. They read together, argue, even fight over Charles Lamb and T. S. Eliot, then laugh and share. Not a single night passes without them having sex. It is always unique, different, as if it is always the first time. They have too much to learn about each other. They are growing daily in each other's arms.

He shoves his blue-veined cock into the kid's ass, brutally, hard. Luke cries out, but he rams it in all the way until his hairy cock is pressed tightly against the kid's firm ass; then he rubs himself against him.

Luke's first five professional fights are knock-overs. Three KO's and a TKO. The sixth fight is a close decision. He is getting into the good stuff, where champions are sometimes made. And yet, he seems to blossom best where the challenge is the greatest. The decision seems to frighten him. He wins the next two fights by decisive knockouts before the fifth round.

The papers pick up on him. Why not? Young, aggressive, ambitious, trained and sponsored by an old pro ("with shades of undiscovered glory" one sports writer says). He is handsome and good copy.

He nearly loses one fight. It goes eleven rounds before he comes back and knocks the shit out of the Puerto Rican who is almost as feisty and hungry as he is. He picks the man up off the mat and takes his hand and they wave them together as Luke is declared victor.

He puts on weight, all muscle. He shifts from middleweight to light heavyweight.

The world is Luke's. He is ranked eighth and is coming up.

Peggitty limps into the bar, almost walks past Pete before he greets him, then makes for the back booth.

"The same?" Pete yells at him.

Peggitty nods, and sits down. Damned leg. It is really hurting.

"How's the kid doing?" Pete asks as he sets down the beer.

"He's at school. He's got History of Economics until eleven tonight."

Pete sits down. "You feeling all right, Champ?"

Peggitty nods. "Yeah, it's just the old leg again. Every time it's wet out, it feels bad."

"That kid of yours is doing all right. There's something in the paper about him almost every day."

Peggitty beams. "He's a winner, Pete. He's going to make it. I can feel it in my bones."

Pete is quiet for a moment, then says: "I always knew you were a champ, but goddamn it, I never knew how great a champ you were, Peg. You took this kid off the barroom floor and made a champ out of him. And you did it even better, win or lose, in the ring or out. He's going to have it made. I always loved you, always loved that wonderful old body of yours, that—what?—spirit in you, but I don't think that I ever really knew what it was I loved."

Peggitty reaches over and touches Pete's cheek. "Aw, Pete," he says.

"I can't help it. I think about it a lot. About all the shit that goes on in my world, and yours—everybody's—and how some of us crawl out of the slime and others just keep crawling. That night, years ago, when you got knocked to the ground. I was there that night and I cried for weeks afterward. Everything I read in the papers, everything I heard. You were the most beautiful thing in my life. Everything else was shit. Pure crap. Until now. And again, it's you, what you've done with the kid. Why? What made you do it?"

Peggitty takes a swig of his beer. His heart beats a little lighter. Pete is a good and faithful friend. "Two reasons, Pete. First of all, I love the kid. And when you really love someone you don't want to hold on to him forever. You want him to be strong and free and able to make his own way in the world. You want him to be a winner, not a wimp. You don't want him dependent on you. You want him to be happy. If you love him, then his happiness is more important than your own. That's what love is, finding another person who is more important to you than you are to yourself. The kid taught me this."

"The second reason is that I am dying. Don't tell no one, please don't. You're my oldest and best friend. Pete."

Pete shakes his head. "I... don't, I don't."

"Don't try to. Take my word for it. Two times in my life I found something wonderful. The night I got knocked to shit and almost was killed. The night you say you were there. And the day Luke came into my life. Most men don't have a second chance at happiness, but Luke gave it to me. He's the best man who ever was, no matter what happens. Whatever pride's in the man for what he's done, he gives it back to me with interest. I love him, like the earth loves the sun, like he loves me."

Pete has never seen Peggitty cry, didn't think he was able.

"We can't go on forever. Everything's got an end," Peggitty says. "And one of these days Luke's going to be left alone. And I can't do a thing about it except to make sure that he's a survivor, a strong one. I'm worried, though." He stops and looks Pete squarely in the eyes. "I don't speak to nobody about my relationship with Luke except with you, you know that?"

Pete nods.

"Okay. What worries me is that there hasn't been a day since we've lived together that the kid and I haven't had sex. Not because of me. I'm getting old, real old. But, because he loves me. I never tried to hold on to him no matter what. And this is the problem: what happens when I'm gone and he's left alone? Everything he's done with his life he's done because he loves me. And that's wrong. I'm thirty-five years older than him and I'm going to die. But Luke is going to have to live. I lived thirty years with hustlers, when I needed them, and it was alright, because I never had a strong memory of anyone to hang onto. But Luke isn't going to settle for this kind of thing. We're too close. Neither one of us knows where the one begins and the other leaves off. We've become the same person with two faces. I can't kick him out, I can't force him to go have a relationship with someone else, because he doesn't want that. It would destroy him. I'm only hoping that by the time I go, he's strong enough."

Pete is shaking at the core. "I feel for you, Peg. But I have to admit that I'm jealous. You've got problems only angels have to worry about. What can I do?"

"Maybe..." Peggitty takes a swig of his beer, "maybe if he comes in here afterward, treat him like you do me. Like a champ."

"There's a difference."

"Which is...?"

"You never had nobody before him. He has you."

"Aw, there's plenty of old goats like me around."

Pete shakes his head.

"Not in my bar," he says.

Peggitty dies of a stroke as Luke is fucking him. The last words he says are "Thank you for everything." Then he passes into

nothingness. Luke's big cock is left stuck up in a dead piece of flesh.

Peggitty's gone.

There isn't much of a will. Peggitty doesn't have much to leave, except his trophies, and photos and scrapbooks. And a note Luke finds in the desk drawer a couple of weeks later.

Son,

I can't begin to tell you how proud I am of you and what you've done with your life. But life is for the living. If you read this, I am dead. And dead is dead and ought to be buried and out of mind.

I loved you. If anything, I learned a lot about love from you. I learned to live because of love and, finally, to die with it in my heart. You made me the happiest man in the world.

But now I'm dead and buried. And you have a lot of living and loving yet to do. There is so much love in you. Don't bury it. There's just not much sense in reliving what we shared. Find yourself a good man and hold on to him. Your instincts are good. You're not bound to make a mistake.

Nothing lasts forever. For me, it lasted longer than I ever hoped. I know that you're the champ.

Love, Dad

(Mickey "Peggitty" McClaren)

That Moment Before the Dawn

Every little rabbit punch is, in fact, a jarring blow. By round two the pain is excruciating. He is being constantly battered. He fights back, swinging from the left, then suddenly shifting to a deadly blow from the right. He defensively retreats, protects himself. Then, in sudden spurts, he drives into the jackhammer moves which most distinguish his style.

A sudden, merciless attack from his opponent. He is defenseless. He takes the pain. His head spins. The pain in his forehead is so intense it feels as if everything will explode. A sudden

unexpected right blow to his jaw and he is elsewhere. He stumbles backward, trips, falls.

On the mat he feels only the pain. Two thoughts occur to him. He loves the man who is inflicting the pain on him and, the pain is a sense of bliss.

Because he loves this man, he knows—and this is the moment when he sees, with closed eyes, the face and body of Peggitty in a mad rage which has precipitated, closing in on him. He knows how deeply he loves the man and that only he is getting from this what he wants. But love is giving. Love is wanting, more for the man one loves than wanting for one's self—one's own needs. That love is what frees man finally from self-need, self-pleasure, selfishness. Love is for the kid, the door out of himself into the world of other men. Freedom.

He pushes himself off the floor. His body is having spasms. Strangely enough, his legs hurt most of all. They feel weak. He is not sure he can stand. But he does. Then, on his feet, the trembling passes and he feels firm, strong. A surge of energy assumes control of his body. "I am encased in steel, in leather," he thinks. His eyes clear, the referee is at the count of eight. He sees his man across the ring from him in his corner. The man is beautiful. His body is a perfect fighting machine. Suddenly he wants to fuck the man. Then, as suddenly, the man has Peggitty's face.

And all the anger, the sorrow, the moments he has faced alone without his man who deserted him, all the fiery rage he has felt at Peggitty going where he can never again touch him, the utter sense of loneliness without his man, batters his soul and his blood boils. The old man taught him how to fight.

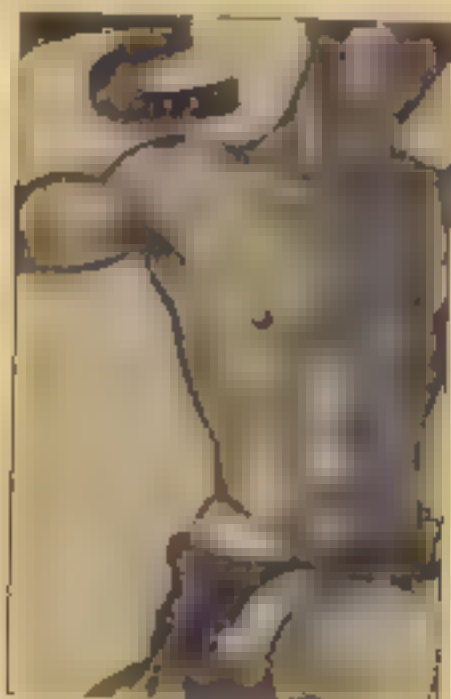
"This one's for you, Peggitty," he screams loudly. The crowd roars. They know legend, somehow.

He moves, every tactic, every defense, every offensive measure comes into play. He parries, then moves, dances, punches, probes, inflicts the kind of pain he can feel in himself unto his lover. He is finally alive, more alive than he has been before.

His new lover is surprised, hesitates, holds back, strikes out

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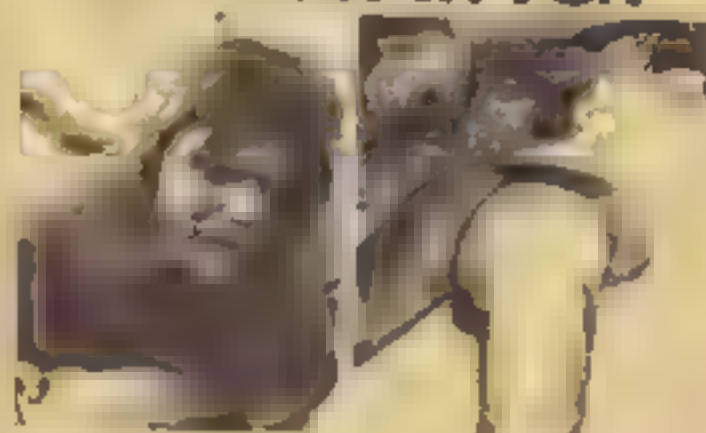
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JIM'S STORY

by Robert Boucheron

I know I shouldn't be telling you this, but you look like someone who won't blab, and you didn't look at me funny or nothing because of my shaved head. I have to tell somebody because I get so nervous all the time not being able to do stuff, you know, because of Mr. Braddock. If he finds out about this, I'll be in trouble, so this is just between you and me, okay?

You knew I wasn't a skinhead or a punk rocker because of my muscular development, right? Those guys always look kind of pale and thin and unhealthy, like they don't eat right and always stay up too late at night. But I've been putting on weight, all solid muscle, especially in the arms and chest, see? Go ahead, you can feel it—it won't pop like a balloon. Mr. Braddock, he's the one who got me exercising, he says it's all a matter of "a few pounds in the right places." He has a funny way of saying things sometimes, but I have to admit he's done a lot for me, because he really took me under his wing and made me shape up, you know.

But Mr. Braddock's very strict—he won't tolerate any funny business "what-so-ever." That's how he says it, mister, and it's nothing to laugh about. I try real hard not to break the rules, but I'm still a kid, you know. I'm almost nineteen, and I left home two years ago, but like I said, I get so nervous and I don't always think before I do something. That's Mr. Braddock's big thing, he's always telling me to "think it through" and "consider the consequences." In most cases, the consequences for me are aching muscles and a sore butt.

You heard right—Mr. Braddock believes in physical punishment. "Spare the rod and spoil the child," he says, which doesn't really make sense, because he usually uses his belt on me. He also has a spanking stick, which is really just a scrap of two-by-four; a special strap made of black leather; a small paddle, like you play paddleball with; and a birch cane that stings like a snakebite and makes a scary swishing sound. "Let the punishment fit the crime," that's another thing he likes to say. He does some other stuff to me too, but I better not go into that right now.

Sometimes he asks me what I think he should do to me because of my mistakes, which is like an extra punishment to say what it is. I have to think about what I did and why it was wrong and how wrong it was. He always gives me exactly what I ask for, ten strokes with the strap or five with the paddle or whatever. It's like he knows I'm afraid to underestimate.

It hurts awful bad, so I used to cry a lot when I first met Mr. Braddock. But like he says, you have to learn to live with pain, and I think I'm getting used to it—a little. I don't cry as much now, but that's mostly because Mr. Braddock can't stand it. "Sniveling baby," he says, "can't take his spanking without turning on the waterworks. Maybe I should make the baby wear a diaper and pat his bottom with baby powder."

That always shuts me up first. I'd die of embarrassment if I had to wear a diaper, even if nobody knew about it. Anyway, I'm learning discipline, how to control myself. Strange as it may sound, when Mr. Braddock lays into my behind, it's like something I need. But I've got a long way to go even with his help. I still get carried away and do stupid things when I should know better, like missing my haircut a few weeks ago.

I'd been going to Vito once a week to get a crewcut. Originally, it was Mr. Braddock's idea, but I got used to it after a few weeks, and I wondered how I ever had time to bother with long hair. With a crewcut you don't have to comb it or condition it or blowdry it or worry about the wind messing up your hair. You just get up in the morning, shower, rub dry with a towel, and

that's it. I liked it, although if it hadn't been for Mr. Braddock I might never have gotten a crewcut, especially one as short as I had.

Meanwhile I was going to the gym and starting to show some progress, eating regular meals, and trying my hardest to follow the rules, which are really for my own good. Plus I started working part-time for Mr. Braddock in his office, opening mail, and cleaning and stuff like that. I'm not sure exactly what he does, but he spends a lot of time outside of the office, meeting clients and doing research. He's a hard worker, and he makes you work hard, too. That's okay, because like Mr. Braddock says, if he didn't keep me busy I'd be up to no good.

So all in all, life was going pretty good, a whole lot better than when I was on my own, bumming around and getting into trouble. The only problem was that I never had any money of my own. Mr. Braddock said I was "earning my keep" and didn't pay me an allowance. He bought me clothes and stuff, like these tough-looking boots with the strap over the instep, and one of the rules is to always keep my boots polished. You can practically see your face in one if you bend down. But he only gave me money for something specific, like my weekly haircut.

Now there was this movie I really wanted to see about a guy who goes into the jungle to rescue his best friend, who's held captive by these little jungle people who are real mean, and they torture him a lot but he can take it, and when the guy shows up they capture him too and torture him in a different way, but eventually the two guys figure out how to trick the guards, who don't really have any discipline, so they escape together and go live in a cave complete with furniture and a telescope high up in a mountain somewhere.

I knew I was supposed to go straight to the barbershop, but I was feeling my oats on account of how I look so tough, so I went to the movie instead, which is how come I could describe it so well, and I hoped Mr. Braddock wouldn't notice. Well, that was stupid all right, because he noticed right away.

"Where the hell have you been, boy?" he said. That's mostly what he calls me, his "boy," but my name is Jim.

"Nowhere," I said.

"I can see that—not where you should have been, at any rate. What is all this?" He grabbed my hair in front, which was the only place you could grab it, and pulled hard.

"Ouch! Oh, you mean Vito?"

"Yes, I mean Vito. Why didn't you go get your haircut?"

"I—I forgot."

"You forgot. After all these weeks of going to exactly the same place at exactly the same time, you forgot."

"Well, I didn't exactly forget. I got distracted."

"Oh, that's even better. And would you care to tell me just how your feeble mind became distracted?"

"Well, I was walking past the Cineplex, you know, and there was this movie about two guys who get captured in the jungle." Mr. Braddock stopped fiddling with his belt buckle, like he was getting ready to take off his belt.

"Oh yeah? These guys get tied up and, uh, interrogated?"

"Sure, Mr. Braddock, that's mostly what it's about. And they're real handsome, and since it's hot and sweaty in the jungle, you know, they're not wearing much of anything like a shirt, especially when the natives start testing them."

"Testing them?" Mr. Braddock was getting real interested, I could tell, because he was absent-mindedly unbuttoning his shirt and sort of tugging on the fly of his pants.

"There's this scene at night where the two guys have their

arms tied to a pole overhead, and they're facing a big campfire and they're stripped naked, and the little jungle people are trying different things to make them talk or at least break down."

"Like what kinds of things?" Mr. Braddock had that look in his eye. It's sort of hard to describe, but it means I'm in for one of his "training sessions."

"Well, they pretend they're going to poke their eyes out or hold a burning stick against their skin. But mostly the natives whip them with vines that make a swishing sound, a lot like your cane." As soon as I said it, I knew I shouldn't have mentioned Mr. Braddock's favorite "disciplinary tool."

"Is that so?" Mr. Braddock had his shirt off by now, and I could see his chest muscles bunching up through the pelt of black and gray hair. "This is more serious than you may realize, boy. I think you'd better come into the den, where we can get to the bottom of this."

The "den" is a sort of exercise room, but it also has some special equipment you don't usually see at a gym, like a body harness and overhead pulleys. I knew what was coming, but I just stood real quiet by the bench press. Mr. Braddock doesn't like me to make a move without his say-so—that's part of the training.

"You were very bad to miss your haircut, Jim. You let Vito down, and you disobeyed my orders, but worst of all, it means you don't give a damn about your appearance. Now instead of telling me about this movie you saw without my permission, you're going to show me. So, on the double, strip!"

I got out of my blue jeans and T-shirt in a hurry, because Mr. Braddock doesn't like to be kept waiting. One of my boots fell over, and there was a wad of gum stuck to the sole. I must have picked it up in the Cineplex without knowing it.

"What have we here? Another example of your slovenly ways?" Mr. Braddock picked off the gum and stuck it on the tip of my nose, where I couldn't help smelling it. "Now don't you look pretty, with the snot hanging off your nose. Maybe that will teach you not to poke it in the gutter."

Technically, the Cineplex wasn't off-limits, but I remained standing at attention, not daring to say a word, while Mr. Braddock paced around me.

"What do I always say about punishment, boy?"

"Let the punishment fit the crime."

"Very good. And what else?"

"Spare the rod and spoil the child."

"Batting a thousand. Now, by a curious twist of fate, we can combine these two truths. Go get the cane."

It was hanging by a loop from the pegboard. I handed it to Mr. Braddock, who flexed it between his hands and cut the air to one side.

"Will this do for the vine?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good. Show me how the man in the movie was positioned."

So I had to show Mr. Braddock how to tie me up and whip me with the cane. He kept pretending not to understand.

"Like this?" as he hit the back of my thighs.

"No, sir," I said, trying to hold back the tears. "Higher."

"Oh, like this," giving my butt a light tap.

"No, sir, it was harder."

He whipped my butt a little harder, but not enough to sting.

"It was much worse, sir. The victim grimaced with pain." And so did I, as Mr. Braddock quit fooling and laid into my butt and backside. I managed to keep my mouth shut, but I couldn't help crying as he got into the rhythm. The tears dripped down my cheeks, and I licked the salt from my lips.

You may not believe this part, but as Mr. Braddock whipped me from the right and then the left, as the pain in my ass got unbearable—my pecker got hard! I could see it stick out all by itself, stiff and tender at the same time. I couldn't touch it, of course, since my wrists were attached to the pulley restraints. But as my hard-on got to feeling unbearable too, I tried to rub it a little against the wall. Like magic, Mr. Braddock knew what was up.

"Was that in the script, boy? Did you see the man's dick get hard?" Mr. Braddock had a pretty big bulge himself, but then he was a lot taller than the natives, anyway.

"No, sir, the camera didn't go down that far."

"So you thought you'd exercise your imagination."

"I can't help it, sir." My voice was a little unsteady, because my butt felt like it was burning up.

"There are a lot of things you can't help. But what is rule number one?"

"To conserve my vital forces—sir."

"Damn right. They may not have shown this in the movie, either, but then they didn't have your problem. Jim, I'm going to have to tie off your nuts. It's for your own good, you know that, so hold still."

As I tried not to tremble, Mr. Braddock cinched this little leather contraption around my balls and the base of my pecker. I don't know if it was supposed to prevent something or what, but my dick only got harder. It even started to dribble, you know, that watery stuff before you come. Mr. Braddock was standing real close behind me, almost breathing down my neck. I could feel the bulge in his pants pressing against my bare ass, which must have looked bright red. Instead of letting it cool off, he was sort of rubbing it in.

With the cane he flipped my balls up and down, my poor nuts, all stretched and swollen by the leather strap. Then he ran the cane across my dick like he was playing the violin, and he squashed the fat part on top against my belly. At this point, I wasn't crying any more—I was breathing hard, like in the middle of a workout.

"Had enough, boy? Don't think you can take any more?"

"I can take it, sir." But inside I thought I was going to shoot a big one any second.

"Listen up. First thing tomorrow morning, you high-tail it over to the barbershop. And you know what you're going to say to Vito?"

"No, sir. Honest, I really don't know!"

"You're going to apologize for missing your haircut. And so that you won't forget again, you're going to tell him to shave all the hair off that empty head of yours."

I gulped and started to panic.

"Let me hear you say it, boy." He kept fiddling with my dickhead and balls and rubbing against my inflamed butt. His chest hair made a sort of grinding sound on my shoulder blades. I thought I was going crazy, and I couldn't get out the words.

"Come on, Jim. What do you want him to do?" He was talking real soft, just an inch away from my ear.

"Shave my head," I finally whispered.

"Louder, so he can hear you." Mr. Braddock almost had my ear in his mouth. His breath was as hot as steam.

"Shave..." But that was as far as I got, because my pecker shot like a geyser, spilling my vital forces all over the place. I thought it was never going to stop—it just kept gushing and gushing, about nine or ten times, until I thought my guts were going to come out that way. My heart seemed to stop, and I went limp, hanging from the pulleys.

Mr. Braddock was kind of quiet himself, for a minute, leaning against me with his arms around my chest. Then he took a deep breath and unhooked me.

"Put the cane back, get cleaned up, and report for chow. You can eat standing up in the kitchen. On the double, now, march!"

When I went to bed that night, he let me sleep on my stomach, which he usually doesn't. And, well, you know what happened the next morning at the barbershop.

When he saw what I looked, like bald as an egg, Mr. Braddock decided to keep me that way. So now I have to shave every day, and if I miss a spot by accident, he makes me do it over. He won't let me wear a baseball cap unless it gets real cold, because he wants me to be reminded. Which reminds me, I put in some stuff just now that was sort of personal, so keep it under your hat, you know. Because if Mr. Braddock gets wind of it, I won't be able to sit down for a week.

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Charley goes Leather

It was a day like any other day when Charley and his friend appeared at the *Drummer* offices. They are Leather Fraternity members, were in town from the midwest and Charley asked shyly if we were interested in photographing him for the magazine. Were we ever!

Charley brought his own leather for the session and they were such nice guys that we got much better acquainted. It turned out that there is little in the way of leather stores in their part of the country so he makes his own, rather their own.

We were so impressed with his designs and workmanship that we placed an order for lots of Charley's work. What started out as a pleasant afternoon of some great shots of a beautiful leatherman might turn into big business for a couple of very nice guys.

Whichever you are interested in, Charley or his leather, make these four pages well-worth looking over. Charley isn't available but his leather is now.

On the inside fold-out is a magnificent work by the incomparable Olaf. Carefully unstaple it (don't hurt yourself) and hang it on the wall, but don't forget that Charley is on the other side





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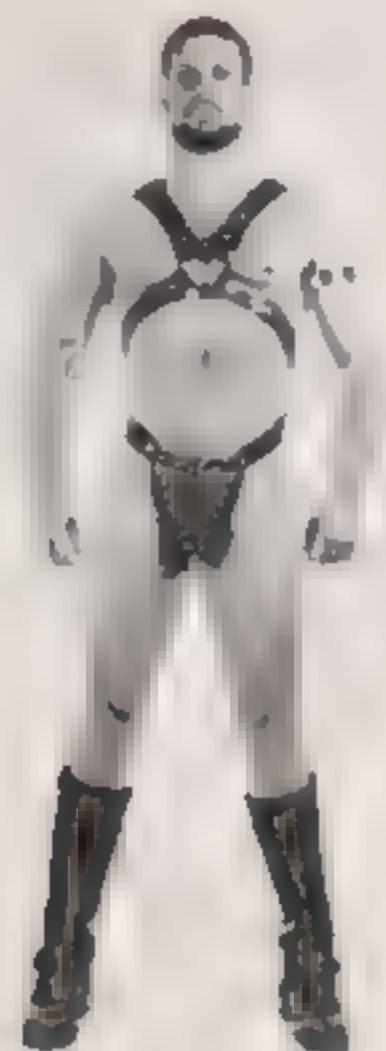
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FRISCO lube is now SHAFT and is odorless
and tasteless. Charley graciously demon-
strates a jar for us. By Mr. S, it is water-
soluble, rinses off even in cold water. 16 oz
\$5.95. 4 oz. \$2.50.



At home Charley doesn't wear leather, or much of anything for that matter. He is a hard worker and a very talented guy. Just as the man standing over him. Next session, on his return visit, his friend has agreed to a full Charley body shaving. We can hardly wait.



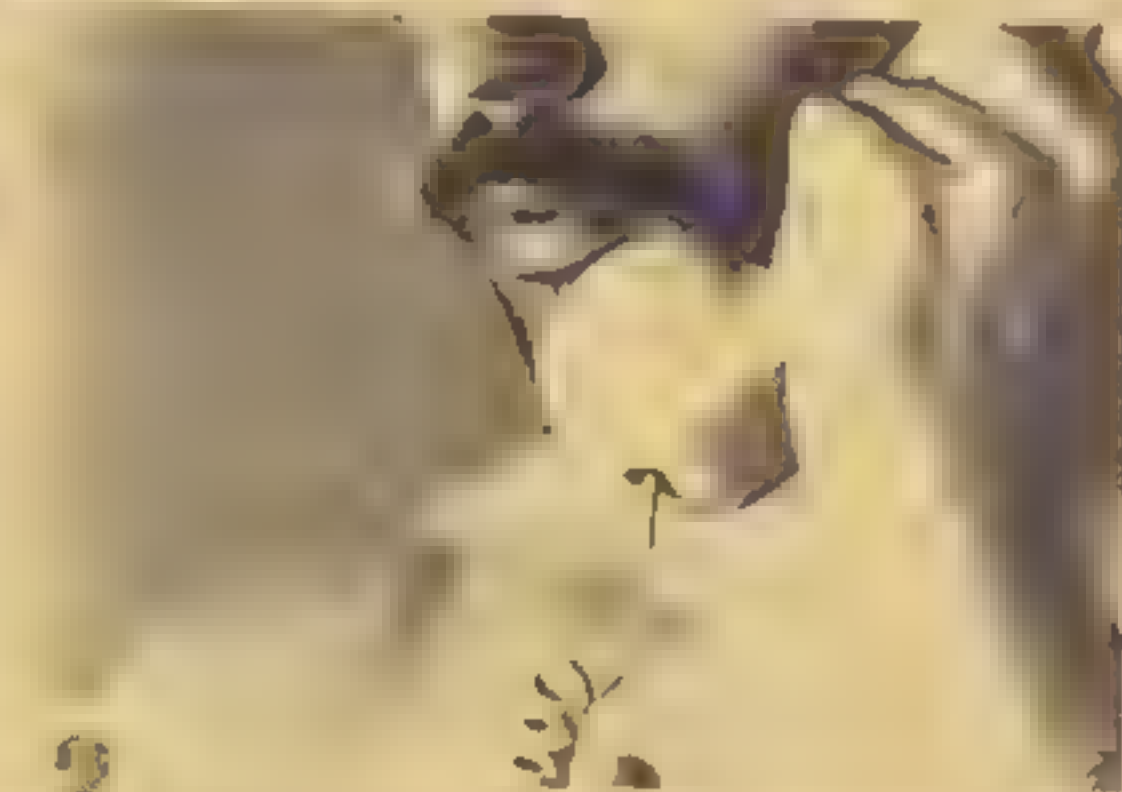
FOR A HOT PHONE CONNECTION FOR A COOL 50¢ PER MIN.

DEAR SIR:

ONE OF A KIND.



1 We **CONNECT** men together for hot live action, 24 hours a day at only a few cents a call.



2 Other phone sex services use actors or read scripts.



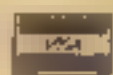
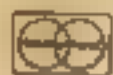
3 Try our exclusive Jack-Off, S&M, and Bay Area Meet Someone hotlines.



With "The Connector" you can feel the difference.

The Original Sex Link

To Join Phone **415-346-8747**



Cash, Check or Money order also accepted.

You must be 18 or older



The
CONNECTER, INC.

We're cheap and easy! Only four bits a word!

Your ad: First, give us the top line for bold type. There's no extra charge for this attention getter!

Print it out: Don't worry about using abbreviations to save money—you are paying by the word—not the number of characters. Tell us what you want and what you're offering. At these prices you can be as wordy as you wish.

Where will your ad run? Under your state or geographic section. If you would like your ad to appear under "Nationwide" or "International" instead of your state or country heading, say so. Ads for Models, Organizations, Mail Order, or Services will appear under those respective categories.

Deadline? There isn't any. You'll get in the next issue, even if your ad is listed under "Late Submissions." Subsequent insertions will find you where you belong if yours is more than a one-time effort.

Discount? You've already gotten it. Our rates are a fraction of the competition.

Want a DRUMMER box number? Add a buck, that's all. The responses to your box will be forwarded to your address immediately. That's a bargain!

Phone number? Run your number for instant results. But include a dollar for us to call you to verify the number for your and our protection.

Payment? Pay by check, money order, Visa, or Mastercard. If paying by credit card, include card number and expiration date along with your signature.

Censorship? No, Sir!—provided you keep references to Minors, Animals, Prostitution, or Drugs out of your ad. These we cannot accept. And you, of course, must be 21 or better.



How to reply to a DRUMMER box number: Answering a DRUMMER box number is easy, but the few rules we have are hard and fast, so observe them or else. 1) Seal your letter in an envelope on which you have written the box number on the back flap in pencil. 2) Put your return address on the envelope if you wish the letter to be returned to you should there be some problem with delivery. 3) PUT PROPER POSTAGE ON THE ENVELOPE—domestic postage is 22¢ for the first ounce, 17¢ for each additional ounce. Foreign overseas postage is 44¢ per one-half ounce. Enclose a quarter (25¢) for each envelope and we will immediately address them and mail them out. 4) Put the whole thing (sealed letter and forwarding fee) in another envelope and send it to DRUMMER LETTERS NOT PROPERLY PREPARED WILL BE DESTROYED!

If the ad has a USA box number, follow the same instructions, but send it to: USA/Bud Berkeley, Box 28011, San Francisco, CA 94126.

It's that easy! And that's the way it should be. The pages of this magazine have always been a communication center for leathermen! By expanding and simplifying Dear Sir (formerly known as Drumbeats) we are doing just that. No deadlines, no \$7 box charges, no \$20 cancellation fee, no \$6 phone verification fee. And only 50¢ a word!

FOR LEATHER FRATERNITY MEMBERS: Your ad is included for the next twelve issues as part of your membership! Change your ad as often as you like. There is no box charge and if you send replies to other advertisers you don't need to bother sending in the 25¢ forwarding fee per envelope. How about that! The Leather Fraternity is a real deal even without these features. With them it is even a bigger bargain!

Dear Sir:

ALTERNATE PUBLISHING
640 Natoma Street San Francisco, CA 94103

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

PLACE MY AD IN THE FOLLOWING CATEGORY _____

BOLD HEADING (26 letters & spaces maximum)

AD COPY (please print)

Cost of Ad (____ Words × 50¢) \$

Number of Insertions _____

☐ Box Number (Add \$1.00)

☐ Telephone Number in Ad (Add \$1.00)

Total Enclosed \$

Payment enclosed in: ☐ Check ☐ Money Order ☐ Visa ☐ Mastercard

Card No. _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

(I am 21 years of age or older)

I declare that I am 21 years of age or older and that the data in my ad is true and correct. I understand that no proofs of ad will be supplied to me for approval and I waive all claims regarding advertising space, layout, or technical matters. I am not responsible for any transactions between myself and any persons I contact through their publications.

1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 26

wanted by 27 J/C (dahan top (617)236-4305

MASTER

Handsome muscular trim, well-built
48, 5'9 1/2" 145 lbs. seeks slave-
masochist/lover permanent, tempo-
rary or weekend with 5 PM on 4th
WB. Quasi erotic br/>j acc-
tucked over trained whipped heavy
flogging FF WS, scat C&BT hot wax
electroclature piercing, B&D brand-
ing, stretching etc Well-designed and
equipped dungeon available Send pic-
ture, to seek Master's pleasure. Box
42401 F

MASTER SEEKER SLAVE

who is into leather B&O heavy S&M I will administer military discipline physical training confinement and verbal abuse My slave must be willing to to be pierced flogged, and shaved Your Master is young black hair moustache 5'7", 155 lbs muscular and experienced I am looking for a slave who is 35 to 50 and experienced Your mind is the only thing I am interested in Discretion is a must I can travel you must travel Long-term relationship wanted Your picture gets mine Box 4485 F

COSTUME SCENES

Animal suits, fantasy creatures, demons, rubber mask eroticism, extreme makeup. Am I alone? Serious only, please. Box 4799

HOT HORNY WHITE MALE

Verse 1e (top or bottom) seeks others
into fucking last ng WS rimming. SM
more Am 29. 160 bs \$10". brown
hair/ eyes, beard Bridwell, Box 7686
Atlanta GA 30357-0686

BOOTS, BIKES, BONDAGE

I love the feel, smell, and creak of
total leather the helplessness of pro-
longed yet total and tender bondage
(top/bottom), write Box 33, River, VA
24149

**LOWLY GRUNT SLAVE
WANTED!**

Want to serve a former Marine? Not into bushi or playing games and serious about wanting to serve a good MASTER This former MSG is seeking a fulltime submissive male to serve as it is directed instructed ordered or commanded to Bondage discipline C&BT T or anything else this MASTER so chooses Save will lie in a strict disciplined military lifestyle Send letter of application and appropriate photo for inspection to Box 5002 LF

LEATHER IN THE COUNTRY

HUNKY AND ATTRACTIVE WM 5'10 155
brown hair and eyes has 40 secured
acres of woods and comfortable home
I seek a nature lover into outdoor activ-
ities, fitness, good nutrition and travel
Have the freedom and time to explore
nature and seek someone with the aes-
thetic sense to enjoy I seek perman-
ent relationship with leather buddy or
daddy's boy Let's explore geographi-
cally and sexually Photo mandatory
Bob Box 938 Marlin, OR 97532

SLAVE WANTED

Surrender to me your body mind, and will. Freely give to me your unquestioning obedience, servitude and worship Become my property, to do as I please With wife and home and a few children You will have a long list of regular household slave duties which you will perform naked You may be required to work at a conventional daytime job on the outside, maybe one beneath your skill, and turn your earnings over to me, but you will know that it is right and proper for you to do so. Your reward and pleasure will come from providing service and pleasure to me and my life partner, and, perhaps, another select man You will be ready at a times to submit to a wide range of S M and sex usage, as passive or occasionally as active For rebellious action careless performance of duty, or infraction of orders or rules on your part your physical and mental punishment will be inevitable severe and painfully sadistic A major part of your life of service will involve leather and motorcycles You should be between 25 and 45, masculine, reserved Your body should be in reasonably good shape You must be in good health You may use moderate amounts of alcohol and tobacco Send a recent photo of yourself and a letter detailing reasons why I should consider sending you further details and an application Master Les PO Box 511265, Salt Lake City UT 84151 1265

LIVE-IN SLAVE WANTED

YES SLAVE I WANT YOU IN MY HOME LONG-TERM My **body** is **for your pleasure**. I have trained and used for my pleasure. There will be rewards, pain, rules, chores, bondage, discipline, CB&TT etc. I have all the leather restraints, tools and equipment a slave needs. I am tall, trim hung, 34 GWM and stable. My slave must be 21-37 submissive and ready to move n I believe a slave should find happiness thru serving me. **Write about your body present limits, expectations and other qualifications.** Respectful questions get answered. **PO Box 20835, Rens. NY 89615**

**RUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT
IDEA—WEAR A CONDOM!**

PERMANENT SLAVE WANTED

01 Master Must be trim, masculine
8-30 13-15 W. P. W. D.
pings and endless luck sessions. Box
4445

BOTTOM SON WANTS HOT TOP DAD

Hot bottom man into hiking, camping, backpacking would like to meet hot top men for fun in Alaska I'm 5'10" 172 lbs br/br moustache, masculine, good build hot buns Would like to meet men 25-45, masculine well-built, not fat, well-hung who know how to take charge of the action Also interested in building a relationship as a

ad Letter with photo to Box 423, Kenai, AK 99611 (LF4403)

SON SLAVE WANTED

by Daddy/master in late 30s If you have a serious desire to be the son/s-lave of this blond 6'3" affectionate but unresponsive Daddy Master, or adp photo add jess w f v e 5266 t. A s jess w f e 51 n ava dle f ne 5266 t. Box 5266 F

HOT HUNKY TOP

GWM 44 yrs 5'11" 185 lbs
Brown blue mustache hairy chest
with big nipples. I am a stable, intelligent, healthy professional I'm looking
for similar men to 40 I am into hick no
photography BB and good fun Enjoy
J/O. litwork, massage into cowboys.
Ur/C. leather No drugs, 10ms. Send
reply with phone/photo to Box 4675LF

DAD LOOKING FOR SON

drugs, or any other kind of bull shit
move on to the next ad. But if you need
a REAL dad with a lot of love for you
let's talk. SON will be GWM 18-35, quiet,
intelligent, industrious, loving, obedi-
ent, affectionate, submissive, very
much daddy's little boy and enthusias-
tically bottom. He needs a permanent
lifelong protective and totally mono-
gamous relationship with his dad who
will be his life, his security, patriar-
tal guidance and dominance he needs.
Legal adoption a possibility. I am a
GWM top 37, birbi, moustache, 6' 1",
professional with many interests and a
lot to offer his son: protection, guid-
ance, direction, protection, love and
affection when earned, discipline
punishment when deserved. WE will
live in the country and develop mutual
interests that will encourage your
growth as my son will we will
become best friends, and develop a
sexy and healthy father/son family
relationship based on respect and dis-
cipline. You will submit a complete
description of yourself, your life and
background as well as your needs in a
relationship with your dad. You will
include your address, telephone
number and two photographs (snaps
OK. Payed for by son's dad).
than six months old and you will
receive as much in return—same day.
So snap in it kid D & D 11900 West-
thur Ln. # Reston VA 22091
(LF4524

BOOTS & KES

BLUE COLLAR WORKERS

slut has fetish for high boots, black
wear your boots at work and ride your
bike to get here, maybe we can prac-
tice safe sex in your garage playroom
or barn. Likes mechanically minded
men, muscles from hard work outs, de
not pumping iron in a mirrored gym.
Attends many bike runs and bar anni-
versarys in and out of the West and
Rocky Mtn. area. Positive NO NO's
drugs paper pushers tennis shoes,
computers rock videos opera and
high-tech preppies & clones. Slut is 35,
6' 220 lbs. blue eyes brown hair
on their bike in bed and with their boots
on Box 27071 F

BOSSMAN RANGES FROM ROMANCE TO ROUGH

Stats. Healthy hunky man 47-57", 155 lbs. well-built rugged good looks selfish yet caring bright, warm imaginative sensual, tactile, bearded balding big-dicked, tattooed successful professional, wears leather Levis, boots as well as suits, ties & jocks, diverse interests, and a nice guy. Looking to meet another man/buddy over 40, together mentally and physically to horse around with for a night or lifetime. Write with your phone number to RCS, PO Box 1064, New York City, NY 10022 (LF4749).

ACHTUNG!

intense, heavy B.O. genitalure with
real ment! Action assured no simila-
lons or scene too bizarre Foto, tone
optional Occupants. PO Box 340529
Tampa FL 33694-0529

GWM INCARCERATED

bodybuilder college student Want to hear
from all who are sincerely interested in
me and my POB Will reply to all PO Box
69 London OH 43140-0069

BLOW YOUR OLD MAN

Handsome, white grizzled, whiskered
boot wearing Dad 66 5'10" 175 with
thick neck 7" L.L. lime harden, seeks
self-supporting submissive, silent
worshipful, boot-licking long-winded
cock-sucker son/slave Lve together
Permanent Write Occupant, Box 8925.
MPLS MN 55408 (LF4721)

DADDY \$ MAN

After ten years of being "out" (ve matured to this, one man looking for another man—plain and simple Professional, bold, clean, physically fit and confident high expectations 31 yrs 5'9" 157 lbs considered hunky, bad looking hairy and currently bearded. The man I see is between 30 and 45 years of age of good physical presence has facial hair and possesses an aggressive nature which constantly seeks to satisfy its various needs including a varied and dynamic sexual appetite. Yes, I'm looking for a lot. Then again, I'm offering a lot devotion and commitment love and sexual intensity. A sincere response and current photo get the same from me. Reply to PO Box 23035, Seattle WA 98102 (LF4538).

**BACKPACKING, X-C SKIING,
FULL LEATHER**

MOVING TO SF or Seattle by year end 1985 Japanese-American, 31 y.o., 5'4" 125 lbs. ex-gymnast light hard body, good-looking, bearded, macho into matesex in full leather caps, cycle jacket light chaps, boots gloves, ball stretchers, fucking sucking, CB&T rough contact 70% top, 30% bottom depending on partner Safe, no smoke, dope, scat fist I'm in management, highly-educated, spend most week-ends hiking, backpacking, bridge player comfortable with straight social life You, SF or Seattle leather stud white, physically in-shape mentally sharp 25-40 y.o. no smoke, dope Goal h.king or leather partner to committ relationship Picture with letter please Will reciprocate Box 4544LF

HOUSEBOY/STUDENT

have so far been unsuccessful in my search for an eighteen or nineteen year old boy whom I can serve as a surrogate uncle and who can serve me as a Houseboy/Student. Many young people have responded to my previous ad but most of them have been either older than twenty years of age, taller than 5'9" or heavier than 130 lbs.

But still I believe that there must be one or two eighteen or nineteen year old gay boys who very much need my assistance. I am subsidizing his college or art school education giving him emotional support, affording him the pleasure of serving an older man, and possibly most importantly pressuring him to forewear and abnegate the non-productive activities and ways of life of the gay world. This change in lifestyle would mean that the boy(s) whom I select would no longer be able to hang out at gay bars, no longer party till 3:00 AM, no longer smoke joints or cigarettes. Instead, he would learn that he is a member of a minority group.

even better than his straight peers so that in the future, he can be prepared to successfully compete and succeed in the adult world.

No I do not promise you a vacation or a picnic. Four years of living with me won't be easy. But I do guarantee you that at the conclusion of those four years, you will be ready to continue your post-graduate education or begin your career as well-trained as anyone. I also guarantee you that you will have acquired a value system quite different than that which is unfortunately instilled by the majority of young gays. I, as well, guarantee the successful candidate the security of knowing that your home life will be stable and you will have the pleasure of knowing that a 49 year old professional man (6'1", 165 lbs. very straight and youthful appearing, bearded, very hairy) cares for you, loves you, and needs you. Needs you very much! I have earned a lot in this world. And yet feel an aching void which can only be filled by my emotionally adopting a young nephew. Yes I would very much enjoy restraining you and engaging in bondage and discipline games with you. But be assured you will never be hurt by me.

For whatever reasons, my physical attraction to males is limited to youths of eighteen to twenty-two years of age (who appear younger) who are 5'9" or shorter, 130 lbs. or lighter who have wavy hair (or are prepared to have it permed) who have a beardless beautifully boyish face and smooth, hairless or nearly hairless) boyish body. These are absolute requirements, requirements which will have to be proven by your supplying photos and proof of age. If you do fit these requirements, please call me collect. (Or if you do not fit these requirements but know someone who does and who may not see this ad, please bring it to his attention). If you do not fit these requirements (age, height, weight and appearance), please show respect for yourself and respect for the sincerity of my search and not waste your and my time by responding in a vain attempt to picture yourself as someone you are not.

My telephone number (914) 428-3991 collect. Hours to call: New York EDT time. Weekdays 8 PM-9:30 PM. Weekends 9 AM-6 PM. Telephone calls outside of these hours will not be accepted.

Thank you. Good luck. I do very much want to help the right boy(s).

HOUSEBOY/STUDENT—MARK

Of all the respondents to my previous ad, the boy who most impressed me was Mark of Iona. Mark, I very much want to serve you as your surrogate uncle while you serve me as my houseboy. Do, please call me again, immediately. Mr. Stuart.

MASOCHIST

Save seeks love and torture from serious Sadist. Box 4830.

YNG TOP WANTS GROVELING DAD

Hot masculine dude, 25, brn/hzl 5'8", 130 lbs. looking for masculine older man (30s-40s) to train and abuse. You must be in good physical shape and be willing to put yourself through the paces (BD, CBT, TT, ??) for the opportunity to use your mouth, ass, or whatever else I demand for our mutual pleasure. I am experienced, sane, but thorough and relentless. Salessex standards practiced. I travel frequently on business, will come to your turf if necessary. Send recent photo with letter to Son. Box 4727LF. Start groveling.

HTLV3—POSITIVE

Low T-Cell, GWM 160 pounds, blond, blue cut, workout regularly, seek hot Master for total commitment. Willing to relocate (rural or urban). Box 4784.

LONGHAIRES ONLY

Hungry cut fit leather, Levi jock with full head of long hair (brown) seeks same as sensual animal, sex buddy (no pain or babble). Your picture and letter gets mine. Box 4842.

DISCIPLINE OF A COCKSUCKER
SCORES OF MEN needed to turn my knees into a slut. Bring your cock, spit piss and come to help assure I am scumbag never wants to get off its knees again. Men's rooms, book stores and bar stools will be its training grounds. Any recommendations of dirty, smelly, glory hole places will be appreciated. Join the lineup in New Orleans during Mardi Gras Feb. 7-11. Sewer mouth begins its lessons by accepting anything you wish to say at 276-5016. Show no courtesies like hello or goodbye—just give your address for an Intopak—along with anything else you'd like to say. Its name is just... Home! LF4805.

SIR

Masochistic Brutus-type slave seeks to be made worthy by sadistic and sane Brutus-style Master. If you have ever heard The Compound Tapes you know what I am and need. I am naked and awaiting your orders. Sir. Please Sir, don't write when you can call me now (205) 442-8429. Call anytime. Please sir, I need it BAD. Also would like to be trained to work over other slaves. Thank you Sir.

TEACH ME, SIR!

WM 6' 220, 44, full beard, desires friend/Top to show me how to be a bottom. Into some BD, CBT, dildos or the real thing. Have selection of auto-erotic hardware on hand. Must get to know and trust respondents before getting it on. Mutual discretion is expected and assured. Montgomery area preferred. Box 4481LF.

SULTRY DAYS—STEAMY NIGHTS DEAR SIR

LEATHER, LEVIS & BOOTS

I would enjoy fun times with leather guys into Harley Davidson Motorcycles. Let's get together—be my guest! I'm 49, 5'10", 160, W blue/brown. Enjoy as well: Horseback riding, mountain

hikes, travel, oceans, music, good food & wine. Spend some time in U.K. each summer. Love leathers, levis & boots. Box 4482LF.

FORESKIN HUMILIATION

21 year old WM, 17, due to examine uncult penis. Photo exchange. Phone J/O. Write to David, PO Box 59806, Birmingham, AL 35209.

ALASKA

ALASKAN LOOKING FOR A DADDY?

Slightly aging, hairy cut GWM 37, 200, blue/brn. Quiet evenings, home, hot tub, gardening, split wood, fish, ocean, trees. Pavarotti violin. USA 603.

LOOKING FOR WM UNCUT CHUBBIES

40-60, short, little body hair. I'm ALK 58, 215, Hawaiian. Meet, correspond, sawp nude pics. Box 4-122, Anchorage, AK 99509.

UNCUT WANTS SAME

Would appreciate hearing from and meeting uncircumcised men. A photo would be nice. Thanks loads! USA 287.

ANCHORAGE

Handsome Latin man, 31, well-endowed, wants fun and kink with white uncut males, 25-40. Into creative sex, no hangups. Send photo and letter to Box 3130, Anchorage, Alaska 99510.

PHOENIX DADDY

looking for young WM who needs to be taught a lesson. I will administer a good bare-ass spanking and fuck your mouth for good measure. Send delayed letter with phone number. Newcomers welcome. Box 4522LF.

UNINHIBITED? SO AM I

Like to write and meet others into c/w and s/c. Looking for good friends. Send me a photo and a letter. Box 4522LF.

NEW AGE ARIES MALE

30s, slender, attractive. Just happens to have very handsome foreskin covering a magic mushroom inside in which magical healing powers reside. USA 700.

ASIAN BODYBUILDER

25, 138 lbs., 5'4", wishes to realize some fantasies. cops, military, uniforms, construction workers, 3 ways, bodybuilders, cocks, eating, rimes and other. I am a nuch. Health conscious and really get off on J/O while watching video. Box 4819.

PHOENIX FORESKIN

30 years, 5'11", 155 lbs., attractive, discreet, AIDS-aware. Seeks other uncults and skin lovers 28-38 for healthy J/O. Write with over 1000. PO Box 5107, Phoenix, AZ 85008.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

VERSATILE COUPLE AVAILABLE for friendship and whatever we enjoy—cuddling, sex, and safe sex, couples or three-ways OK. Both are Italian, one 37, one 39. Tel. (408) 227-3774.

DADDY WANTED

W/M, 41, bodybuilder, monogamous, affectionate, needs quality, loving. Box 5233, San Francisco, CA 94101. 5233 NJ FFA.

VERY MUSCULAR ANGEL TYPE BIKER

looking for others into bondage, whips, dirty leathers, bikes, tattoos and other stuff. 40 years, 6 ft., 225 lbs. Send photo & letter to PO Box 161495, Sacramento, CA 95816 (4575LF).

HOT HARD LEATHER ACTION

Full leather chains, erect nipples, hard pecks, defined stomachs, arms & legs, ringed nipples, fat dicks, uncult dicks with stretched overhangs, shaved balls & assholes, heavy C/BT, T/T, V/A, piss, enemas, beer, sweat, spit, grease, oil & lubricants. S&M, getting stoned, heavy sloppy kissing, pig sex. I want it all in a SAFE, hot environment! I'm 28, 5'10", 165 lbs. with a very tight gym body, defined rippled washboard stomach, firm pecks & arms, shaved balls for heavy stretching & hung thick! I'm very versatile & very energetic! I'm looking for a stud who is just as energetic, 25-35, has a tight defined body, hung well and is a no-nonsense leatherman! Let's get together and play hard in leather! Call Buddy at (415) 346-7416.

EXPERIENCED S&M MASTER

searching for slaves, YOU! Hot, under 30, firm, capable of heavy bondage, whipping, T/T, CBT, ME, HoI, 41 muscular, AIDS-aware. Have well-equipped blackroom. Send application to Box 4714. First consideration for applications with photo.

BOOTLICKING MASOCHIST

whip and torture this health conscious, intelligent, professional bootlicking cocksucking torture slave into 501s, military boots, Fr Gr BD SM whipping, and ball torture. Moving to SF soon and visit SF frequently now. Nautilus, computers, bridge, travel, books. No WS, scat, FF, rear Fr. Send phone to Box 4532LF.

EXPERIENCED SM MASTER

searching for slaves, YOU! Hot, under 30, firm, capable of heavy bondage, whipping, T/T, CBT, ME, HoI, 41 muscular, AIDS-aware. Have well-equipped blackroom. Send application to Box 4512LF. First consideration for applications with photo.

LEATHER RUBBER SADIST

Harley-riding Devil seeks demons for black-leather or black-rubber connections in my Inner Sanctum. I'll shove a leather-gotch Fuck to your hooded-head. You are bound in a leather or rubber straight-jacket. Surrender your sensibility with application to Boxholder, P.O. Box 99033, San Francisco, CA 94109. Enclose photo. Video recording a possibility.

PIERCED TATOOED

GWM 41, tattooed, pierced, adventurous. Seeks men. Cigars, uniforms and all basic pleasures. Photos exchanged. All answered. Box 4256LF.

SIR

I want to worship you, Sir! I am 30s (look younger), 6', 160, slim, dark brown hair and eyes. Gr-p. Fr. I'm looking for a monogamous relationship with a naturally dominant, take-charge, loving and caring big-muscled cock, wrestler/football player, cop, military construction workers, 25-45, into tight TT, physical BD, sweaty muscles—show me new things. Outdoor scenes among the redwoods? I want to please you, Sir! Ric, 1632 J Street, Eureka, CA 95501.

BOTTOM PIGS

Experienced, erotic, sensual Top willing to workover and train a properly submissive bottom pig possessing an insatiable desire for prolonged work out on his pighole. My range excruciatingly delicate to brutally harsh depending upon my mood and your need. Bottom must be tight, fit, clean. I'm white, 37, handsome 6', 160, cut 7", and in control. Box 4472LF.

TOP THIS DADDY

GWM bottom, 40, 155 lbs., 5'8", good condition seeks student jack for daddy/son relationship. CP/VA/HLM, Box 4677.

SLAVE BOYS WANTED

White daddy 30's accepts pleas from submissive, obedient bottoms to serve him. Open to many fantasies. Letters with photo answered first. Box 4723

SACRAMENTO LIVE-IN LEATHER
5'9", 33, 160 lbs, med bm build, moustache. As an leatherman seeking a permanent live-in relationship with another leatherman with same interests. Willing to relocate in Sacramento. Your photo gets mine. Box 4667

SLAVE/DOG

29 years 6', 175, masculine, handsome, healthy slave/dog—mentally/physically strong, submissive, totally obedient, into S/M B/D FF TT WS and more, looking for hot handsome masculine, demanding Master/Trainer serious about his business. Suite 205 2040 Polk St., San Francisco, CA 94109 (LF4554)

WM DAD NEEDS SON

Daddy 50, very horny seeks son with large cock balls and should be Greek active. Dad wants son for permanent stay together and take care of son and receive my love. No S/M Photo, letter to: Joe Saulsberry, 9850-A Mission Blvd. Gen Avon, CA 92509

BOTTOM TO BE TOPPED

WM 29, hairy 5'8" 135 lbs seeks visit to your playroom for a hooded spread eagled ass whipping and condom covered fuck. Box 4834

SMALL MASTER WANTED

WM slave 5'6", 145, seeks slim muscular little guy into domination, verbal abuse, discipline, humiliation, leather into body worship, armpits, bondage, wrestling, J-O Backs, Asians and muscled a plus. PO Box 6655, San Francisco, CA 94101

NEEDLE EXPERT, DOGTRAINER

Serious sadistic Master who would truly enjoy the pain, power over—along with domination, control and use of—serious masochistic slave who wants to continually expand types and depths of experiences. GWM 45 6' 225 lbs 7 1/2 uncut Box 4838

ROUGH—READY

Wanted hot top into wrestling CBT TT bondage stern discipline, safe sex, GWM 88 31 yr 190 6' Photo, phone to Box 4845

SON NEEDS DADDY

WM 23, 5'9", 135 lbs, seeks dominant Dad into leather S/M toys and discipline. No F/F or heavy pain. Barry PO Box 4244, San Francisco, CA 94110

FIND DADDY IN DEAR SIR

LEAN, HARD, DEFINED

MASO-SLAVE

Seeks trim Sado-Master. Ready for dog training, complete total service, bondage, CBT, piercing, cigars. Any or all but more important your trip... your way I am 42, 5'10", 150 Travel. Photo, phone, descriptive letter to PO Box 5906, San Francisco, CA 94101 (LF4519)

SLAVERY-OWNED-TORTURE

If you are haunted by these words if you feel compelled to slavery if you need to serve then you will submit an appropriate application to John Phillips PO Box 2755, San Francisco, CA 94128. A man. A Master. Sens five yet cruel. Sophisticated but tough. Patient, experienced, perceptive. Accomplished and successful. Early 40s, tall, we built damn good-looking. Real slavery doesn't happen in a bar over a weekend or by fantasizing. Permanent ownership is achieved by thorough exploration, extensive training and total commitment over time. The most intimate, personal relationship that two people can experience is a true master/slave relationship. (LF4533)

YOUNG WHITE, ASIAN

wanted for his bondage. No SM. I'm GWM 47 (504) 831-4998

HOUSEBOYS & SLAVES

Which is what you were born to be and you know it. We are willing to train the right 21-35 husky amenable man for complete service. You must be a hard worker and will be enrolled in a strict gym to make you a showpiece. You will serve men older than yourself. Strong discipline. No bullshit. Send something about yourself and a photo to Box 1000. You can call me Sir!

EXHIBITIONIST

will serve you and/or your next party. Call 301, 576-9088. Bobby

SEEK DOM NANT GWM

over 50 experienced in VA, CBT, B&D, very hairy. Prefer cut. Size unimportant. Must be clean and sane and respect limits. POSITELY NO SCAT TT, WS, heavy pain, or raunch. No monies involved at any time. Prefer non-smoker but not necessary. Weight unimportant but no freaks. I am not Gr/p, but am Fr/a-p. I am not cut, but am retracted all the time. I am new to leather, but interested. Box 45301 F

BUTT SLAVES WANTED (415) 752-0971

S.F. ASSHOLE SPECIAL

How do you like your white, hot asshole treated? Call and find out what you have in store. Peter (415) 285-8390

MUSCULAR SLAVE

needs sadistic owner. Confinement, torture, total control. Send photo. Box 4870

HAIRY SWEATY ARMPITS WANTED

by WM 35, 140 lbs, blond, hard body. Would like to wrestle with hairy sweaty uncut raunch pig. Pig out. (415) 861-7684

JOHN 3.1

LAUGHING

JOCK NEEDS DISCIPLINE

Goodlooking, tanned WM athletic hung slave boy 6' 165 lbs 27 blond/br seeks goodlooking Coach, master, older brother, dad to use my tight boy-ass and hungry mouth. I'm into jockstraps, Speedos, gym shorts, leather. Enjoy bondage, 3-ways (gang bangs?) and wrestling. I need discipline, hand paddle, strap spanking. Your photo gets mine. Dave, PO Box 4645 Laguna Beach, CA 92652

HOT, BUTCH TOP

37 seeks young passive leatherboys for good time. Send photo and phone. Box 4578LF

NEED HOT, HUNKY, VERY THICK, DARK, HAIRY, MUSCULAR, MASOCHINE HORNY TOP STUD

Sit on my face, open my hungry hot receptive hairy hole—wide and deep. Belt my buns, TT, WS. Like huge wide dildos, both big hairy muscular arms. Love to tongue lick, kiss and eat hot, juicy, hairy holes for hours! Not into really heavy SM, B&D or CBT! Put feet... anywhere! Tongue-clean hairy chest and armpits, ass—want to satisfy my top. Like long, no-holds-barred sessions. Well-trained and experienced. Will try anything. Box 4525LF

SLAVE

seeks sane demanding, permanent Master into humiliation, bondage, live-in base. Slave 34 5'4" 125 lbs, submissive. Or email Box 4684

TORTURE MASOCHIST

Interested in expanding limits on S/M CBT/TT, whipping, piercing, bondage, weights, mutilation, etc. Not into FF or scat. 37 yrs old 6'1", 250 lbs. Box 4704

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#102 B Turn-on Adjustable Tit Clamps—"The Rolls Royce"—Dial control—the ultimate in elegance and function, with nickel chain removable vinyl tips.

#49 Nipple Gopper Tit Clamps—"The Mercedes"—Firm plunger command (with nickel chain).



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SLAVE DANNY

Will submit to bondage, tortures, shaving, whipping, piercing of armpits & etc. For parties, photos, groups or one Master. (818) 846-9486

TWO BLACK HARLEY BIKERS

Tony, in full leather or full C.H.P. gear and uniforms with tall, hot black boots. All to be serviced by hot, hung leather studs, any race. Make waiting to service hot booted leather studs. We are both hot, well-hung, good looking and into FF, WS, JD, VA, boot service, G and other hot scenes. Have toys, slings, mirrors, and video. Make and/or Ton (213) 777-0122 Box 47552 Los Angeles CA 90047

SLAVE TRAINEE WANTED

Daddy (White 48 6'2" 230 lbs) and his boy (Black 19 5'11" 155 lbs) are looking for a slave to train. Novice okay. Dad will teach his boy to be a Master. Only full-time live-in long-term. SERIOUS need apply. Complete description and photo/phone to: Box 4177LF

SON WANTED

WM Topman-Master 46 5'8" 140 lbs mustache, seeks completely-bottom thoroughly-submissive son. No woot shed or SM abuse. Don't want a whining boy. want a passive Daddy's Boy—a boy who needs the guidance, dominance, security and love only a Dad can provide. Boy can expect to be kept naked and well-disciplined. Boy can also expect to be coddled on Dad's lap as well as led to Dad's bed and fucked. Prefer slim, trim, quiet affectionate, home-type boy under 30 who needs a real Dad and knows a son's duty is to obey his Dad and service his Dad's cock. Permanent and live-in. Asian or Lat not welcome. Boy's phone number gets an immediate call from Dad. Box 4551

SO BAY L.A.

GWM 30s, leather/levi guy in shape, clean cut & healthy seeks others in Torrey Redn, San P LAX area for friends. Fun on/off motorcycle. Ltr/Ph # to Box 4248

MUSCULAR LEATHER SLAVES

Are you tired of the bullshit yet? Frustrated because your potential and abilities have yet to be fully realized? Does your destiny remain unfulfilled? Still waiting to be used, trained, displayed and challenged the way you should? An experienced, respected and sadistic Leather Master WM 43 6'1" 210 lbs 8" uncult has room in his pens for a few hot, untested, raw muscular animals who are ready to be stripped, chained and motivated. Permanent positions in residence are preferred but will consider non-live-ins. Your experience to date only indicates a starting point with me. Everything you might have been is history. If you've got guts enough to submit totally to the actuality of a real-life sadomasochistic relationship then contact Frank Albright at (619) 578-3629 weekdays 4 to 8 PM (Pacific time) 4LF4729

SLAVE

Slave Danny will submit to bondage and tortures for groups, parties, photos or one Master. Phone (818) 846-9486. Thank you, Sirs! 4LF4720

LEVI LEATHER LOVIN'

boot lickin' bottom seeks egotistical, demanding, arrogant type to serve and worship. Will surrender mind and body for your use and abuse. Dig boots, polished or rough, feet—clean or dirty, mental and physical workouts. SM VA, hirsute bodies, hoods, collars, gloves, uniforms, kennel training, military discipline. 52 6' 180 lbs. Travel JSA Box 4411LF

PONY BOY/BOTTOM M SLAVE AVAILABLE

Please Sir(s), this boy needs your training as a Pony Slave Bottom Sir(s). Sir(s), please take this boy beyond his experience in lit. C/B shaving, bondage, restraint, weights, stocks, exhibitionism, sling, clamps, collars, hoods, hoists, harness, cross mirrors, groups, tails, gags, etc.—your imagination, Sir(s). Boy is 30, clean, slim (6' 160), blond, blue, no FF scat, please, Sir(s). Photos, videos OK. Orders, questions—will answer all. Sir(s), please, I love W.A.—travel Sir(s), thank you Sir! Saves bottom. Box 4634

L.A. ORIENTAL MASTER WANTED
Novice white male 48, stocky, bearded, shaved head seeks training by quietly masculine Oriental under 35 as occasional partly wearing maid and personal cocksucker. No pain but willing to expand other limits. Box 4754

USED SLING WANTED Box 4824

BODY WORSHIP

If you are a bodybuilder or have an extremely defined body, read on. White, moderate, chubby 44 5'11" 225 lbs, heavy smoker, balding, reddish-brown hair, bearded, hairy, bear-like (though more flabby than beely) wants to worship, kiss, bite, tongue bathe, caress, and fondle your entire muscular body with emphasis on pec/nipple area until you cum and cum and cum and beg for more. Binding/blindfolding (no pain except on request) an option. Please call only if you fit the physical description requested and are ready for action (my place, Silverlake area) immediately (no hours after or next day "dates"). Out of towners, please wait until you are in Southern California before calling. No J/O calls. David (213) 664-1320

S.M-B.D

Goodlooking, 37, seeks "versatile" buddy for ass beatings, whippings, Reach limits and beyond. Man enough? Reply! Box 4783

ADMINISTRATE PUNISHMENT
GIVE IT! My Spank Trn Slave and Master, Son/Daddy Workout Military Administrative punishment as needed. European 58" WM 25-45 healthy. No tattoos, uncult, dogs C/R Place ltr & tel # to Box 4785

YOUNGER BROTHER OR SON

Good-looking white man, 48, 5'9" 165, seeks respectful good-looking, masculine white bottom between ages of 25 to 40 who is into or seeks training in fisting, face fucking and associated man sex. Respond with photo and phone to Box 3912 Long Beach CA 90803

PLEASE SIR!

Hot dog lover! needs training to please you. I am white 35 6'1" 170 lbs with hot, hungry mouth and ass to serve you. Shave me, fist me, train me as your toilet. Let me lick your boots, clean your body, serve your needs. This intelligent, healthy, horny animal lives in LA but is ready and able to travel at your command. Please sir, send instructions to Box 4822. Thank you Sir!

NIPPLE ACTION

5'9" dude seeking same for wild, creative, erotic nipple action. Enjoy enlargement, stretching, heavy sucking and pulling. Box 4847

LEATHER SLAVE

Handsome WM 28 eager to serve mustached leathermaster. Boots, S&M, verbal humiliations, leather worship, bondage, discipline, spanking. I want to please you Sir! Box 4823

Bull Balls

SOFT LEATHER BALL BAG...STRETCHER
FULLY LINED...WEIGHTED POUCH

INTRODUCTORY ITEM



OPTIONS:

Stretcher: ☐ 1-1/4" ☐ 2"
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Lbs: ☐ 1-3/4 \$34.00
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308 A Eureka Street
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(415) 641-4213

GOODLOOKING DAD

Looking for special brother for Joe. Someone to help with chores, to share a brother they never had. Discipline to be applied for training and awareness. You will become a hot man-boy in time. Submit a letter stating general facts about yourself: Abilities, schooling, etc. If you have doubts, enclose in sealed envelope to Joe as he can assure you by phone of life's ultimate experience. Positive growth-oriented family. Box 4535LF

YOU ARE SPECIAL

Masculine, trim, any race and eager even if not perfect, or inexperienced. I am special, masculine, trim, brown hair and eyes, 39 8 thick inches, artistic, professional, with the bronzed body of a weekend outdoorsman. You are excited by the rare men you'd like to be and are willing to endure some pain for their attentions. I'm seeking worthwhile camping companions, etc. If you are also a bold, consenting adult then your good pic will get one you'd pay to get. Maybe an invitation, too. Write: Holder Box 6344, Rosemead CA 91770 LF4521

HOT BOTTOM IN LONG BEACH

WM, 31, 6'1", 170, blond blue with moustache. Looking for one-on-one with older Master/Daddy who is same size or bigger with moustache and is hot. Hoping for long-term, not one-nighters. Would like gym buddy to work out with. Need someone strong and affectionate. Someone to admire, for discipline and punishment. Fuck and I sit my ass and kiss and hold me. If you're the right man there is no limit to how much I'll give. Write: Occupant 33-2nd Place, Apt 5, Long Beach CA 90802 or call (213) 435-4500 between 9:00 A.M. and 11:00 P.M. No JD calls. 4577LF

NEED TO BE ROPED, GAGGED, HELPLESS?

Got a hot defined bod? This handsome lean, muscular top, 34, 5'11", sane sense of humor, wants to tie you up shal you up, and rack you off! Safe sex your place, no S.M. weekdays before 4 P.M. Photo or honest description to Box 318, 7985 Santa Monica Blvd., Suite 109, West Hollywood, CA 90046 LF4748

FIND DADDY IN DEAR SIR

TOPMAN/TRAINER FOR BODYBUILDER

If you are a hot TOPMAN interested in a permanent challenge, bondage, blond bodybuilder, stable financially successful, needs directed training, mentor, and Dad to develop, shape, and mold subject. Have facilities, equipment and deep drive to meet your challenge and go beyond! Looking for quality and leather experience, have much potential—and the time is NOW! #245, 8306 Wilshire Blvd., BH CA 90211

FIT TO BE TIED

and ready to be abused. Novice, 46, 170 lbs., hungry and submissive, seeking expert, level-headed top who respects limits to fulfill my bondage fantasy to be stripped, immobilized, tied up, chained, spanked steadily but not brutally, till my tight, round firm buns glow, then use a condom to fuck me. Dominate with ropes, rack, paddle, whip, chains and expose my ass to heavy workouts with you and/or friends. Toys some tit work, but no heavy pain. No WS, FF scat, shaving, drugs, damage please. Submissive and respectful, but not humiliated bottom. GW PO Box 18005, Denver, CO 80218

ACTIVE ASS

WM 6'3", 165, 40's, wants dominant guy(s) that will give me light B&D TT ass spankings, lots of VA and cock to worship and be a slave too. Leather and mature turn-ons, but no FF W S or scat. With poppers and hard cock my ass gets very active. Denver area, but will correspond anywhere. Reply to Box 4731LF

BEARDED MASTER

42, 5'10", 165 lbs., hung thick, experienced, understanding. Seeks clean healthy slaves for long sexual sessions in my fully-equipped "den". All scenes except scat. Novice guys get TLC. I am in the Annapolis-Baltimore-DC area. Letters with photos get answered. Also looking for other good Masters. Box 3893LF

DEDICATED LEATHERMAN

WM, 37, 5'10", 155, Bl/Bl moustache, goatee. SM, BD, CBT, TT, WS, FR, GR. Seeks others into same, both top and bottom. Write: P.O. Box 2341, Manassas, VA 22110 (LF4696)

DC METRO

Master, I'm like a virgin so you can mold me to suit your needs. WM 24, medium build, "Yuppie," submits so I for live-in position as houseboy/slave. Photo/phone Jack, PO Box 3333, Frederick, MD 21701

GIANT DADDY

6'6" defined muscular 220lbs, 45 hot looks, big dick/balls, wants boys/men for service/games. Send photo/letter to #702 2001 16th St NW Washington DC 20009

RECYCLING SYSTEM

and piss slave for beer bust parties. Write AJON Box 1839 Washington DC 20013

WANTED

170 lbs. solid muscle 5'10" 39, dark bearded, InterChain 226. I am essentially dominant and totally masculine but can be warm, loving, considerate and always sensual. Self-confidence based on intelligence, experience, maturity and self-acceptance. Years of residence in Stockholm, Paris, and Berlin have given me European flexibility, am my own man and not captive of any role. Ardent handball enthusiast. Besides FF am into all sides of Fr Gr. Intwork and mutually satisfying S&M. Like both intense one-on-ones and group scenes. Very health conscious but that doesn't keep me from enjoying life. Sound interesting? Write Bob, PO Box 30651, Bethesda MD 20814-0651

FIND YOUR DEAR SIR IN DEAR SIR

HOT FF BOTTOM

DC-Metro, hot FF bottom, into intense scenes, enjoy unusual and interesting mind games. Also enjoy a little surprise and novelty, not expecting your classic top-bottom situation. A little imagination, concentrate hard. (m 6'4", 180 lbs., WM and a real surprise. Alex. Box 4732LF

"THE SARGE"

33, 6 ft, 165 lbs, short brown hair, clean-shaven, goodlooking, fun-loving leatherman. Looking for a few good men. If you are muscular, defined, clean and together, a man who takes care of himself and knows how to take care of another man, if you've got the spirit, maybe you can join my corps. Sarge is top, but always welcomes correspondence from other tops. Send a picture for an answer. C'mon don't be shy. Now stand at ease and start writing. Box 4526LF

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HAIRY, HUNG DADDY

seeks Slaveboy/Daddy's Boy for possible permanent relationship. Daddy is 49, 5'10", hairy and hung big. Boy is younger (but legal age) smooth, with a big uncut dick and low hangers. Boy must be obedient, eager to serve, looking for love and security. Daddy can provide good home life, training, strict control, and all decisions. Can travel anywhere or meet you here in Florida. Photo and submissive letter required. Box 4453LF.

I'LL SUCK YOUR COCK

I'm on my knees sucking while my friend pisses on me. Shaved head, cock and balls. PO Box 6072, Port Charlotte FL 33949-6072.

SLAVE NEEDS INSTRUCTION

Slave with little experience looking for Master who can provide proper training. Slave is 35, 5'11", 200 lbs., blond blue eyes, into doing Master's wishes. Limitations: No drugs, scar, piercing or marks. Please Sir, train me to serve you. Box 4461LF.

FIND YOUR DEAR SIR IN DEAR SIR

FT. LAUDERDALE

Masculine, attractive top with firm but gentle style seeks subjects for "training" in heavy bondage and light SM. Limits respected. Can go bottom for competent top interested in safe sex. Discretion required and reciprocated. Jake Leonard #24751 Ft. Lauderdale FL 33307.

ATHLETIC W M

29 seeks down-to-earth, well-built masculine man for friend and possible lover. Enjoys the outdoors, the beaches, working out, fine arts and quiet times cuddled up together. Write P.O. Box 5121, Winter Park, FL 32793-5121. Photo please.

BONDAGE BUDDIES WANTED

Masculine, imaginative, adventurers sought for bondage, whipping, blow torture, sweat. Versatile WM 32, 6'10", slim, masculine, seeks men with cowboy type torture fantasies for safe, sane, discrete sessions. No injury lasting marks, fluid exchange. Photo appreciated. Box 4637.

WANTED: FULLTIME SLAVE

by Master (30, 5'11", 100 lbs., bearded, hairy). Must be submissive, obedient, healthy into leather, heavy S&M B&D Gr/P Fr/A FF/P and more. Must submit to complete training for duties. Sincere only. Apply with photo to Bridwell, PO Box 7686, Atlanta, GA 30357-0686.

BOOT SERVICE

Looking for construction worker in jeans or leather daddy type to make me lick his boots and manhandle me. Please make me earn your boots and the privilege to grovel at your feet. No strings, safe fun only please. Your photo gets mine. Occupant, Box 140283, Miami FL 33145-0283.

TIT TORTURE

Hot n ppls ready for hot Master 6'2", 170, handsome seeks same. Blue eyes, uncut, for your pleasure. Box 10181, Fort Lauderdale, FL 33334 or call (305) 564-0217.

LIVE-IN DAD WANTED

39-year-old redheaded ass-eating cocksucker wants to settle down. Have girlish face, short, nice body, luxury house, pool, don't work. Dad must be gentle, like me, no drugs, well-spoken, working, can live free tri part-time employed. Must be strong, hairy on the tall side, firm yet loving and protective. Very sincere. Alcohol OK. I love man smell, can get a bit kinky. Barry Ross, 14624 SW 144 Court, Miami, FL 33186. Phone: (305) 251-4838.

FT. LAUDERDALE

Masculine experienced top with firm but gentle style seeks subjects for "training" in heavy bondage and light S&M. Limits respected. Discretion required/reciprocated. If your not serious enough to include a photo then save the stamp. Jake Leonard, PO Box 24751, Ft. Lauderdale FL 33307.

WANTS TO LEARN MORE, SIR!

Boy bottom, 28 WM 170 lbs., stocky moustache seeks hairy raunchy Daddy/top, 10-55, to use/teach me. Prefer hairy uncut, bear belly but all mature masters will command me, for himself or to entertain same friends. No scars or scat. Learning to enjoy leather. C&B/TT/WS/FF and all kinky fun! Let me learn to satisfy you. SE Florida and Detroit/Chicago tri-annually. Box 4806LF.

CHUBBY CHAS N' DADDY

wants smooth, hot, plump slaves under 25. Nonsmokers only! Pix and info to Daddy, PO Box 7294, Fort Lauderdale, FL 33338.

VACATIONTIME SON WANTED

Well-built hairy hunky hung, leatherman "Dad" 41, 150, 5'8" coming to southern Florida late January—early February. Quality hours, days, or weeks together with enthusiastic, youthful affectionate, obedient son are wanted. Call (207) 288-4525 to prearrange a good time filled with many extras not listed here.

ATLANTA

36, 5'7", 135 lbs. wants uninhibited hot-acting showoff guy for jack-off buddy into jockstraps, hot talk—any type okay, but submissive redheads and blonds a turnon—show it off, Boy! Box 4839.

HOT KNIGHT IN AUGUSTA

Hot masculine, muscular 44 yr old white, motorcycling leatherman seeks permanent relationship with man into leather, uniforms, boots. Speedo swim briefs and big bikes. Must be open, honest, mature, 35-50 yrs. and willing to become my workout partner, motorcycle buddy, companion, friend and lover. Into light to moderate health-conscious S&M. Prefer the top role but enjoy switching with man I respect. No lems, freaks, aikes, druggies or weirdos. Send photo please. Box 4728LF.

HOUSEBOY & ALL HOT MEN

GWM duo, 29 and 36, both 5'10", 150 lbs. moustaches, smooth/hairy. Seek hot tops or bottoms, singles or couples for hot times with no hang-ups. Any & all scenes with mutual respect. Got a fantasy let us make it a reality! Also looking for houseboy/slave, live in or out, with mutual input considered. Will train, no experience OK. Photo, phone, detailed letter. PO Box 76125 Atlanta, GA 30358-1125 (4700LF).

TRAINING—COMPUTERS

Would like to join with others in Atlanta in enforced training and discipline. Also would like to make contact with others with computers. Box 4710LF.

S R

This Atlanta slave awaits your discipline and orders. I am 33, 5'9", 140 lbs. and need your help and training please. Sir, Box 4409LF.

BOOT WORSHIPPING SLAVE

WM, 27, 6'0", 180 lb. slave Sir. This southern boy needs to worship you and your boots. Sir! Sir! This boy is into WS, shaving, BD, SM, TT, and rough ass play. Sir! Dominant Master needed. Please write Sir or call (404) 881-0294. Sir, this boot boy is on his knees waiting for your orders. Sir! Box 4483LF.

LEATHER AND MOTORCYCLES

Atlanta WM, 35, 5'10" br/br 142 mature, prof. employed, into leather bikes, boots. Seeks similar health conscious man for permanent reasonably discreet relationship. Letter with photo gets results. Box 4789.

ATLANTA

Hung, chiselled, Southern boy seeks those interested in WS, GS, erotic shavings and unusual JO scenes. Serious replies with good photo and letter from anywhere gets my immediate response. PO Box 9806, Atlanta, GA 30319.

ILLINOIS

LEVI/LEATHER JOCK BOTTOM

5'6", muscular 30, seeks tall clean-cut military master for T/T spanking humiliation. Description, scenes to Box 6681 Chicago, IL 60680.

SEARCHING FOR TOP MAN

WM 42, 5'11", sensitive, loving, professional, straight appearance. Active G passive, seeks well-built, heavy-hung B/W, Spanish man to use hungry deep throat and hot, eager receptive hole. Send photo and description of needs to PO Box 592 Springfield IL 62705.

DIRTY BOOTS?

33-year-old would like to clean the leathers of a bootmaster who is arrogant and has a reason to be that way. I am 5'11", 165 lbs. with brown hair, eyes and moustache. I have a few creative ideas on how to serve a bootmaster (and his companion?). If you are between 21 and 35, drop me a line at PO Box 215, Park Forest, IL 60466.

FART IN MY FACE

Let me lick and suck on your dirty ass. Piss in my mouth. You: white 18-40, 120-170 lbs. Me: 40, slim, white, not into body hair. Spanking and fucking possible. Box 4707.

GET YOUR FANTASIES FULFILLED

Chicago Master 43, 6'3", 190W with well-equipped Dungeon/Playroom including sting wants submissive slaves or bottoms for obedience training, bondage, humiliation, discipline, fraternity initiations, paddling, C&B work, SM exhibitionism, etc. All limits respected. Photos of sessions available if desired. Novices accepted. Race no problem. Will be Drummer Dad to deserving young studs. Also require occasional services of slave to maintain & care for leather toys and playroom and to perform miscellaneous tasks. Send photo if possible to PO Box 2630 Chicago IL 60690.

MATURE MALE MASTER

white, seeks slaves and submissives for casual sessions. Not interested in leather role, dopes, drunks, or leather queens. Want men 18-50 white or Oriental who are healthy, in good shape, well-set-up and know the score. Prefer between 5'11" and 6'0" and 130 to 180 lbs. Box 4404LF.

ATLANTA

BONDAGE SLAVE

anxious to serve WM 160, 5'10" tall with some limited experience is anxious to be put into your control and to perform services which my master demands. Also interested in initiation experiences either by myself or with other initiates. Am not into FF or electric shock but would expect strong discipline for master's pleasure. Can travel on weekends in Northern and Central Indiana or even West Central Ohio. Would also be interested in prisoner scenes, being used as an animal and dungeon experiences. Discretion essential. Box 4475LF.

FT WAYNE AREA

Bring me your fantasies! W/M 5'11", 180 lbs. blond/blue, hairy into everything from cuddling and playing gently all the way to heavy S. M. whipping, paddling, etc. FF a specialty! Mostly top, but extremely versatile. We can work out your mid-east or west fantasies together. Can travel and entertain. Photo appreciated but not necessary. Reply Drummer Box 4705LF.

LOUISIANA

MOTORCYCLE COP

New Orleans, WM 30, 6'1", 165, LF4458 seeks WM into the smell taste feel of hot black leather. There is no such thing as too much black leather: tall black leather boots, breeches, gloves, chaps, jeans, jackets, belts, caps. Prefer to be bottom but versatile. Also into toys. My breeched ass works on a HD by days, and I ride a V65 Magna at night in leather. Also have Kawasaki Ninja and am heavy into motorcycles and motorcycle gear, Police uniforms and gear also. Into BD, SM—light to heavy scene, action only. Cigar smoker. Phone JO ok. Call (504) 282-0729, PO Box 57161 New Orleans, LA 70157. No novices. If you aren't dedicated to leather, call someone else.

NOVICE SLAVE

WM 30, bl/bl good-looking needs sane AOS aware leatherman to serve, expand limits. Shaving, CBT V/A, toys, fantasies, etc. Locals only. Box 71313, New Orleans, LA 70172.

ATLANTA

TIE ME UP AND ?

See our bondage bottom interested in prolonged sessions. Box 2186, South Portland, ME 04106. All answered (LF4459).

MARYLAND

EXHIBITIONIST

will serve you and/or your next party. Bobby Box 4861.

MASSACHUSETTS

BLACK LEATHER and BONDAGE

WM 27, 6'1", 185 needs booted, gloved arrogant Leather Master for dog training, humiliation, heavy VA and heavy bondage (gags, hoods, collars, cuffs, etc.). Send me your orders Sir and I will obey. Complete discretion requested. Box 4576LF.

INDEPENDENT BOTTOM

Boston area seeks a mature (35+), Top who wants the willing service of an intelligent, thinking and bottom into bondage, discipline, WS, raunch, and uniforms. I'm 40, 5'11", 170, blond, clean-shaven, smooth body, cut. Ultimate goal is a healthy dominant-subordinate relationship involving the intellect, spirit and body. Sir, let's explore the possibilities. Reply to Box 4474LF. All replies will be answered.

WM, 41, 6', 185 LBS

Bottom seeks top for pleasure trips into pain. Turned on by bondage, whippings, tit-cock-bait torture and lots of piss. Not into drugs, scat, FF, blood and damage. Seek sane top/buddy for mutually satisfying times. Photo, phone for early meeting. Box 4724LF.

NEEDED: LEATHER MAN

Bottom man needs knowledgeable erotic top man into bondage. I am 33, 5'8", 140 lbs. and eager to learn more of leather hoods, gags, restraints, gloves, chaps, jocks, rubber and hot scenes with erotic hot top. All replies will be answered as you order. I travel all of New England. Box 4757LF.

TOTAL LIVE-IN SLAVE

Dad and Son want a GWM approx 6' 10" 170 lbs. slim body no facial hair who is ready to relocate immediately to a small town and live in a large house. You will do house and yard work but will not work a job. We will support our slave. We are into leather rubber SM B&D, TT, shaving and W/S. Playroom is well equipped to provide discipline when required. No feds, drugs, FF or scat. For initial contact call (413) 267-5278 before 10 P.M. Eastern time. We are ready are you? A doctorate in slavery is not required. LF4247

YOU A TICKLER?

Trim, short hairy, very ticklish GM craves the undurable touch of a compatible man with a playfully sadistic streak. Torment my tender feet and manly, but sensitive body make me laugh and plead til I'm weak with exhaustion. Role exchange optional. safesex a must. Also seeking penpals--your hot letter gets mine. PO Box 1944 Boston, MA 02105

RAUNCHY--HOT--WET SEX

23 years old 5'9", 150 lbs. brown hair brown eyes, has beard & moustache 7/8" cut nose, active and passive. Digs leather/Levi action, tit work, lots of piss drinking 69, recycled beer swap w/ used jockstraps, sweaty bodies. Scott, PO Box 42, Milton, MA 02186

35, 5'9", 140 lb. well-built masculine seeking same 20-40, for Master/slave relationship. Would like to be examined in my sk n-tight levis and T-shirt with white Hi-top Nikes, bound at wrists hanging from ceiling. Paddle my tight ass in levis, then strip me, torture my cock and balls with leather straps, then shave my masculine cock hairs till I'm bald. Shave my ass cheeks until they're smooth. Keep me hard for hours until my Master makes me cum. Box 4405LF

FIND YOUR DEAR SIR IN DEAR SIR

HUNKY HUNG SON

wanted by hairy hung hunky well-built leatherman Dad who visits Boston twice monthly. No kidding! Just be sincere, affectionate, obedient! Regular safe sex possibilities are rampant. (207) 288-4525

JACKSON AREA TOP

36, 6'0", 170 lbs. well-built long thick uncut 10 1/2", topman into man-to-man rather SM sex GR FR FF CB, BD TT WS, toys--you name it! You, Masculine, 20-45 with hot eager hole submissive and willing. Write with photo specs, # and your favorite fantasy. Box 4539LF

FIND DADDY IN DEAR SIR

CIGAR-PIPE SMOKERS

Passive guy 29, seeks younger cigar pipe smokers to share fantasies. Box 4821

SEARCHING FOR LEATHER MASTER

heavily into bondage, enemas, rubber shaving etc. Slave is white 26 yrs 170 lbs, medium build, novice--needs training and servitude. Master will have devoted slave. Please write soon. Sir Box 4555LF

WANTED!!

White male who is serious about our way of life. Who expects to be treated as property and will make his Master proud of his property. All responses to include address, phone number and photo which will be returned on request. Box 4719LF

HAVE YOU THE BALLS??

Masculine, forties whipmaster seeks young men for weekend slave training. Safe sex assured. St. Louis area. Box 9999

FETID FORESKIN

on raunchy 38-year-old, 150# 5'10" pig needs attention from other raunchy freaks who are 35-50, beely, dirty hairy UC & mean. Hot, filthy correspondence welcome. (457) 1LF. Grant PO Box 6194 Minneapolis, MN 55406

WICCAN PRIEST

rides 1000cc bike, sane SM. Wants to contact those with similar interests. Write for details. Box 4527LF

SLAVE NEEDS MASTER!

Photo, phone please. Write to Box #109DS

RED NECK BLUE COLLAR MEN

Slim male, into sucking cock, fucking tit play. Seeks aggressive masculine men for friendship, total physical sex. Disease free, redneck daddies. Box 4810

RUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA--WEAR A CONDOM!

DADDY WANTS SON

Seeking young man for permanent relationship. Daddy/Master 6' 165 41 stable sensitive, sincere, loving dominant/leather Son/slave slim, smooth 8-30 (youngest given preference, all others considered) submissive, obedient, needs and wants someone to take control of his life and provide direction and security. Son should desire affection as well as light SM, BD, humiliation, ownership, shaving, WS, verbal abuse, being fucked, must be excellent cocksucker. Novice okay as son will be fully trained to serve and service his Daddy/Master and will derive pleasure from knowing that he is serving his Daddy well. Serious sons should send application letter and photo to Box 4202LF

MINNEAPOLIS

Slim male would like to meet hard driving hard fuckin truckers. Please no phones, queens or bullshit. Box 4804

PRISONER AVAILABLE FOR TORTURE

Blond slave 22 seeks dominate master for confinement and torture. Whips, spread-eagle, TT, C&T, dildos, stretching, obedience and training. (612) 874-9239. Box 4703

BIKERS, REDNECKS

Slim dude would like to meet aggressive, bearded buddies to fill my mouth and ass with your cock. Any good fuckers around? No bar queens. Box 4811

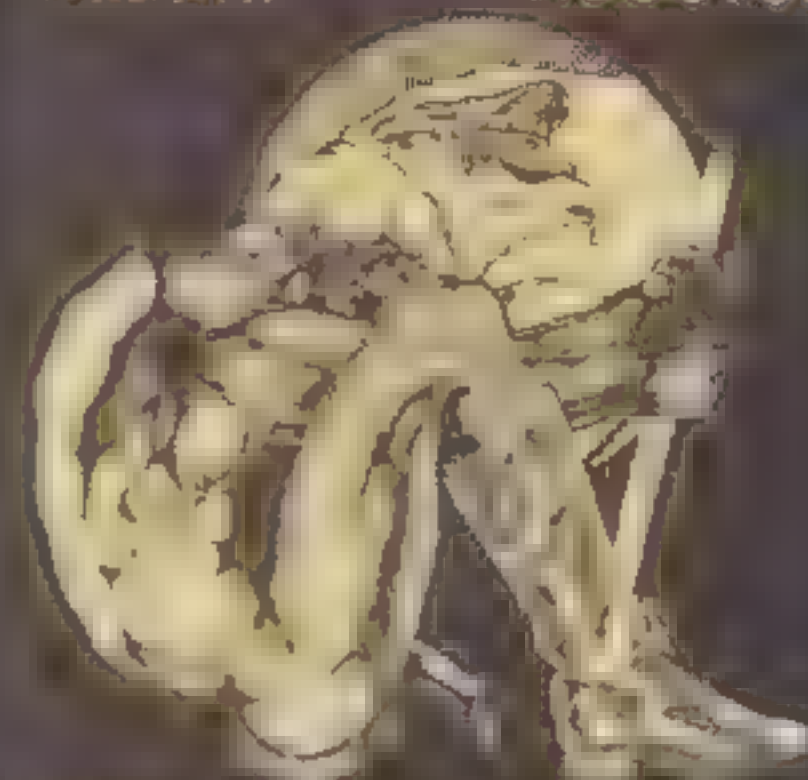
LOW HANGING BALLS?

WM, age 35, attractive, wants to be slave for man to age 45 with big hanging balls. Everything goes. Box 4396

BONDAGE BUDDY WANTED

33, 5'10", 160 lbs. enjoys being BOUND CHAINED or STRAPPED DOWN and could enjoy doing the same to you. Not anal or orally oriented. Enjoy JD fantasies with another man who is into leather, uniforms or other fantasies with bondage and light SM is OK. If you are masculine, thin or muscular man, 18-40 years old and enjoy men struggling against their bonds, send photo. I would like to get together for mutual fun. Box 4816LF

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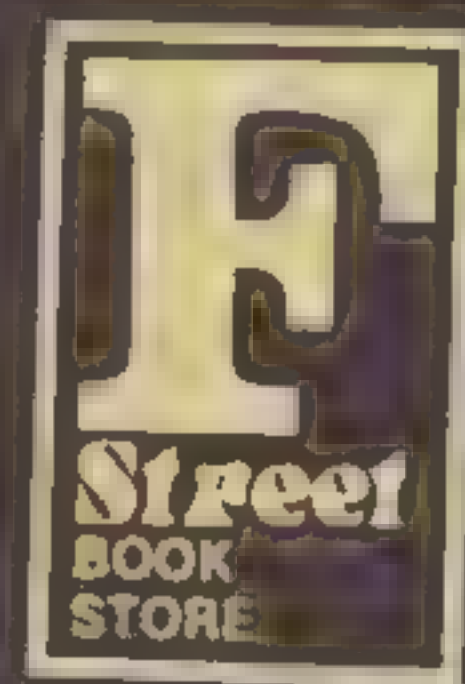
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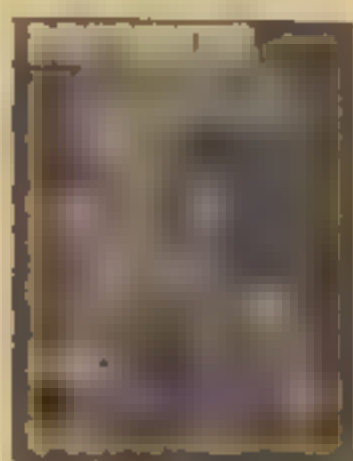
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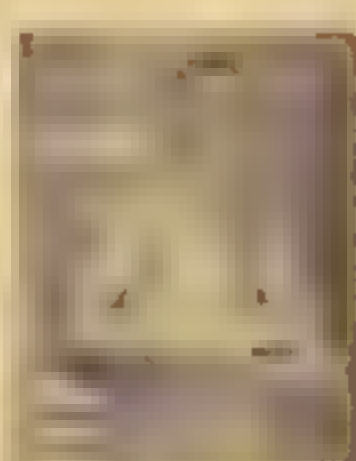
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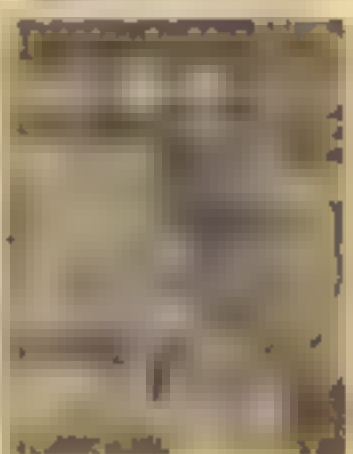
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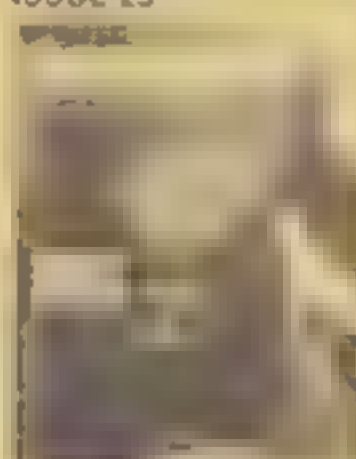
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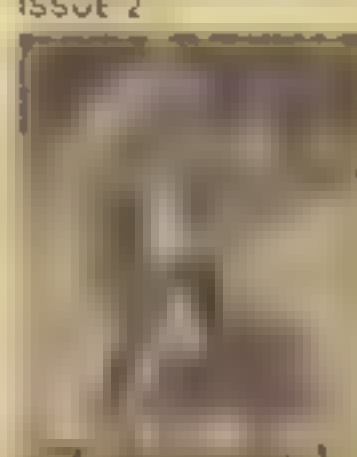
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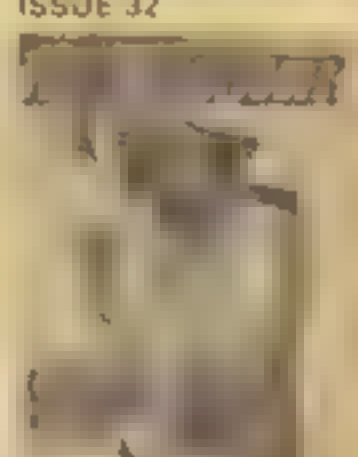
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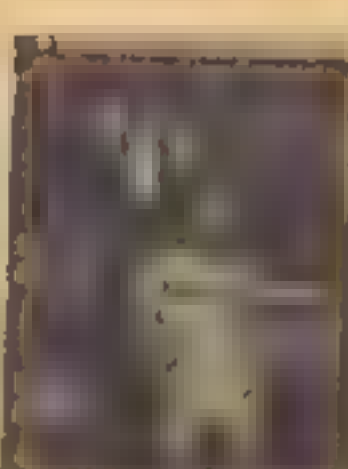
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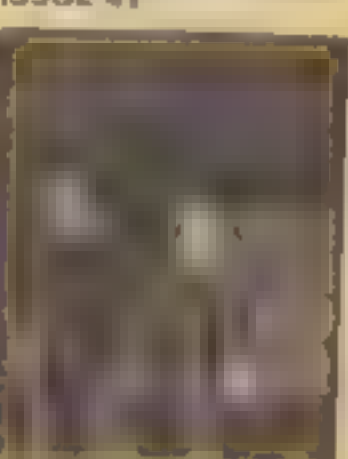
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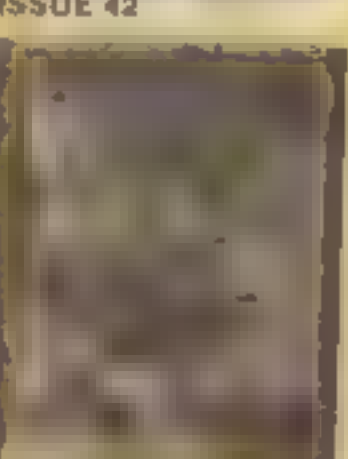
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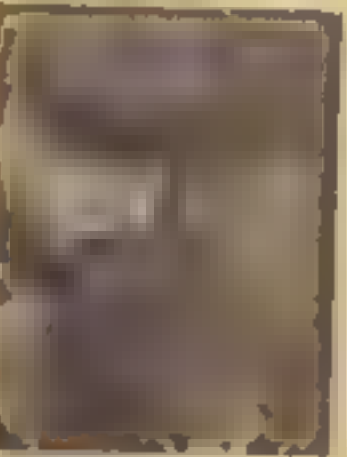
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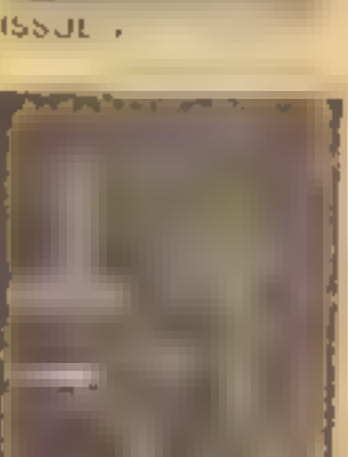
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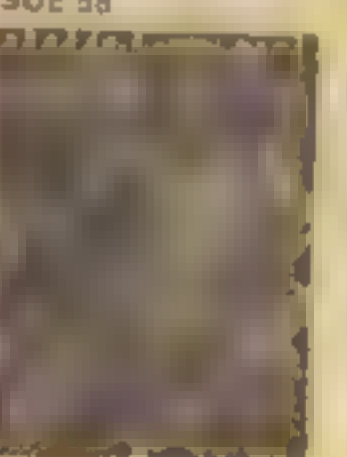
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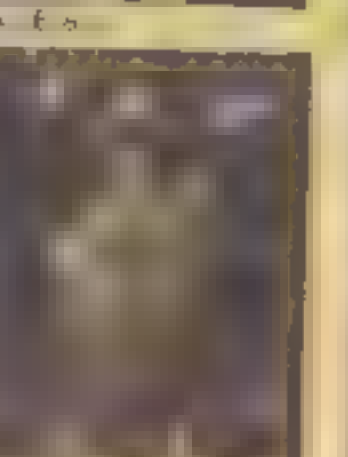
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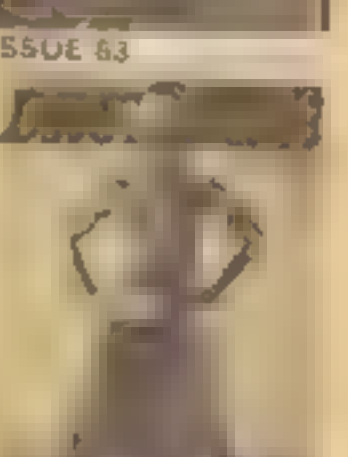
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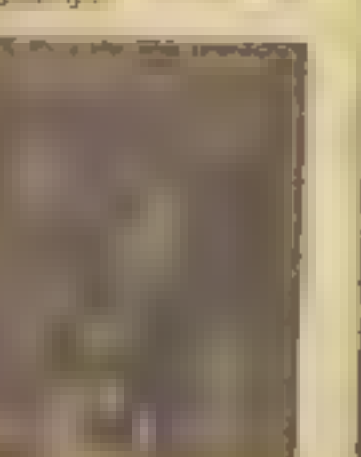
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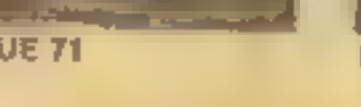
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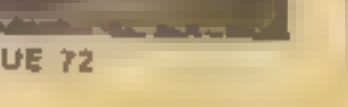
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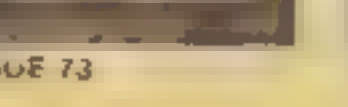
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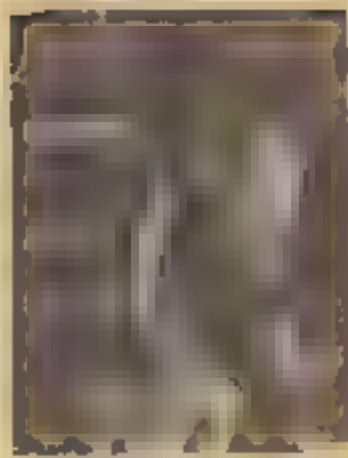
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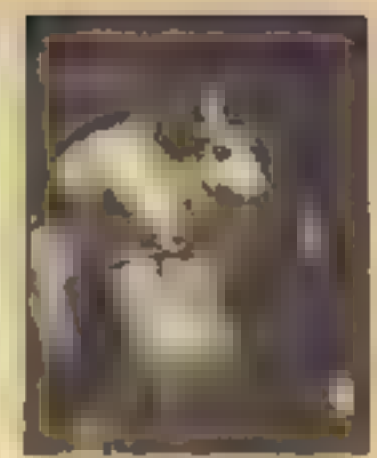
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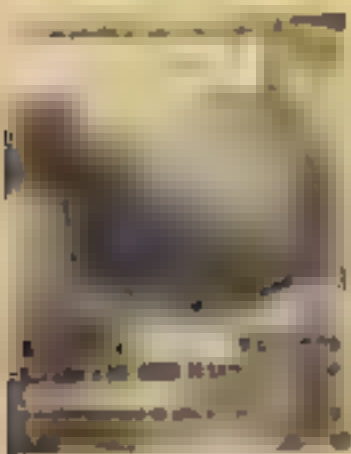
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CLASS OF '82



MR. DRUMMER 83



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MACH 2



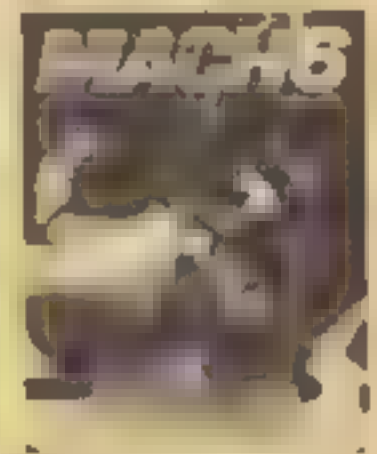
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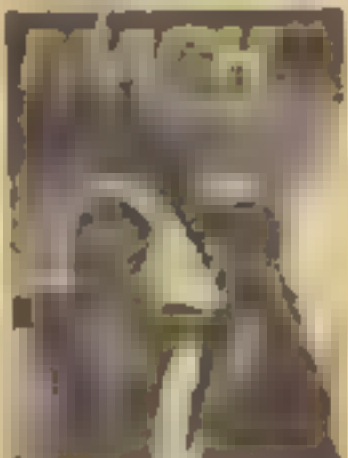
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MACH 6



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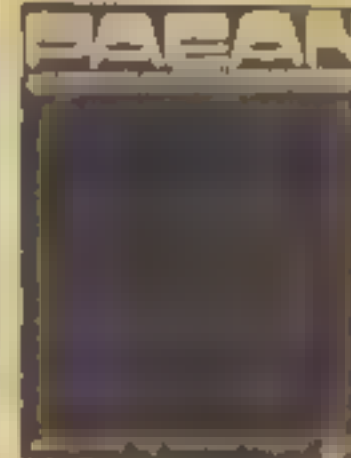
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FOLSOM 4



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NEW JERSEY

WANTED: SLAVE

ME MASTER is 45 6'2", 195 lbs. brown hair (getting a little thin top), brown eyes, hairy body quiet type straight acting and appearing, good sense of humor not into games or fantasy trips. Own home in country in Northern New Jersey. Enjoy working a good body used to own my own private photography business specializing in bodybuilders, musclemen, MASTERS and their slaves, so I know what a good body is. Muscles are a plus, but not a necessity. I am not a bodybuilder myself, but appreciate that type of body into computers slaves and taking care of my house. YOU save late 20s to late 30s, quiet type straight acting and appearing well behaved (important!) no nonsense type who knows his place. You must have a warm mouth that likes to be filled with warm meat. Enjoys wearing some leather body harness, cock and ball harness, etc., and understand the meaning and value of discipline. Not into drugs of any type. If you can not get it on yourself and/or with help from me, I am not interested. No problem if you are not fully trained. If you want to learn I will take the time to train you. Live in the vicinity of Northern New Jersey. WANT Service and a good time, but a quiet time, in and out of bed for week ends with the possibility of having you move into house on a permanent basis. Box 291LF

NEW JERSEY

GWM, 38, 5'7", 140 lbs., extremely health-conscious, into spanking, TT, crotch shaving, CBT, enemas, VA, humiliation. I prefer to take rather than give, but will consider trade-off with right person. No exchange of body fluids. PO Box 74 East Brunswick, NJ 08816

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to grow, develop and even become competitive, for dad who will be BB coach. Prefer boy over 18, who is not afraid to show off his muscles and have dad exhibit him. Must be ready to adhere to strict training schedule and keep dad happy as well as serve him in his apartment in NYC. Good situation for a big man with big goals. Ph Ph/Letter to Drummer Box 417LF

LEVI/LEATHER DAD

Hairy WM, 40, 5'11", 180, with thick cock and large balls will train and discipline sons, abuse and use bottoms roughhouse with other dads. Enjoys bondage, hit and ball torture, hot wax, clothespins, whipping ass, cuddling classical music, travel, motorcycling, bullshitting. Tough DIs and skilled Tops may expand my horizons. No scat, FF, drugs. Have house with playroom in Kingston, NY, can travel. Photo required with letter, phone speeds reply. Box 4716LF

MACHO TOP

I'm a mid-50s macho top, with a mid-40s body and a mid-30s mind, looking for a macho man who needs care and affection and is willing to commit himself to creating a mutually rewarding relationship. Must also be willing to share mutual trust whether it involves sexual limits, finances or friends. I am 156W 5'10", medium-hairy, muscular and athletic, sensuous, dominant, sexually experienced and versatile and uncensored so am not looking for a "discreet" relationship. I also happen to like bars, baths, raunch and responsibility. I have never had any STDs and am AIDS negative and medically knowledgeable. Professionally I am a scientist, financially secure and can support you fully within limits, but expect you to have motivation and a rational purpose in life or be willing to let me help you find one. Your facial features, physical condition and emotional maturity are important to me so please send a recent photo. My last lover was a model, but that's not a requirement. I do expect you to be sincere, honest and to respect yourself and your body, and to be willing to make yourself important to me. I haven't mentioned leather, but I wouldn't advertise in *Drummer* if that were unimportant. Box 4520LF

CRAVING DISCIPLINE

31, 165, 5'11", handsome, hairy, hot mustached professional desperately needs to be leashed, collared, trained to obey masters every command (within limits of safe sex). This dog seeks master 28-40 in good shape. Photo/phone Box 1036 Southampton, NY 11768 (LF4715)

HEAVY BONDAGE

Looking for intense administration of heavy bondage, prolonged leather encasement in hoods, leather straitjackets, restraints, suspension, etc. Seek total master intelligent, wealthy and sane. Box 4683LF

GWM, 39, 5'8", 145

seeks Master with the drive to cut through my B.S. and turn me into a useful piece of property. Need strict Master to take me from easy lifestyle break me and train me to be the obedient and willing slave that I was meant to be. Hope to find life of fulfillment through the use and abuse of my Master in satisfying his wishes. Box 4698LF

BEARDED, 35

Leatherman, 6' 160, top, seeks bottom for hot health-conscious scenes. No holds barred, so long as we both can walk away feeling we haven't put our health at risk. Like muscular men in chaps with beard, moustache. Especially like hot older men in great shape. Your picture gets mine. Box 4712LF

DOMINANT WHITE MALE

40 goodlooking, easy going but firm looking to meet guys 18-35 who are in need of a brother, father image, good friend or more. I'm dominant in bondage, shaving, light SM Greek, and other fantasies, depending on my partner. Also enjoy touching, holding, fondling and am gentle and understanding as well. Inexperienced—that's OK—have lots of patience. You should be a non-smoker, light drinker and non-fem. I travel the US as well, so this ad is not restricted to NY and Long Island. Respond with photo and phone if possible. Box 1027 Valley Stream, NY 11582 (LF4711)

SEEKING SADISTS

Good-looking, slender, young, white male looking for demon to hang me from chains and torture me and you name it. Most vile and disgusting letters get response. 496 Hudson St, Suite 458 New York, NY 10014

STUD vs. STUD

wrestling/fighting WM 6' 185lbs 29 extremely good-looking, blond, blue eyes, muscular stallion, LF4407 Looking for other hot, muscular studs into wrestling/fighting for top. Winner takes all—loser gets fucked long and hard. Looking for men who are 21-45, top G/A, muscular and willing to lay their ass on the line in wrestling, fighting, ball tug-of-wars, cock fights and other combat for hot hard matches to submission. I get into wrestling in leather oil, piss, mud, naked and in jock straps. Looking for men who are also into ball tug-of-wars, wrestling with balls tied together and other hot, hard combat that leads to sex. No bottoms need apply; only looking for serious fighters. Black bodybuilders/wrestlers and muscular Hispanics can try. If they think they can handle it. Still waiting to meet the man I can't beat. Wanna wrestle? Located outside New York City, visitors/challengers welcome. Write with picture to M.S. P.O. Box 712, Kings Park, NY 11754

ASS LICKER

available for individuals or groups. Anybody over 30. Also cocksucking. NYC only. Phones get faster reply. Box 323 NYC 10023

ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH?

Hot, hairy, NYC jock 39, 5'10" solid 160, into man-to-man, heavy body contact, face punching and verbal action between 2 raunchy jock-filled studs. Also spit, hairy pits and pees. Wants a man who gives what he takes. Photos answered first. Box 4573LF

SCORE YOURSELF

Are you 1)Young 2)goodlooking 3)muscular 4)healthy 5)submissive 6)obedient? Are you prepared for 7)Slavery 8)training 9)punishment 10)two tall, goodlooking blond men in their 30s—Master and slave? Add one point for each YES. If you score a 10 send details for each YES accompanied by recent photo for verification of first three questions. Extra points will be given for essay detailing additional qualifications. Box 673LF

IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE?

WM 42, discreet, sincere, LF4471 cut seeks licensed surgeon, especially Hispanic, any age/race in the Tri-State Area to lengthen piss slit, enlarge tits, nipples, implant multiple piercings (tits/nipples, cock, balls, ass, "tang" belly) and catheterization to remain for days, plus extensive urological, cystoscopic, proctological exams, steroid and estrogen therapies. Anesthetic possibilities optional. Have adequate health insurance and am prepared to pay privately, if necessary, for professional talents not reimbursable into cock suturing, ball-sac reduction, rectal enlargement and severe circumcision. Contact experimental "animal" at (516)285-5181 9 PM—7 AM Mon—Fri and 24-hours weekends. Write Box holder, Box 3092 Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10017. Please call doctor—your slut needs this.

MAN-TO-MAN

Masculine bodybuilder 32 years, 45 chest, 32 waist, solid hard muscled big arms & pees dark hair, moustache, Italian, masculine and straight appearing intelligent and sensitive wants to meet dominant no-nonsense take charge man into manly physical action and intense mental and emotional exploration. Extremely health conscious. Our physical and emotional limits expanded. Nick PO Box 1350 Jackson Heights Stn. New York, NY 11372 (LF4020)

MUSCLE POWER

Super hot, muscular jock is looking for other muscle-bound jocks into muscles, bodybuilding, leather going barefoot and barechested. Showing off our hot bodies and big bulges in tight sweat pants or 501 jeans. I am looking for straight-acting, muscle jocks who want and demand the best in hot, uninhibited sex and man-to-man action, get into wrestling, boxing, bodypunching, general horsing around posing and flexing sex challenges heavy ball work, leather Harleys, oil sweat exhibitionism, piss and hard sex. I am W 29, 5'10" 170 lbs of man, with a rock hard, ripped body. I have brown hair and eyes, mustache, hot, rugged good looks, and a 12" cock, and a real cocky straight attitude. I am health conscious so I limit myself to a few hot and horny muscle-bound men like myself. You must be 18-40, a true muscle jock into the above with a spirit of adventure. So if you are interested, heavily muscled and into muscle, then reply with picture. Then we can get together, pump-up, oil-up and put our hot muscular bodies through a hot sexual work-out. Reply with photo to Duke PO Box 185, Kings Park, NY 11754. Let's work out our hot, horny muscle urges on each other. Box 4746LF

PRIME SLAVE

WM 38 muscular, seeks Relaxisizer treatments. Prefer over 40. Other kinks, negotiate. Photo for mine. Box 4808

MACHO BOTTOM

41 year old 5'6", 192 lbs., husky ex-football player with huge sensitive chest and warm buns looking for dominant, passionate top who enjoys leading relative newcomer (recently divorced) into loving SM & WS scenes. Age looks unimportant. Box 4812

ENEMA DISCIPLINE NEEDED

by WM, 27, 5'11", 175. You—mean mother-fucker who enjoys forcing huge hot enemas up a tight butt, ignoring my begging you to stop. I will act out scenario of your choice. Other things possible—ass, p.torture, hot wax, clothespins, Bengay, thumbtack sitting, ball padding, lighted matches down underpants and light bondage. No Fr. Gr. FF scat WS spank nor drugs. My equipment, your place. Weekdays 9am to 3pm only. Any age, race or weight okay. Box 4841

ATHLETIC TOP

New to leather, anyone want to train his top? Me GWM 44 5'10", 165 muscular sensitive G/A, Fr/p. You, good body, smart. Goal hot monogamous relationship. Ph/ph to Box 203, 70 Greenwich Ave. New York, NY 10011

TOP/MASTER/SADIST

I am a safe, sane, very experienced top/master/sadist into all S.M. and more. No drugs—no damage. I will hurt you, but never harm you. Or scenes with professional equipment part of scenes you will not forget. Write Si Pau Breeme PO Box 148 NYC 10016

FANTASIES FULFILLED

Trim, bearded master 35 needs slaves or bottoms for obedience training, bondage discipline, and verbal abuse/humiliation. Have well equipped dungeon and broad, eager tool. Applicants must be healthy, trim, under 35. Arrogant punks & novices welcome. Reply with phone & photo. J. Miller Box 3086, Kingston, NY 12401 (LF4092)

GASTROENTEROLOGIST/ UROLOGIST

patient needs total colonoscopy. I seek only the legitimate experience. Also seek cystoscopy. Will travel. Serious ad for serious responses only. I am GWM 34 5'10", 160 Cal (212) 874-1325

THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS AN OLD COPY OF

DRUMMER

WHEN SOMEONE DISCOVERS
DRUMMER FOR THE FIRST TIME,
THE FIRST THING HE DOES
IS SEEK OUT THE ISSUES HE'S MISSED!
We have made arrangements with
select outlets to handle back issues of
DRUMMER for you to search through.
You'll never forgive yourself if you don't.

CIRCUS OF BOOKS

8230 Santa Monica Blvd.
Los Angeles, CA 90046

DAVID'S NEWS

919 West Morehead
Charlotte, NC 28208

F STREET BOOKSTORE

4th and F Streets
San Diego, CA 92104

GLAD DAY BOOK SHOP

43 Winter Street
Boston, MA 02108

JAY BIRDS TOY BOX

2509 West Broward Blvd
Fort Lauderdale, FL 33312

GIOVANNI'S ROOM

345 South 12th Street
Philadelphia, PA 19107

MALE HIDE LEATHERS

66 West Illinois Street
Chicago, Illinois 60610

MR. 'S' LEATHER

135 Broadway
Denver, Colorado 80203

LEATHER SHED

212 Ophelia St. / 730 River Ave.
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

THE FALLEN ANGEL

3045 North Federal Hwy
Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33301

SHINDER'S BOOKSTORE

626 Hennepin Avenue
Minneapolis, MN 55403

STUDSTORE

964 FOLSOM STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94107

DON'T JUST ASK FOR DRUMMER... DEMAND IT!

SLAVE

WM, 5'9", 135 lbs., brown/grn. smooth,
clean-shaven, 7' uncut, 24 years old
wants to be trained as a slave by older
master who is masculine and experi-
enced. (718) 479-9118 after 5 PM EST

NEEDY FUCKSLAVE

WM, 42 (looks younger), masculine,
intelligent, obedient, true-spirited,
good-looking slim, clean-shaven, rust-
red hair, blue-gray eyes, yields trim
(145), 5'10" all to masculine, trim, intel-
ligent, good-looking healthy, sincere,
well-hung, experienced, sane while
commander to around 45. Quest
intense mind-body fusion through con-
trol abuse and deep-ploving. No scat
FF, heavy pain. Ready for long-term
commitment to serious, focused car-
ing master. Exchange photos/phone-
s/letters. Box 4 5LF

MY SON THE SADIST?

Daddy Bear, 40s, tall, big GJM, seeks
trim to muscular mean son who wants
to administer punishment to his Dad
via ropes, TT, VA, handcuffs, etc. Dad
will have to reciprocate by overpower-
ing son and wrestle him to submission
and mete out suitable punishment to
capture his body and mind! Safe-sane
SM clean, health-conscious, non-
promiscuous JO sex only! No drugs,
scat, FF, W/S. No body fluid
exchanges! Daddy Bear is educated,
successful, cuddly but on mean. Adis-
tic side. Send details of your fantasies,
realistic needs and photo if you seek
solid grown-up relationship. Box
4718LF

DISCIPLINARIAN ~~DISCIPLINARIAN~~

GWM, 25, 215 lbs, 5'10" brown hair,
blue eyes, beard, moustache, lives on
Long Island. Seeks older man/mentor-
leather top to administer discipline on
a weekly/fortnightly basis. Seeking to
transform myself physically, emotion-
ally. Discipline used to achieve 1)
weight loss, 2) eventual muscle gain, 3)
raising of self-esteem when I can
appreciate my proper place as bottom.
Discipline can range from spanking to
enemas, bondage, watersports, til-
work, Greek,? Safe. Important for dis-
cipline to be effective must be
administered with love and affection.
Box 4828LF

BONDAGE MASTER!

40-64" leather cigars uniforms, tat-
toos, looking to own a total slave! If
being stripped, shackled, shaved and
trained to serve one Master perman-
ently has been your fantasy, here's the
chance to make it a reality!!! Lots of
equipment to tame the slave and teach
him the meaning of restraint. All letters
answered, but those with photo and
phone number get first priority. Write
to: Bondage Master 263A West 19th
St., Suite #160 New York NY 10011
(LF4730)

FIND YOUR DEAR SIR IN DEAR SIR

UNUSUAL SLAVERY OPPORTUNITY

+ live in and be cared for. You will work
in Long Island NY doing inside and
outside work. Submit photo and
resume to Box 4255

WANTED CHUNKY DADDY/ MASTER

GWM 30, 5'11", 190, stocky-build
br/bl needs love and supervision of
good-looking, macho, chunky Dad-
dy Master to 40. I'm into VA, domina-
tion, humiliation, Gr/P and assplay
loys, amy, WS, rim and group scenes.
Looking to expand horizons with
proper guidance. I'm successful, intelli-
gent professional so I'm looking for a
man who's the boss in bed but willing
to share my life out of it. Please Sir
Photo and phone number appreciated.
Box 4796

OUT OF PLACE

I know this ad seems out of place, but
I'm really into a very tight scene. I'm
looking for a patient, affectionate,
responsible top who'll take the time
need to slowly expand my limits. I'm a
big guy 36, 6'2", 220 lbs. with a shaved
head. Each time I test the water I find
someone trying to push me too far too
fast. I'm looking for a man, can lean on
and rely on someone I can let go with
and defer to after a long day of making
decisions. I hope you're out there.
Please write and send a photo if possi-
ble. Box 4709LF

SAFE, HOT BONDAGE

Healthy, hot, handsome, WM, top, 36,
5'10", 150 lbs., blond, gym body seeks
healthy WM bottom 24-35, with
smooth, slim good body into hot sex
and safe, tight bondage and discipline.
Upper nude photo, phone to Box 4689

ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH?

Hot hairy NYC jock, 39, 5'10", solid
160, into man-to-man body contact,
verbal action, between two raunchy
jock-filled studs. Also, pees, spit and
hairy pits. J/O and hot sex. Wants a
man who can take what he gives. Pho-
tos answered first. Box 4573LF

UPSTATE LEATHER MASTER/ DADDY

WM 6'2", 180 lbs., masculine Master
seeks slaves for training, possible per-
manent relationship. Must be submis-
sive & obedient. Have your own home in
country. Box 4756LF

NY/NJ CT AREA COP SCENE

WM, 45, 160, uniformed cop looking for
some with mounted or highway uni-
form into cop fantasy. J/O and more.
Reply w/photo phone will get sure
response. Uniform a must. PO Box 689
Brooklyn, NY 11202

OWN QUALITY SLAVE, MANSERVANT

Experienced, attractive husky 50, 5'9",
184 for full service. Box 4760

SLAVE/SON/LOVER

28, handsome, white male, not big on
pain, but discipline is fun. Love suck-
ing. Joe (212) 741 3282

HOT, BUTCH NYC BOTTOM

WM 43 (looks mid-thirties), 8' 190 lbs,
thick brown hair and moustache, thick
and cut 8" cock, nice nuts. Construct on
worker look. Hooked on hot sex and
hot, big dick tops who know how to
manhandle and take control from this
bulch and masculine and handsome
190 lbs strong hunk. I want to explore
hot wild and creative SAFE SEX includ-
ing wrestling, bondage, toys, verbal
abuse, fantasies, sucking, getting
fucked etc. etc. etc. I add more to
the above. Enjoy being being owned,
down, skinning, theatre, scrabble, sa-
ving, peeing, etc. etc. etc. I and
friends, am warm, loving, bright, fun-
est fun and a ways happy to be man-
sex. Send letter, photo, number and hot
photo to Box 4 76

USE THOSE MUSCLES!

You aggressive, masculine, fit, experi-
enced, level-headed 35+ (and proba-
bly clean-shaven, not very hairy. Me
38, 6' 85 lbs., needing serious phys-
ical, psychological domination as ser-
vant slave. T.S. + L.A. + T.H.
? Let's find out if I'm the one.
Box 64 Brooklyn NY 11215. No drugs,
fluids. Confidentiality assured.
All answered.

FIND DADDY IN DEAR SIR

FOR REDHEADS ONLY!

ME, GWM, 25, 6'1", 185 lbs., bearded
top uncut, healthy good-looking edu-
cated YOU! Tall husky red-head 25-
35 bearded? bottom healthy
masculine, good-looking into Italian
Latin types. Photo/phone exchange.
Discretion a must. No ferns. Box 4844

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

hope I have let enough time pass to give all the jerk-offs and time-wasters a chance to either get serious or get lost. I still seek a live-in slave I do not wish to waste time with idle jack-off fantasies. If you are serious about being a slave, then we can talk. You will be interviewed, tried and trained. You will be loved when earned, punished when deserved. But always cared for. Your pleasure will be to maintain a sound mind and body and to always try to please me. You will be disciplined as my father disciplined me, and will be a better man and slave for it. For a serious interview call Randy (704) 865-0983, or write 1729 Hudson Blvd #76 Gastonia NC 28054

BOY BOOT CAMP

effectively incorporated with marine bootcamp by former English prep school dormitory prefect. GWM 38 sharp and super physical shape inspections, physical workouts, PWS, corporal doses of paddle, strap belt and/or cane applied in a no-nonsense fashion on recruits as a Sand picture to Box 4764

DADDY MASTER WANTS SON-SLAVE

WM Daddy/Master 38 5'11" 200 stocky build, seeks son/slave for fun and games, S&M, B&D, TT shaving training & service. Photo & phone to Box 4137LF

DEAR SIR—WHERE TOPS AND BOTTOMS COME TOGETHER

DADDY MASTER WANTS SLAVE
WM Master 39 5'11", 195, brn hair & eyes seeks slave for S&M B&D TT watersports shaving training & service. Photo & phone to Box 413LF

TALL BIG WM

Tall big WM 50 new to Wayne County looking for new friends and possible permanent relationship. Box 4706LF

WHITE UNDERCOVER Sissy

Me Macho bottom, 5'1" 200 41 blue/brown, hairy but submit to shaving wear panties, tight pussy, obedient, submissive, respectful, not promiscuous, not into gay scene, biker. You Race/age unimportant, macho daddy deep voice, who knows what he wants has belt, knows how to use it when punk not respectful and submissive. Daddy knows when touching up. Squared sissy just drops panties. Muscles and tattoos a plus. If you are a normal-acting dude who likes that brown eye, but don't want to be caught walking down the street with a freak I'm your girl. Daddy please write with photo and phone. Box 4843

MASTER SEEKS 2ND SLAVE-HOUSEBOY

(2 GWM) Master and slave seek permanent houseboy slave to finish household unit. New slave must be 20-30 years old into a scenes except scat and serious injury. Limits respected but will be trained to suit Master. Must be able to relocate. (NO FATS, FATES, FEMS) Only seriously interested need to respond. Send personal information, phone, and a recent photo a must. Write answer all. To Sir, PO Box 23561 Oklahoma City OK 73123 (LF4534)

FLOGGING

This punk needs a damned good flogging. Cal Jim 405) 624-1820

NEED TRAINING/CONTROL?

Salem 6' 178# Photo/age to Box 4507

EAT MY ASS!

Working man seeks others for no strings sex. A beer, a joint & a JO buddy. Nothing up my ass bigger than a finger. Also likes jockstraps and group sex. Portland Oregon or the Northwest. Box 4455LF

OREGON LUMBERJACK

who is heroically handsome, hunky and profoundly professional (35 GWM) seeks similar sapient with no asence of skin, sensitivity, sincerity, skill nor skull (503) 223-9823

HOT, MUSCLED B&D TOP WANTED

To train handsome fit 30s novice. Take me deeper into pleasure/pain. Photo, orders to, PO Box 12671 Portland OR 97222

VERSATILE BOTTOM

needs hung dominant top. I'm into a/p Ft & Gr. Really like to suck cock and be fucked by cock, dildo or butt plug. Would like my limits expanded, but respected into bondage, enemas, WS, FF. I'm 40 5'7", 160 lbs., blue eyes, cul. Please send orders, desires and phone to Box 4580LF

MASTER/TOPMAN WANTED

WM 5'9" 185 lbs. looking for Master/Topman who is into prolonged bondage with masks, hood, straight-jack etc. Boots uniforms, watersports, whipping—you name it. No limits except no drugs or permanent markings. NY MD W VA VA DC PA Area. Box 4531LF

BASIC TRAINING

Recruits wanted for "Active Duty" by Military Drill Instructor Basic Training. In a strictly-disciplined military setting will include a thorough pre-induction physical exam, servicing spit-shined military Jump Boots and physical training. Discipline administered to recalcitrant recruits with lite SM and B&D techniques in a safe, sane and mutually satisfying session. Dis is looking for "A FEW GOOD MEN" who need to be "squared away" for the first time or who wish to re-live their BOOT CAMP experiences. Recruit candidates should request orders from MCRD-PHL, BOX 242, Penn del, Pa 19047-0848. All responses acknowledged but those with photo/phone answered first. LF4257

PITTSBURGH AND TRI-STATE AREA

Muscular top 29 6'3" 220 X-college football player is accepting applicants for a body slave. Applicants must be straight looking and acting, muscular and between the ages of 17 and 40. Will consider newcomers but you must be ready to serve a Master. If you're not sure you want to serve, don't waste my time with your application. Send your photo and application to MASTER, PO Box 55, Glenshaw PA 15116 (4484LF)

WANTED: BONDAGE MASTER

Once you get me under your control, you set the limits. 37 year old bondage slave needs natural master capable of extended heavy physical and behavior modification. Please send orders to PO Box 2091 Philadelphia, PA 19103. Am able and willing to travel to your domain. (LF4674)

DISCREET

can healthy B seeks to service verbal booted macho types. Box 2232 Pittsburgh PA 15230

CHAINMALE JOCK



Hand designed, all metal lightweight chain, molded for the sensuous fit of body-hugging liquid metal

CHAINWARE

P.O. Box 5899
Providence RI 02903

☐ JOCK, Waist Size \$85
☐ Color Brochure \$5
(Credit towards first order)

Name

Address

City/State/Zip

LISTEN HARD



HOT TALK TAPES

Get plugged into low-down dirty action with HOT TALK TAPES. Each cassette's loaded with the kind of turn-on talk that really gets you up—and off! Real live hot dudes! Steamy lockerrooms, truck stops, barracks. You're surrounded by the hottest fantasy trips ever out of the mouths of super studs caught in the act moaning low right into your ears (and by the way this trip's for buddies—duos, three-somes, and even parties shift into high gear with HOT TALK TAPES!).

Fill your ears or the entire room with the hottest hot talk available anywhere!

- **THE KID'S FIRST TIME WITH DAD Part 1** The kid's been bad but Dad knows just how to handle him! It's a horny kid's introduction.
- **THE KID'S FIRST TIME WITH DAD Part 2** Those hot ass cheeks and virgin cock are too tempting. Full of hot masculine attitude.
- **KID VS DAD—WINNER TAKES ALL** Ever wrestle with your Old Man? Ever wonder what would happen if those sessions got Dad too hot?
- **MY DADDY WAS BAD** Patience and understanding goes out the window and Daddy starts his boy's training by not sparing the rod.
- **DRUMMER DADDIES 2** Train 'em right and they'll be a pleasure forever. Both the boy and you will be the better for having been there.
- **BITES AND RAUNCH** Warning: Don't order this tape unless you're prepared to listen in on some really wild stuff! Hot male bonding.
- **HOT HUNG TRUCKER** Teamster picks up a not-so-innocent hitchhiker. When they drop to the floor of the cab, you'll find out how this tape got its name. It's real and you are there!
- **MUSCLE BUILDER ORGY** Five hot bodybuilders after a sweaty workout stripping down. They get so hot they don't give a shit who walks in.
- **DEL VERY BOY COMES AGAIN** Richie is the new driver on the route who is curious when he finds himself delivering beer to a gay bar. Hot and heavy session. Kinky as well.
- **BIKE EXHIBITIONIST** A mean, dirty muscular biker who gets talked into posing. But things get out of hand and he forces you to...
- **AL PARKER AS THE REPAIRMAN** Porn star Al Parker in his only audio tape. Al's a repairman who drops in on a guy whose wife isn't home. One of the hottest and kinkiest scenes ever recorded. 45 minutes.
- **MASTER MARIO/GREASE MONKEYS** Two sweaty garage mechanics rape a guy hanging around the men's room. Lots of axle grease and dirty talk and action.
- **MASTER MARIO/THE D.I.** Authentic military discipline as a tough Drill instructor takes charge with heavy verbal abuse and forced body worship. This D.I. is in command.

MAINE NEVER HEARD TALK

...lines in the barracks latrine. If you like your action raunchy—hot military scenes, uniforms while a hot manne squats on your face, this is for you.

□ **MASTER MARIO/THE COP** A mean police officer forces a suspect to service his body in a show of brute perverted force.

□ **COP WORSHIP** One man narrative style. Your cop fantasies come to life. Into cops? You will listen to this tape again and again.

□ **THE COMMANDER SPEAKS** I am your big brother, your daddy, your commanding officer. I am every big man you ever saw in your whole fuckin' life. Just part of the verbal abuse and humiliation the Commander is going to heap on you.

COMPOUND TAPES

□ **Tape 1/THE INTERROGATION D.I.** Brutus is a mean Master who knows how to deliver some heavy abuse, both physical and mental. Mean and loud and you know who he is talking to.

□ **Tape 2/THE TRAINING BEGINS AT THE COMPOUND** Brutus lays it on as his recruit responds willingly and unwillingly submitting to the D.I.'s heavy hand and busy belt. Breath-taking!

□ **Tape 3/PUNISHMENT & REWARD** When Brutus speaks, men listen as well you when he tells you how it is and how it is going to be. Sixty minutes of intense verbal abuse.

□ **CONSIDER THIS AD AS ONE B.G. COUPON** Cut the fucker out, check the tapes you want, enclose \$9.95 per tape plus a buck each for postage, handing if you order less than five tapes. Five or more, we pay the postage. If you wish to pay by credit card, fill out line below.

□ **VISA □ MASTERCARD** Express

No.

Signature

Name

Address

City

State _____ Zip

STALLION SOUND 640 Natoma St. SF, CA 94103

HORSE-HUNG WANTED!

WM 24 handsome, well-built, well-hung college wrestler seeks guys 30+ who are hung XXX-TRA Thick and Big Uncut Only! Heavy foreskins, tattoos, bald, hairy beer guts are an A+. Send letter and photo to Bob M. PO Box 126 Clarion, PA 16214

YOUNG STUD WANTED

in Pittsburgh area for extensive training. I am WM 6', 180 lbs., 45, uncut, competent, 100% U.S.D.A. Prime with over-equipped leather fuck room. Men only need apply. Require mind, body and then some. Can't handle it—fuck off. Box 4406LF

BM, 21, WANTS SUBMISSIVE PHILA NYC

Hot good-looking 6', 155 lbs. college student with 7 1/2" thick, cut cock seeks any age race male into tongue servicing my entire body. He does face fucks, VA, TT, spanking, humiliation, J/D and porn. I also want to learn CBT, FF, Oider and chubbies welcomed. Hairy uncut a plus, but not required. Send descriptive letter, phone and photo. My cock awaits you. Box 4826

MASOCHIST/SON

wanted by 43 yr old Harley riding leatherman into boots, ass-kicking, body-punching, ball-torture and VA. You can expect to be face-fucked while hooded and bound, have a dildo used on your throat and ass, and submit in general. Few toys needed—just boots, leather and fists. No theatrics wanted. Attitude is all-important. TLC possible for right person afterward. Prefer under 30, slim, however, all considered. Fisting a plus. Visit NYC frequently. Photo and phone a must. Box 4840LF

DUNGEON MASTER

6', 165 lbs. 48 year old master, Greek active, French passive requires obedient slave for training. S&M B/D, WS etc. Limits respected and expanded. Ass/slant masters also welcome. Send respectful letter with photo to PO Box 7463 Philadelphia, PA 19101 (LF4836)

SOUTH CAROLINA

LIVE IN SLAVE

Dominant, Italian GWM seeks to move in with qualified slave. Qualifications are: Age 25-35, Height: 5'3"-5'1", Weight Not over 10 lbs normal weight, Hair color, N/P, moustache mandatory, body hair OK, Race N/P, Education: HS grad, some college, Domestic, good cook & housekeeper, Employment, must have steady income. Ass: small buns tight, hairy less. Cock, size not important, must be cut, Sex: Greek A/P, French P, monogamy, bondage, Health: Must see physician regularly. All applicants must submit full resume with current photo and phone. All letters w/ll be answered only if rules are followed. Box 4252

COLUMBIA

GWM, 32, 5'11", 145 lbs, slim hairy 8" uncut seeks healthy masculine partner for mutual S/M exploration & satisfaction. B&D, CBT, tit-rassplay, dildos, piercing, shaving. Very versatile. Answer all. Can travel. Box 4744

HOT SON LOOKING FOR HAIRY DADDY

I am white 32 married male looking for hot stud for daddy, uncle, older brother type relationship. I am a bottom who is Greek passive, French active, love to receive tit torture, cock and ball work, watersports. Looking to enjoy these activities in a SAFE context. Really turned on by a hairy body—the more the better—but attitude more important than looks or age. If you need a hot, submissive eager to please masculine partner, contact Boxholder, PO Box 16291 Greenville, SC 29606 Com-

plete discretion expected and assured
(LF4829)

HUNG/HAIRY TOPS WANTED

Oral slave needs well-hung topmen to service. Love to be face-fucked by construction jocks, truckers, etc. Interested? Contact this 22-year-old WM 5'11" 180 lbs PO Box 6947 Columbia SC 29260

LEATHER/POLICE UNIFORMS

Austin area. WM 30 5'11" 175 hairy ex-cop seeks dominant leather/uniform topman/master. Am turned on by touch, smell, taste and feel of leather high black boots, full police uniforms and gear. Also into SM, B&D, TT, VA/humiliation and WS. Grip Frr/a. Photo, phone gets priority response. No scat, fats, fems or blacks. Box 1528LF

HOT, LONELY AND VERSATILE!

6' 180 lbs., healthy and cut WM with stocky build, medium chest hair desires slave. Master meeting and possible lasting relationship. Enjoy JD, TT (am pierced and tattooed) chains and leather jocks and other athletic gear. Willing to experiment with right person, 25-45. Younger appearance than my 50 years and could assume dad role. Photo, phone and description to Box 4454LF gets mine. Dallas area

MUSCULAR SLAVE

Healthy hot B/M 27 6'0", 180 lbs gym body needs hot master for bondage, discipline, C&B, TT, J/O. Safe sex. Sir! PO Box 541242 Houston, TX 77254-1242

DALLAS

Safe sex with a super-clean, healthy white top 1m into bondage C/B, fit torture, spankings, W/S and verbal abuse. Age 48, 5'9", 140 lbs Box 4743

BIG DALLAS NIPPLES

want to be manhandled GWM, 37 slim (8", 155 lbs.) seeks muscular or trim topman/master for C&B, TT, WS, shaving, obedience training & B/D. Healthy sex on y. No fats, crazys, or over 45. Dungeon a plus. Picture preferred but not required. Box 4722LF

SLAVE

Obsessions: blood, boots, branding, breath control, bondage, choking, confinement, control, discipline, dog training, domination, electricity, gloves, gut punching, hoods, interrogation, knives, leather, needles, piercing, piss, rimming, shaving, sweat, tattoos, torture, uniforms, violence. Interests: ash-tray, enemas, fisting, plastic, rubber, Satanism, scat, whippings, serving lovers. Pretty much anything for intelligent MASTER (713) 928-3318 (LF4792)

WM, 31, 6'10"

140 lbs seeks slave for long-term B/D leather. Levi. No fats, fems. Only serious into bondage need answer and out for total domination. Foto required for immediate reply (21-35 yrs only) PO Box 34244 Houston TX 77234

M SEEKS SLAVE STATUS

True M, 27 6' 140, seeks sadists for heavy scenes. Also hope to connect with MASTER who will ensnare me. Can withstand physical pain and abuse and want to go farther. Sir, if my pain and servitude are your pleasure, call before 10:00 (214) 526-0776

SULTRY DAYS—STEAMY NIGHTS DEAR SIR

"PRISON RAPE"

Desire to exchange jail or prison stories with others who enjoy writing about their experiences behind bars. No need to be a participant—ever watch or hear a "turn-out"? Make a "punk" out of a "fshi" Drummer Box #3853

NOVICE NEED TRAINING

Healthy novice, 38 5'7" 140 lbs, blond blue eyes, well-defined body, hairy chest, professional, well-educated and well-traveled, seeks trainer in light bondage and light S&M. Fucking and rimming a specialty plus TT and toys. Man I seek must be 30-50, masculine and hot, well-educated and possess a strong leather attitude. Respect is earned! Want to turn fantasy into reality with a real man for lasting relationship. All responses answered, those with photo first. Write C/W 2924 Kings Rd. #122 Dallas, TX 75219 (LF4835)

TEXAN MAVERICK NEEDS TAMIN'

Horny leatherman likes action hot and rough. If you're man enough and have the guts, call/write. Wanna pig out? Jake, 5710 Glenmont Apt 104 Houston, TX 77081 (713) 668-9912

SERVICE—WORSHIP

First ad anywhere. Well-built, good-looking 6', 170 lbs, br/gr hairy chest, big cock. Looking for one man in good physical condition who seriously loves to have his big cock and balls worshipped then serviced by an eager deep throat. Not relationship oriented but would like to meet one man, black or white, to service on a regular basis into long sessions of worship and deep throating. Like smoke, amyl and making you feel good in northern Virginia but willing to travel. Box 4792

MAGNIFICATION

NEED MASTER/DADDY

33-year-old GWM, young, goodlooking, 145 lbs, 5'10" seeks mature, secure Master/Daddy to train beginner/novice for possible permanent relationship. Am tired of fantasy and bars. Need Master/Daddy to respect, obey and worship who is patient and considerate of slaves' limitations but knowledgeable enough to expand them and ultimately control both my mind and body. Slave into toilet training, WS, bondage, verbal abuse and humiliation. seeks introduction to piercing. Master is honest, intelligent, healthy and financially secure. Slave will need to continue working while being trained. Thank you, Sir Box 4529LF

BOTTOM

Charleston area bottom seeks top in WV, OH, PA, VA for use and abuse into TT, C&B, VA, bondage, poppers, leather. To top this bottom write Box 3938, Charleston WV 25339

SLAVE

YOUNG MASTER WANTED

Novice slave, 30 5'7", 140 lbs., seeks young slim master 18-28, into humiliation, forced stripping, hazings and initiations. Respond with photo and phone no. if possible to Box 4794

When answering foreign ads with box numbers, remember to include the correct amount of overseas airmail postage. Current rates are 44¢ per ounce. Letters without correct postage will be destroyed.

AUSTRALIA

SHIT MASTER

Shit master (40) wants to vary his pig slave's (35) meals. Leathermen/masters interested send airmail letter with asswipe sample. Later your dirty



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underwear can be sent for photos of slave worshipping and mouth cleaning if Master will swap samples with masters with slaves to feed. Saves can also beg sample from master. All but those with photo/sample answered first Box 4 26LF

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READY TO COMMIT

Being top or bottom to momentarily satisfy one's own needs is unrewarding. This 5'9", 160 lbs. 38-year-old bottom is ready to commit himself (mind, heart, body) to the training of a heavy bull, serious, demanding but loving and protective Master. Do you exist? PO Box 872, Station H, Montreal, P.Q. H3G 2M8

ENGLAND

DAMAGE PIG

30' 6" 175 lbs., 'tashed four-mouthed pig into body damage burns, cuts, lats boots. W/S seeks buddy to explore limits. I need it bad, man! Box 4795

NETHERLANDS

TALK DIRTY

Good-looking tanned skin, hunky, young hairy butt talk dirty. How about it, you guys want to have fun? Write with photo. I'm waiting. Box 4846

WEST GERMANY

AMERICAN IN GERMANY

Ex-patriot living in Frankfurt area. 36 bond 6, 155, moustache—seeks leather/levis contacts for friendship and sex. Enjoy poppers, cockrings, chaps, lvs. IT CBT WS Moustache and hairy chest preferred. Am willing to provide short-term accommodations to American men visiting Deutschland in return for same when I visit USA. Discretion assured to European contacts. No hard drugs or chain smokers. Home video and playroom for mutual piers. J.B. Box 4411, E

WEAR A CONDOM!

LIMITLESS DIRTSCENES

wanted by experienced man 45 5'11" 160 looking for top or mutual pigs. Piss, shot, shit, puke, enemas, mud grease, o. tube, anal, bathing, a. catheters, piercing, hot wax, S.M.I., cock and ball torture, sawing. Interested in world-wide contact. Box 4682LF

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Oakland-SF masseur Fr-a.p., Gra. Phallic lovers, J/O \$60 in. Photos. phone sex Marc (415) 444-3204

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Leather Master very muscular, XXX hndsm. Tom of Finland looks, intelligent, tall, 36 S&M Discipline. Punishment. Lt to Hvy C/B & nipple work. VA, Humil., Submission, Spanking, Riding Crops, Pain/Pleasure, Daddy & more. Salesex International model \$125 min. Out only MC/Visa. FRANK (415) 861-5549. Photos/Travel info. \$10 to Frank Holt, Ste 486, PO Box 15068, SF CA 94115 (584 Castro)

BONDAGE/WHIP MASTER

S/M bear seeks experienced and/or respectful trainees for extended training sessions in restraint and sensory isolation or erotic flogging. Special interest in tit torture and C/B work. A.D.S. aware. Safe play only. South of Market playroom, unusual gear. Fantasy contracting. Arrangements can be made for long-term restraint. \$125 minimum. Detailed letter/photo to Mark, PO Box 42501 SF CA 94101 (415) 621-6294 noon to 10 P.M. SF time ONLY. For out-of-towners. S.M. training by mail

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20 studs available. We hire and travel. (813) 823-5629

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1 718-672-1010 QUICK ES!

Nam Vel 39 6, 160 located in Jackson Heights, Queens, specializing in quickie scenes & a real habit. We also answer any other requests in or out, but in is cheaper. Clifford 1 718-672 1010

MASTER DOUG BLOND UNCUT
Long hair, built, smooth, hung seeks whippers, lvs, s&ms and whip-ping boys. No money in it or phone fucks. Expensive but worth it. 1 877-8177

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Sensuous workout with strong, sensitive, athletic masseur. Drew (215) 477-2509

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The California law now reads that anyone conducting a mail order business, or offering items for sale through the mail and using a post office box or mail drop service, must reveal, in all advertising, the address at which the business is being conducted. To advertisers, this address must be included in all ad copy. In California, the address is: P.O. Box 9999, San Francisco, CA 94119. In other states, the address is: P.O. Box 9999, San Francisco, CA 94119. In other states, the address is: P.O. Box 9999, San Francisco, CA 94119.

FLIGHT FANTASY ART

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Fun, Funky Enema Equipment for practical cleanliness, pleasure or discipline. Other Ass-oriented toys also. Call on \$2. Art Hamilton, 315 West 4th Street, New York, NY 10014

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For information on Hun Art, send a stamped self-addressed envelope and a statement that you are over 21 years of age to: The Hun, PO Box 11308, Portland, OR 97211

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Hairy men/hairfians ad list. Intopixpak \$2.00. MAN-HAIR, 59 West 10th, NYC 10011

60-PLUS CLUB

Leather/rubber/SM guys over 60 seeking men their own age to share digs, life, sports, hobbies, sensual, by motor-cycle rides & events. A non-profit correspondence club with nationwide members. Mate up with your raunchy counterpart or find a master or slave. Send long SASE to Box 103, 606 W. Barry Chicago IL 60657. Monthly lists

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A/L/L fraternity for the serious minded. Want to meet other L/L brothers and get involved in our AIDS fundraising benefits. Write now for membership info. Founders of the Leather Daddy's and Daddy's Boy contests in S.F. & the Mr. Leather NY contest. Box 410 132 West 24th St. NYC 10011

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Men who know what they want—Master, Sarge, Black Disciplinarian, Cop—find them in CHIRON PAGES, the Manhunt Magazine of CHIRON the Club. For info—Kit and Membership Credit, send \$3 to CHIRON Box 416F, New York, NY 10014 (Not to 350 Biecker)

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Newsletter/listings for men who have em and men who want em. Info mail to SASE to BC, PO Box 1501, Pomona CA 91769

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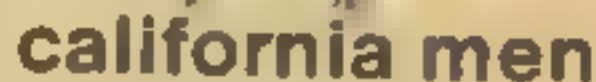
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Hot WM Daddy Ma ex 4' 58 85
strong build, seeks hot, young Daddy's
Love & sex id. 100% S.M. 11
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PREPUCE WORSHIPPER

Partly-cut worshipper of cheese and mankind. Looking for all colors, angles, sizes and shapes of true men for stretching, sucking, etc. interludes. Creative safe sex! Sweetbreasts kneaded, you shave or crop my pubes and built? 310 Franklin St #324 Boston MA 02110

STREET FEET

This hot stud is into a natural, masculine barefoot lifestyle and attitude and goes barefoot everywhere, always. Would like to meet other hot, masculine barefoot studs, young punks, and street dudes, who are the same with tough, calloused feet that are always filthy dirty— for barefoot outings, correspondence, and hot, man-to-man action. Love going barefoot on dirty city streets, in stores, bars, gyms, etc. Also barefoot and barechested in old jeans or cutoffs. If this lifestyle is you, then contact this very hot, goodlooking, naturally masculine BB who is W 5'10" 172 lbs of muscle straight in looks and attitude, uninhibited, and hung like a horse. Your barefoot photo, let's mine. The dirtier they are the better. The bold, the tough, the daring the few. B.F. 16 Sandy Hollow Rd., Northport, NY 11768 (LF4872)

FOOD SLAVE NEEDS TO BE FED
WM, 210, 6' masculine looking for masochist WM into fattening me up. Force feeding, making my gut hurt. Photo if possible. PO Box 1838 Madison Square Station NY NY 10159

OBEYDIENT MAN WANTED

by mid-30s 5'10", 160 lbs hairy bearded physician. You must be willing to serve and be between 21 and 45. Will train or relocate if necessary. Box 4671

DEPRIVED Fucker

Wild hairy fuck-tortured dude offers his steel-collared balls and hungry ass to mean, experienced studs who are man enough and know how to torture-work ass. Deprived fucker turns on to leather S.M. all scenes especially a.s.w. work. Eager cocksucking asshole gives full-service, worshipful begging, and needs to get its balls in the hand of a stud who will whipass him into a fucking obedient dog. Sucker is white healthy 155 hot bod black hair on chest belly ass. Best ass in So Cal. 40, 7 1/2" c.u. looking for regular torture action workouts with uninhibited men who turn on using working on a hot fuckhole. Not lover or live-in position. Age looks, not important, experience action only. No games or heavy drugs. Ready to put my balls in your hands if you're man enough. Fucker Box 4827LF

TOILET TRAINING NEEDED

from strict Daddy 25-50 into safe WS VA medium SM Boy is 28, 5'6" 140 Send photo, phone teach me, Daddy Box 4852

SLAVE MODEL, NO. GEORGIA

Master WM 40s, heavy build demands a slave. WM 20s, who is well-built very affectionate, humble, obedient ready for full-time, permanent chained service as boot boy body slave field hand, model, over. This position is not for the half-hearted or insincere. No drugs, FF, scat, damage. A photo is required with resume to Drummer Box 4855

FLORIDA

2 uncut leathermen, good-looking 8-9 inches need constant attention to please large skin overhangs. Seek guys 35-50 who can enjoy this special meat. Photo and phone to Occupant 4806 Palmetto Pl. Dr., Bay Colony Palm Beach FL 33561

HANDSOME UNCUT LOVER

seeks same under 40 for relationship. Am 6'2" 170 blue eyes hairy chest and armpits. Anything goes. Professional PO Box 1078 Ft. Lauderdale FL 33334

DADDY TRUCKER, 43, SEEKS SON
Live and work for Dad. Must take order and domination well. Young and slim (6'19) 723-8481 Call Fri thru Sun Box 4470

NO FANTASY

Trim W M slaves wanted S&M discipline, torture, rough sex, ownership. Box 5233, San Francisco, CA 94101-5233

TRUCKERS BIKERS PIGS

LEATHERMEN

Boston Montreal via White River Jct Vermont. Two pigs invite you to stay on your way through. (802) 296-7179

HOT HUNG STUD

Seek big-dicked Daddy needing a hot ass to ram. I'm a 25-yr-old cut stud in Western KY that digs leather, slings, dildoes, poppers, cockrings, and ball stretchers. Experienced in both top and bottom and prefer bottom. If you dig a son, 6', 170 lbs, muscular and well-hung who will service your big cock, then send photo and letter to BJ, UPO 862 Morehead KY 40351 (LF4854)

BLACK FREAK (SM)

35, into big-built S&M brothers. Also black cops. Discreet FF WS hot wax, mind concentration, tit play. Box 4870

NAZI UNIFORM

Nazi uniformed white power types wanted by WM leather dude, 35 PO Box 15530, SE Sta Washington, DC 20008

DEAR SANTA SIR!

Help me find Daddy Master Friend? He's a hot gay man, attractive, intelligent, centered, tough, considerate, loves "kink," and being affectionate. He'll be proud—I've learned living is sharing giving creates joy. I'm 35, 6'3" br/bl, good-looking, well-defined eager for more training, with hot tits & a hole that is hun-n-gry. If you will help me find him, I'll always thank you. I'm cumming west in December—please direct me. Sir! Jorel (813) 988-2224 before 10 P.M.

A NEW ENTRANT

on the way to superior Masterhood is where I place myself. After prolonged thought, introspection and exploration on the edge, the time has arrived to "test pilot" the primary mission. Sexual evolution progressed me through the experiences of whoring, pissing, communicating, and understanding and rendered me proficient in each. The art of Mastering is the final and the most complex of these evolutionary effects. The development, skill, and precision of practice in what I consider an art form is the objective, an objective I intend to attain. Those capable of comprehending my headspace and interested in sharing the experience of their personal uniqueness with me on this journey are invited to contact me. My stats for the record: 38, white, handsome trim, masculine introverted.

44

ATLANTA

WM 35 6' 165 lbs, athletic and masculine seeks trim or hard-bodied top WM whose dick needs deep oral service. Bondage okay. MSI, Box 8375, Atlanta, GA 30306

LOOKING FOR

Craig of Ft. Wayne and T.W. of KY. Please contact Dennis at PO Box 122 Terre Haute IN 47808

LOOKING FOR TOP MASTER

Bottom 6' 185 dark bearded, muscular handsome hairy 40s, pierced, tattooed big nipples, hands, thick cut? Into everything especially FF, CBT/T, WS, belts, feet, no scat. Would-be slave for right man. Can relocate. You Top, over 6' 175, 110 boot 7' bearded long fat, uncut dick heavy cow hangers, muscular handsome big nipples, feet, not bald 30s-40s, into FF, man smells taking charge. Exchange photos, intelligent letters. First ad Box 4859

RAUNCHY SLEAZE

I am thirty-one, white, 170 lbs, 5'8 1/2", brown hair and eyes. I'm into raunchy sleazy kinky sex. Not into scat, heavy pain. I'm a dedicated leatherman that needs a dominate aggressive Daddy/Big Brother to train me, use/abuse me, discipline me like I know I need to be. I am ready to submit to a Daddy B-g Brother who is not modest, is into dirty talk and verbal abuse, is not afraid to strip me, collar me, finger-fuck me, use me at anytime and much more. If you are mature over thirty-five and want a boy that's real then please send detailed letter about yourself what you want to do to me along with a hot, revealing photo if possible. All answered. Box 4858LF

ODDSEX

Pumpers, slappers, feet, panties, shaves, fifties, porn stars, tit whores, furlists, midgits, show-offs, retards, dogbrans, skinheads, gravelers, fat-too perverts, animal eaters, painsops, vidiots. Meat hairy hung tall scenemaster. No fluids, No reply without photo. PO Box 20052, New York, NY 10129

DRUMMER DAD

GWM 6'4", 220 40 moustache, would like to learn leather life from experienced Daddy. Box 4813

NAKED SLAVE HOUSEBOY

Slm boyish Asian male 5'5" 130 ready to submit body and mind to hunky white Master for total servitude and obedience. This slave body is available to be shaved and shackled for SM, BD, WS, TT, sexual duties, punishment, domestic chores. Slave is serious, good worker, will satisfy right Master on full-time live-in basis and over indefinite period. Relocation possible. Sir! Save awaits on knees the Master's commands by mail with address, phone and photo, Sir! Box 4849LF

SADIST DAD SEEKS SADIST SON

6'1" 210 lb bear-dad with a mean streak into ropes cuffs bondage, verbal humiliation, tit restraint, leather, Levis, back ripped T-shirts, mirrored sunglasses, fantasy mind expanding trips. I'm in late 40s, bearded, good-looking—solid but no BB. Looking for strictly safe/sane/heath-conscious absolutely NO BODY FLUID EXCHANGE man who needs domination and safe non-harming torture-bondage-control with absolute trust and no drugs, no fucking, no scat, no FF, no dildoes. JUST submission/control mutual 10 sex. I am seeking monogamous guy who has been abstaining from everything since the AIDS crisis began as I have. Son or peer must be in top shape—slim or BB or swimmer type (25-38). Highly intelligent and motivated and either employed or solid financially. No hustlers or trash or guys who rule their lives by cock size or who will chance their health for the sake of a orgasm. Prefer established one-on-one permanent relationship and when the fantasies take a break, honest, trusting, and playful. I can take over! Hook hot with top's gear and am 90% top dom but want son to take back and get off on punishing his dad for past and future abuse. Son will have to accept losing and giving in to all Dad's demands. Son will retain self-worth but devote himself to satisfying his Dad's needs above all. Prefer highly-educated, super-intelligent, masculine guy. Lots of hugging and caring. Tenderness will be your reward. Send full details of what you want and need and photo for immediate reply. Box 4718LF

OPERA & TORTURE/LONG TERM

Sem-muscular aggressive, vg stud 37, 150, 7", into 4-hr torture (both S&M) and essential monogamy. Seeks similiar male into same, opera and sailing achievement. Write Curt today with foto. Box 4875

SLIM BLACK MASTER

st ill seeks aavedog for training, into total domination of puppy or mature hound. PO Box 122, Terre Haute, IN 47808.

BONDAGE BOTTOM

Nov 28 35 5'6" 140 lbs., seeks mature, sensitive top(s) with fertile imagination for mutual pleasure. I like getting spanked, C/B, armpits, jockstraps, dildoes, shaving, Levis and leather. Can travel Pacific Northwest weekends. Safe sex only! Box 4856

INTO LEATHER?

Me too. Also into Levis boots, bid pick-ups, fog cabins, hiking, camping and romantic moonlit nights. Relationship oriented GWM 27 6' 175 healthy and trim, seeks warm, sincere and compatible mate. It's time to find someone special and settle down. Terry Lee R. snor 96178 Spruce #2, Angola, Louisiana 70712 P.S. Relocation no problem.

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89⁹⁵

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In fine soft leather with black elastic. Pouch holds everything you've got snugly and comfortably. A great favorite with bodybuilders and leathermen alike. State small, medium, large, or extra large

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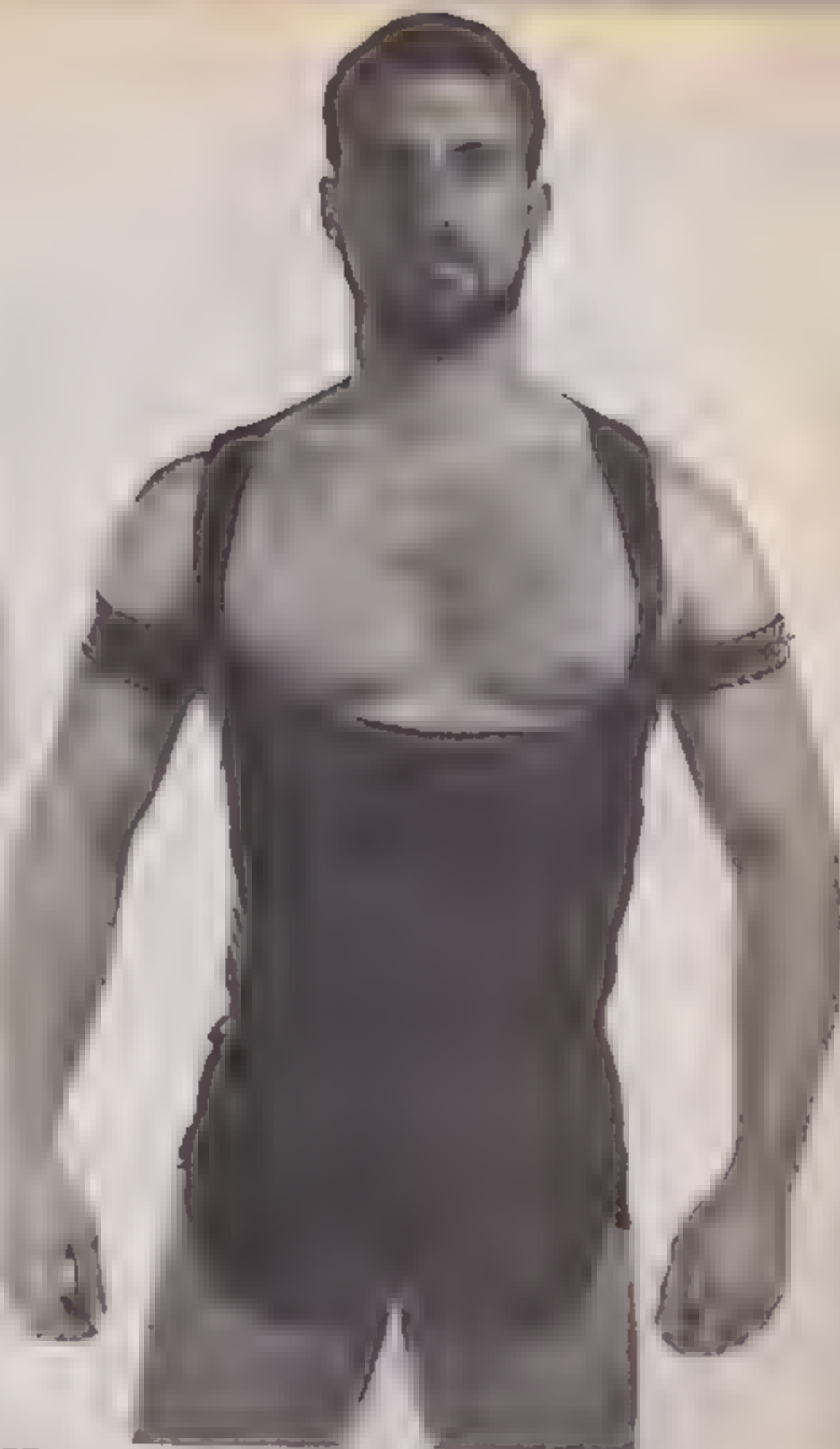
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Flat Diamond Belt	34.95
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Pyramid Belt	34.95
C Round Rivet Wrist Band	14.95
Round Rivet Belt	34.95
D Cone Wrist Band	14.95
Cone Belt	34.95
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Order by 1/2" sizes, 6" to 8" lengths for wrist Belts, order by waist size (belts adjustable one size in either direction)

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Of top grade leather. Completely adjustable with cockring. Wear it around the house with a buttplug while you do your chores. A great favorite at a modest price

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Created and executed by Charley himself. Arm bands are of double soft leather, studded or unstudded. Snap on easily to accentuate the bicep. Indicate small, medium or large. Unstudded
Studded

12⁹⁵ / 16⁹⁵

WRAP AROUND TRUNKS

Soft glove leather. Snap snugly around you to make the most comfortable leather shorts you have ever put on. Charley's modest price...

49⁹⁵

LOW CUT LEATHER TANK TOP

Show off those tits in front and your lats in back. Long tail to keep it from bunching up. They'll love you

39⁹⁵



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SOURCE
IS GUARANTEED

SOURCE

CIRE'

has a lot going for it. It isn't leather and that's the blessing. Water won't hurt it, in fact it is incredibly easy to keep clean. We've used it to create some great under or over garments you'll love (or someone you love will). First there's our Cire' T-shirt that fits like your or his second skin. Tapered and form-fitting with abbreviated sleeves. Beautifully made in s/m/l/xl.

21⁹⁵

BRIEFS

Zipper In Cire' to package you like you have never been packaged. Just enough to keep you decent in front and back but present enough flesh for sunbathing or anything else. The zipper makes a nice touch. State s/m/l/xl.

12⁹⁵

TANK TOP

The of Cire shows off your shoulders and pecs like the very best in tank tops but this is black Cire' and you've never looked better. Wear it under or wear it only. It is hot in a cool sort of way. s/m/l/xl

21⁹⁵

TRUNKS

Black Cire that are low cut and revealing enough to make a big package of what they contain. Elastic top and a tailored fit. You will love them. So will he. s/m/l/xl

14⁹⁵



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DRUMMER T-SHIRT 995
 Our usual fine quality 50% cotton black T-shirt comes with the famous Drummer logo silkscreened in white to let everyone know just what kind of man you are. Small, medium, large.

DADDY 995
 Drummer creates the Daddy and Daddy's Boy characters in its popular magazines. Now you can let your potential Daddy know you're in firm hand and a firmer attitude. White on 50% black cotton. Small, medium, large.

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 Attitude? Advertise with our 50% cotton black T-shirt that says "Daddy's Boy" who are not you are! Small, medium or large.

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The novel that has led rather than across the country when it was first serialized in a former review by the author with an epilogue from Mr. Benson's first C led by the time as he was the Top Ten SM Novel ever with

Mr. Benson's first C led by the time as he was the Top Ten SM Novel ever with



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A major novel of military discipline and institutional SM with Jerry in Dungeon Master's role one of the best erotic novels of discipline and institutional sublimation ever read. This book is

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HE AIN'T HEAVY, HE'S MY LOVER

Had enough of whips, chains and heavy duty SM. You won't escape them here, but you'll seduce them with a decidedly humorous wit along with Carlo Carlucci's comic glowing humor. Look at every other means artistic aspect of gay life from the pangs of coming out to a Thurbesque cartoon series. What're cl SM. Between the Matrix and the Sisses that 2.39 and will have you in stitches.

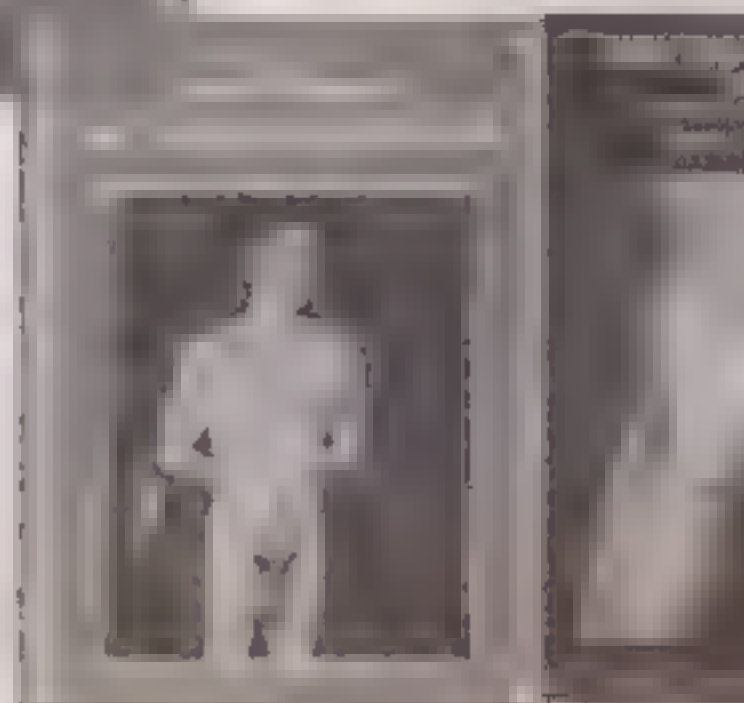
Many cartoon books have come and gone but this one has one's own special place. A most hilarious and fun book. It's the Baltimore Gay scene. It's a shape you would not be found in. It's a book that says the kind of book you've read over and over, getting a fresh check-up on your life. And the same as the first book, the new of Books declares that Carlo Carlucci "has the talent of Thurber" your imagination.

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KISS OF LEATHER
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SOURCE

The Zeus Collection's **SADO ISLAND** **12⁵⁰** Illustrated by Matt

Beyond *Road Warrior* and *Chrome* lies a new dimension in sophisticated science fiction SM. Welcome to Sado Island, stronghold of the notorious Baron Heinrich von Sado and his menacing muscular/metallic hench-men.

Zeus commissioned New Orleans artist Matt to take this quantum leap into the illustrated future of SM adventure, where its 2138 and hell on earth is a place called Sado Island. Two musclebound heroes fight a police society that forbids their "deviate" love—then take on the sadistic battlechief of world terrorism Heinrich Von Sado. Sado Island catapults your fantasies into the future and penetrates the darkest recesses of your imagination.



SLAVES OF THE EMPIRE **9⁹⁵**

by Aaron Travis
Illustrated by Cavelo

Hot off the press—the long-awaited paperback edition of Aaron Travis SM Roman epic, with twelve richly detailed illustrations by the master of erotic fantasy art Cavelo.

Set against the barbaric splendor of ancient Rome at the height of its empire, *Slaves* seduces the reader into a steamy world of flesh and steel where a famed gladiator must ultimately choose

between his own brutal nature and his love for a pair of twin-princes while a sadistic senator plots to enslave them all.

John Preston calls *Slaves of the Empire* "a wonderful mythic tale," and Phil Andros has called it "taut, tense, and absorbing."

"With hardly a pause," says the *Bay Area Reporter*, "Aaron Travis torments us from sex scene to sex scene, each building higher than the one before, all satisfying, original and leading surely to the hair-raising last chapter. . . I got bruises just from reading."

Lavish, unusual and compelling, *Slaves of the Empire* is a novel you'll read more than once. But it's that it's an ensemble story and after the first lingering fantasies are over, it's

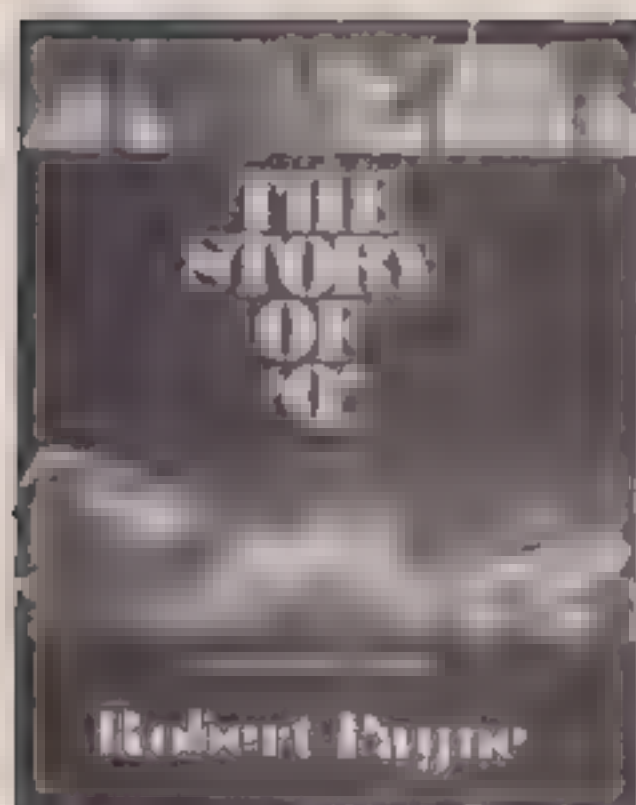


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TREASURIES OF SM

A SLAVE'S GAMBIT
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End of the line for this one. Fred Halsted's movie in still form. A rare collector's item.



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A photo essay of two BIG blacks working over a blond surfer. Big meat, and lots of action. Inspired by the "Down Boy" story of reverse slavery.



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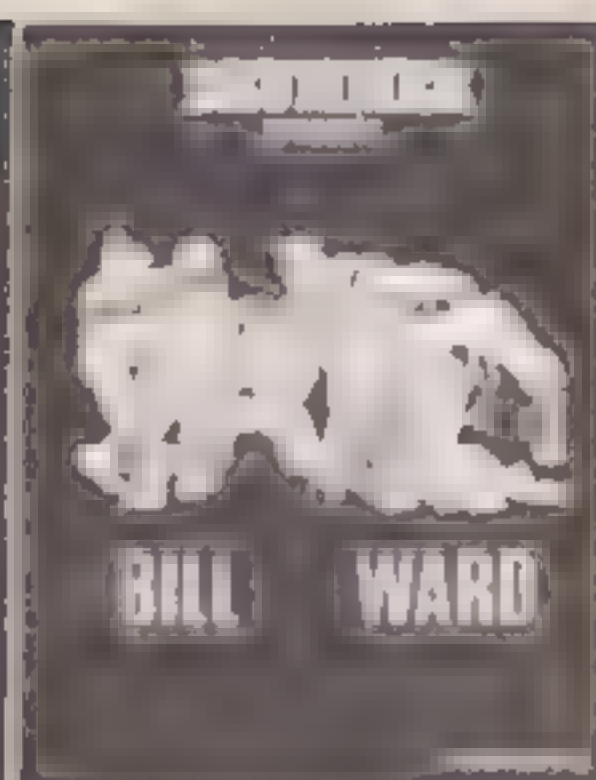
A bottom finds a Master and happiness in a dirty film booth South of Market. Photographed on actual location and stars Ed Wiley and Scott (Biggest Dick in San Francisco).



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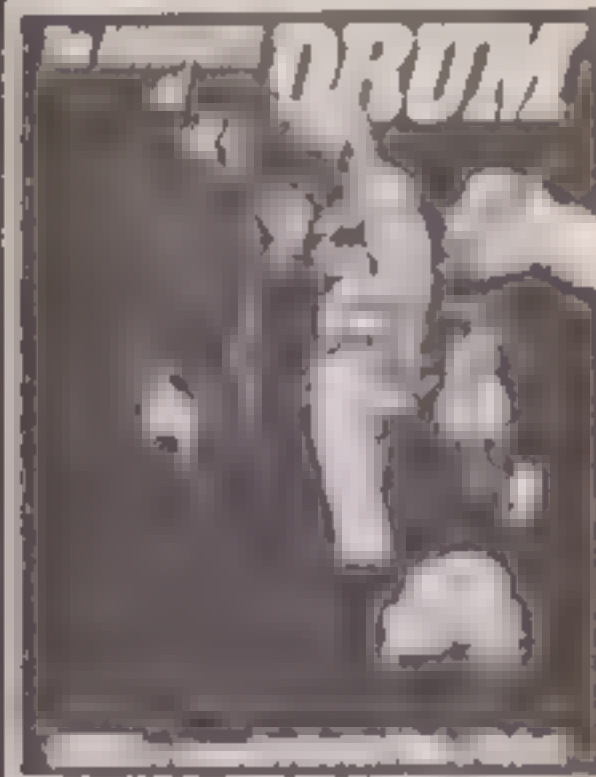
CHAIN REACTIONS

Video collection of stills from Marathon Films new theatre film.



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The first of the Drum books along with some wonderful extras by the great B.I. Ward.



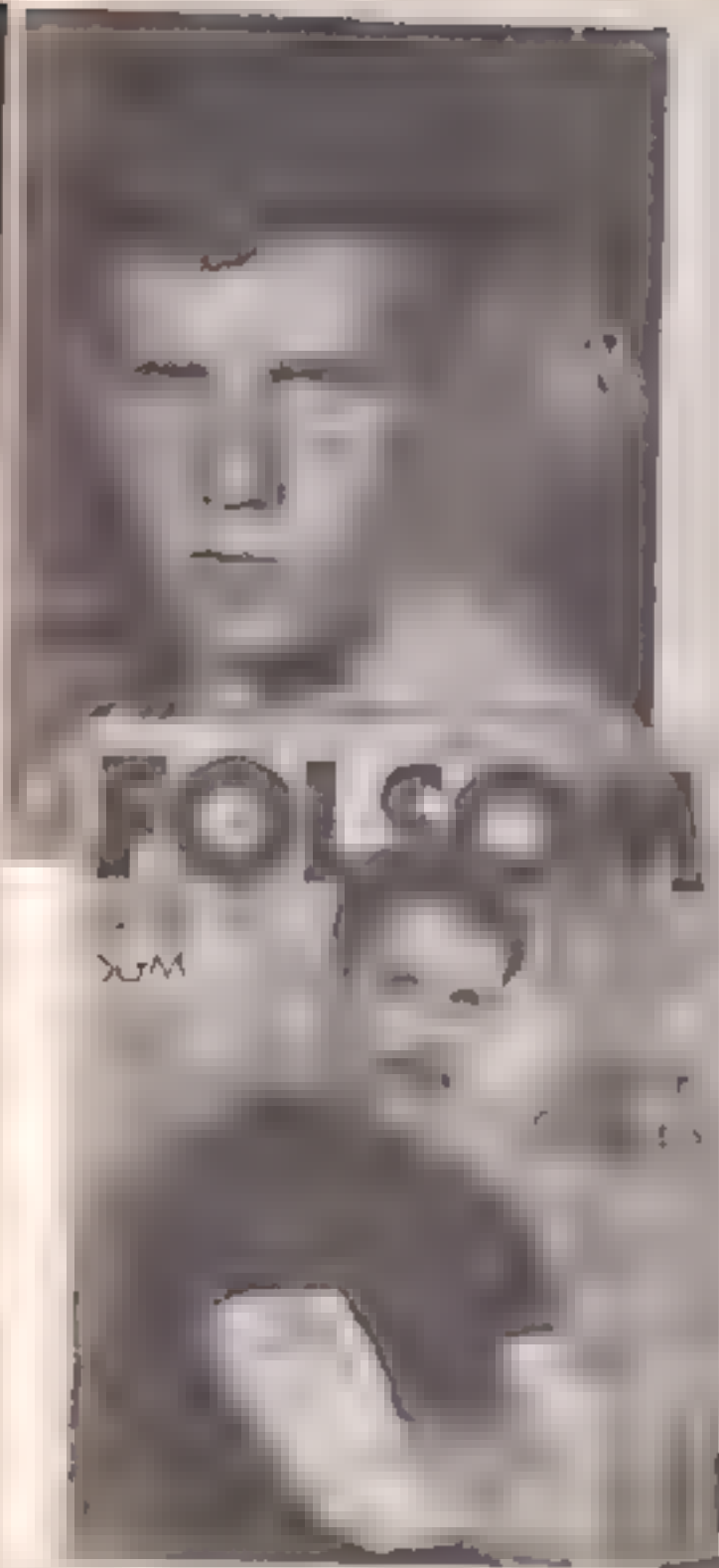
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The second book filled with leather action. Beautifully illustrated.



SLAVES
FOR
SALE
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Movie still collection to accompany the best-selling "Slaves for Sale" with three Mr. Drummers and a cast of eight.



FOLSOM MAGAZINE
We bought out the remainder of this magazine and have only the two issues above available. As for issue two ("Leatherneck") and issue three ("ABC's of S&M") Available at **3.95**



VAL BREAKS IN A HOUSE SLAVE
Val Martin actually breaks in a couple of them as only he can. Hot situations with considerable pointers by the old master. One of our favorites. It was a day to remember

7.95



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Drummer's hottest selling specials
Take your choice of issues One Two or Three. Cover prices \$6
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Western motif along with outrageous fiction and photos Not many

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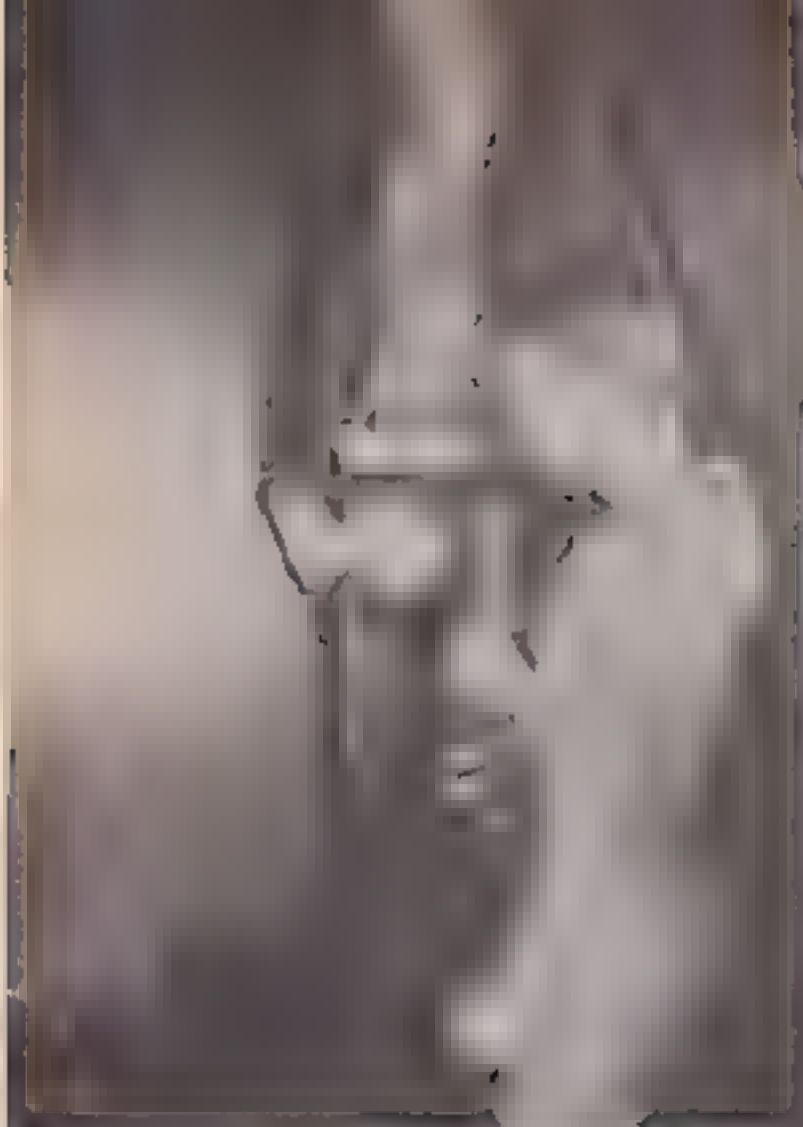
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DRUMMER MARCHES ON!

The oversize Military issue with an awful lot going for it

5.95



BLACK ON RED

You saw the photo article in *Drummer*—now see the tape! Brick Samson, a master of enema techniques, and Chris Burns, shaved hairless and ready to be filled, star in what may be the definitive video exploration of the erotic enema. The heavy action also includes dildoes, licking, catheters, piercing, shaving, and more in this epic of a leathercock Master and his hungry slave. From the producers of "Enema Night/Enema Slave."

Drummer says: "Chris Burns is dynamite as a young bottom enslaved by the only Master, and the only man, able to satisfy his deepest need."

79⁹⁵

SOURCE

SEND \$3
FOR OUR
HOT NEW
CATALOG

CHAIN REACTIONS

From the men who gave you the classic *Born to Raise Hell* comes a look inside a leather bar where nothing gets held back, including the confessions of horny leathermen eager to share their latest exploits with each other—and the camera. Chains, rope, motorcycles, bondage, slings, clothespins and enemas are a few of the festivities that inhabit their dreams-come-true. The cast alone makes this one a must for men in the leather scene—Ryder Hanson (Mr. Southern California *Drummer* 1985) in his first film role, beely Ken Bergquist (Mr. Southeast *Drummer* 1984), along with Daniel Holt, Dwan Lee Price, and Lee Stern.

69⁹⁵



ENEMA NIGHT/ ENEMA SLAVE

From the makers of "Black on Red," two previous erotic shorts featuring leather, asshole shaving, and multiple enemas (There's also some nipple-twisting, ball-crushing, and well-directed ass-slapping—but it's the water spout that steals the show) "Enema Slave" features a young man who takes an enema bent over a motorcycle before ending up in his captor's sling for more of the same. "Enema Night" goes even further with two leathermen administering a deep plunge to a hapless slave bound to a rack—and some interesting role-reversal. A must for the video collector and the enema connoisseur!

64⁹⁵



FANTASIZE



Fantasize

New and hot! When handsome Nick Jerrett drops into Los Angeles' famed Pleasure Chest to check out the goods, and few other horny shoppers check out his goods—and an erotic shopping spree turns into a wild series of fantasy sexcapades! Also starring hunky Mark Rebel. The leather fantasy sequence with a harnessed, hooded Master and his slave in spiked collar, is a must!

79⁹⁵

FALCON HEAD



The original hardcore cult classic—Michael Zen's stylish uncanny tale of sex and desire with a supernatural edge. Pass through the magic mirror and encounter the menacing mysterious Falconhead. Plus the award-winning short "Tattoo"—a shocking study of penetration.

79⁹⁵

Born To Raise Me is a seventy-minute hard on. At least that is what I had the night they screened it for me. It is a classic in Leather SM movie-making.

—Robert Payne
DRUMMER

VHS/BETA
79⁹⁵

Now, see for yourself the film that made a star of Val Martin. Originally in four parts, this videotape is the complete theatrical film and includes The Bar Scene, The Shaving Scene, The Dungeon Scene and the Cope Revenge Scene. No collection is complete without it and we are extremely happy to be able to offer it for home viewing. Running time 70 minutes.

NIGHT OF SUBMISSION



VHS/BETA

This is about the first big production of leathersex and showed a dungeon that was the talk of the leatherworld for years. It still holds up well and this is a print from brand-new theatre film. Drummer featured it in a very early issue and even published a picture book (now unavailable).

Running time is sixty, hard exciting minutes and the price is modest.

39⁹⁵

SLAVES FOR SALE

SLAVERY WAS ABOLISHED IN 1863 BUT NOBODY BOTHERED TO TELL HIM

Meet the man who is dedicated to carrying on that age old tradition. He gathers them up one way or another—hunky men from all walks of life—and brings them to The Compound.

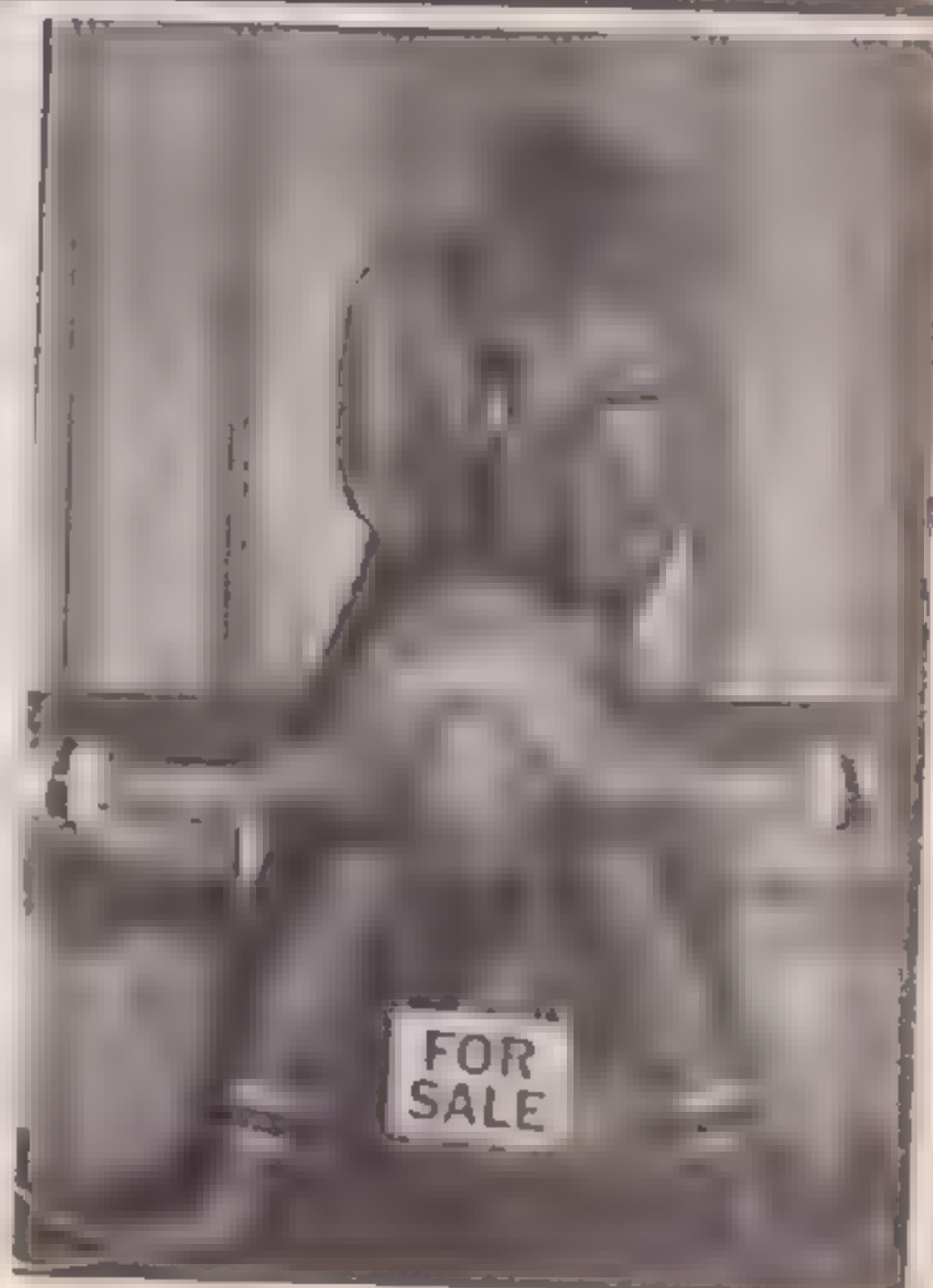
They are stripped, shaved, branded...or worse.

They are brutally trained, shackled, abused, then offered to the highest bidder. *There is no escape...*

It was done a hundred years ago and it is being brought back in this Robert Payne fantasy, **Slaves for Sale**, that will hold your attention from the first gripping moment to the last explosive orgasm.

In two parts, each tape runs one hour. Starring Ken Bergquist as the Dungeon Master, and a cast of extraordinarily hot, hung, hunky captives that includes Mr. Drummer '84, Mr. Rocky Mountain Drummer '84, and the winner of the Biggest Dick in San Francisco contest. Plus many, many more exciting newcomers to the video screen.

59⁹⁵
EACH



HOT TALK TAPES

MAN
TO
MAN
TALK

THE DADDY TAPES

PART 1

THE KID'S FIRST TIME WITH DAD

The kid's been bad (chicks and drugs) but Dad knows just how to handle him. Dad shows his son who's boss and gives him the punishment he deserves. It's a horny kid's introduction into the male world of cocksucking, armpits, piss, and most of all, hot masculine attitude.

PART 2

THE KID'S FIRST TIME WITH DAD

Dad's been waiting for the right opportunity to corrupt his oversexed boy and tonight's the night. He knows he shouldn't do it, but those hot ass cheeks and adolescent cock are too tempting.

KID vs DAD—

WINNER TAKE ALL

Ever wrestle with your Old Man? Ever wonder what would happen if those sessions got Dad hot—too hot—and he overpowered you? Ever wonder about all the different things he could force you to do to that sweaty body of his before he pins you on your stomach and forces that horse-dick of his up your ass? It's all on this tape.

MY DADDY WAS BAD

The kid comes home to find his dad asleep after a hard day's work. He could stand there forever at the foot of the bed, rubbing his crotch and watching his Dad's hairy chest, meaty thighs, and swollen dick. But when Dad wakes up, matters come to a head and the kid gets taken on a wild sex trip that culminates in a super-hot scene.

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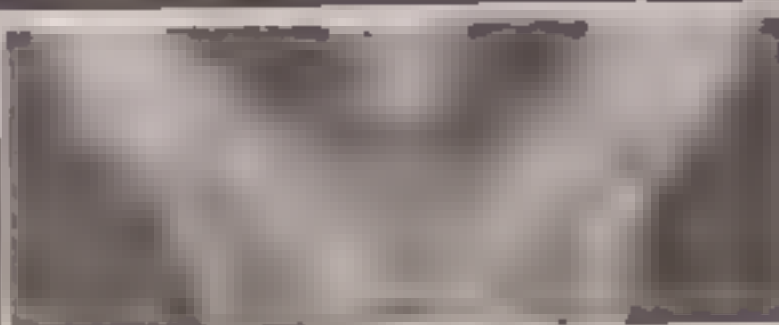
995

YOUR CHOICE



rites and Raunch

There was definitely something evil about the guy, maybe that's why I went home with him. But nothing prepared me for what was to come. I admit the things he lead me into were pretty sick, but he was so sure of himself, so masculine—well, I did them. Warning: Don't order this tape unless you're prepared to listen in on some really perverted stuff—devil worship, toilet sex in a filthy bathroom, M le-bonding at it's most extreme.



MUSCLE BUILDER ORGY

Five hot bodybuilders offer a sweaty workout...stripping down to sweat-drenched jock straps...eyeing each other...their hands reaching out to feel the r buddy's bicep, brushing against these solid, hard pecs...and down, down still further 'till they get so hot they don't give a shit who walks in. If you get off on pumped-up muscle, hot man-to-man action, STEAMY LOCKERROOM SEX WITH NO HOLDS BARRED, then this tape is for you.

DELIVERY BOY COMES AGAIN

Richie is the new driver on the route. He's a hot straight Italian guy who seems a little "cunous" when he finds himself delivering beer and soda to a gay bar. The bartender jumps at the opportunity, soon he convinces Richie to pull out his dick and show it off. "I gotta piss," Richie announces so the bartender hands him an empty beer can. A hot session follows that gets into heavy cocksucking, lots of dirty talk, more piss games, and kinky exhibitionism.

BIKE EXHIBITIONIST

Imagine, it's a steamy afternoon at the local truck stop and you see a biker who looks too good to be true—mean, dirty, muscular—leaning against his big black Harley. You ask if he's interested in getting some pictures of his bike. But back in your garage, his massive chest, his big hairy ass, piss streaming out of that dick. It turns out he's quite an exhibitionist. But things get out of hand when he forces you to do more than take pictures. In a short time you know that stinking body better than your Polaroid does.

HOT TALK TAPES

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HOT HUNG TRUCKER

Teamster Bob picks up a not-so-innocent hitchhiker at a truckstop in the California desert. Bob has a kink in his neck...Jake the hitchhiker suggests a massage. Bob's leather jacket is the first thing to come off—then his dirty greasy jeans. When they drop to the floor of the cab, you'll find out why this tape is called HOT HUNG TRUCKER. Jake knows just what to do to service that big rig. And you'll feel like you're right there to help him out.

AL PARKER AS "THE REPAIRMAN"



AL PARKER
AS THE
REPAIRMAN

Porn star Al Parker in his only audio tape. Al's an air conditioner repairman who drops in on a guy whose wife isn't home. Who could resist Al's enormous cock? Sucking that mammoth piece of meat isn't enough and pretty soon the guy's begging for it up his ass. He gets it too—plus Al's giant balls at the same time, in one of the hottest kinkest scenes ever recorded. 45 minutes.



GREASE MONKEYS STARRING MASTER MARIO

Two sweaty garage mechanics rape a guy they find hanging around the men's room. He puts up a fight, at first, anyway. Lots of axel grease, cocksucking, filthy talk.

THE D.I. STARRING MASTER MARIO

Authentic military discipline as a tough Drill Instructor takes advantage of a couple of guys in the brig. Packed with heavy verbal abuse and forced body worship as the D.I. proves who's in command.

MARINES OVERHEARD

Two hot and very horny young Marines meet in the barracks latrine. Richie has to take a piss...and Mike takes things from there. If you're a real pig...if you like your action raunchy—hot military scenes, uniforms, the feel of a cold tile floor against your naked back while a hot Marine squats on your face—then we think you might be interested in MARINES OVERHEARD.

THE COP STARRING MASTER MARIO

A mean police officer forces a suspect to service his body in a show of brute perverted force. Carnaxed by a raunchy bathroom scene and the victim cleaning out the cop's dirty ass.

COP WORSHIP

We've never offered a strictly one-man narrative tape before, but this one is so good we decided to make an exception. It's one guy's cop fantasies, his true-life obsessions, his dreams of what might happen if that super-hot cop he's had his eye on for months should bust him, force him to his knees to suck not only his cock but his partner's too, as the two cops stare at each other in the eye. All the guy's pent-up desires come out slurping cop cum out of rubbers, swallowing gallons of cop piss, wallowing under dominant cop attitude. If you're into cops you'll listen to this tape again and again.



DADDY BREAKS IN A NEW BOY

Patience and understanding goes out the window and Daddy starts training his boy with the tried and true adage, "spare the rod and spoil the boy." It is heavy duty training in an actual session. Both the boy and you will be better for having been there.



THE COMMANDER SPEAKS

"I am your big brother, your daddy, your commanding officer. I am every big man you ever saw in your whole fuckin' life and started beating off about...your tongue is going to be my shower...your mouth is going to be my toilet...you're going to make me feel like the biggest man in the world just 'cause you got a throat. Get your teeth down there on that zipper...get down. That's it—get your face in there. Smell what a man is like between his legs." This is just the start of the verbal abuse and humiliation the Commander is going to heap on you.



TAPE 1 THE INTERROGATION

This tape is featured on the cover of *Drummer Magazine*. Model Brutus is a mean Master who knows how to deliver some heavy abuse, both physical and mental. On side one he talks directly to you, forcing you to suck his big cock and worship that incredible Master body. On side two we hear an authentic session where he works over a slave. Plenty of humiliation, and heavy, heavy abuse.

TAPE 2 THE TRAINING BEGINS

Brutus lays it on as his recruit responds willingly and unwillingly to the abuse and humiliation of his training. Not even allowed to beg, he submits to the D.I.'s heavy hand and busy belt. *Breathtaking*.

TAPE 3 PUNISHMENT & REWARD

When Brutus speaks, men listen as will you when he tells you how it is and how it's going to be. Whether the punishment is its own reward or the reward is merely more punishment, only the lowly recruit can say. 1 hour.

SOURCE



DRUMMERMAN/ BE MY CLOWN

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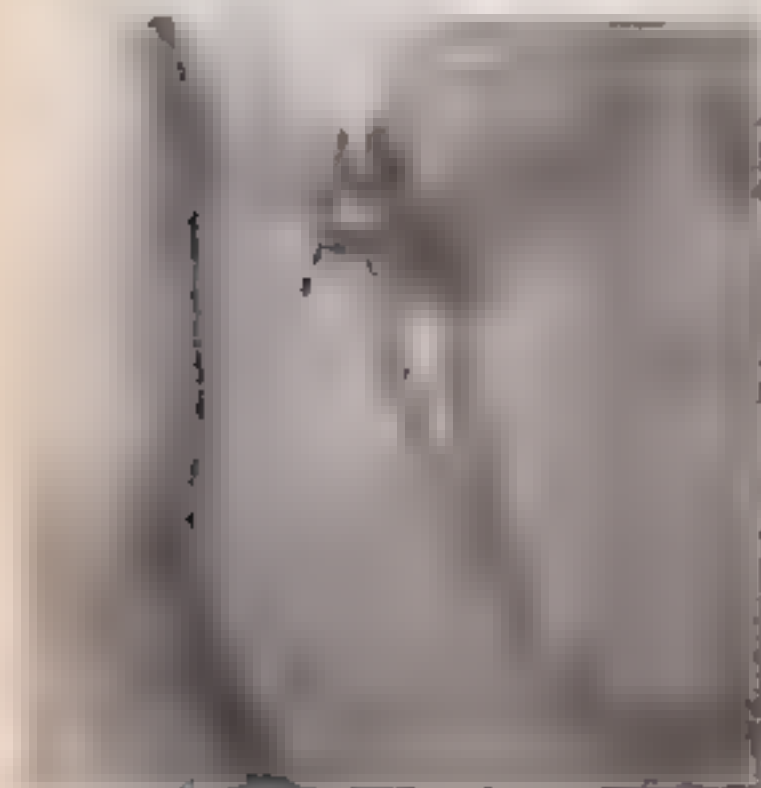
A pair of back-to-back hits for the leather crowd, from Mario Simon, whose performances at Mr. Drummer competitions from coast to coast brought audiences cheering to their feet.



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MAN OF WAR!

The finest latex dildos made, and the Source's best sellers! Flexible but firm, soft but solid for hour of fun. Shown here: our 9" model, available in white flesh-tone or black flesh-tone (\$9.95). Also available, for real man-eaters, the giant 12" model (\$19.95).

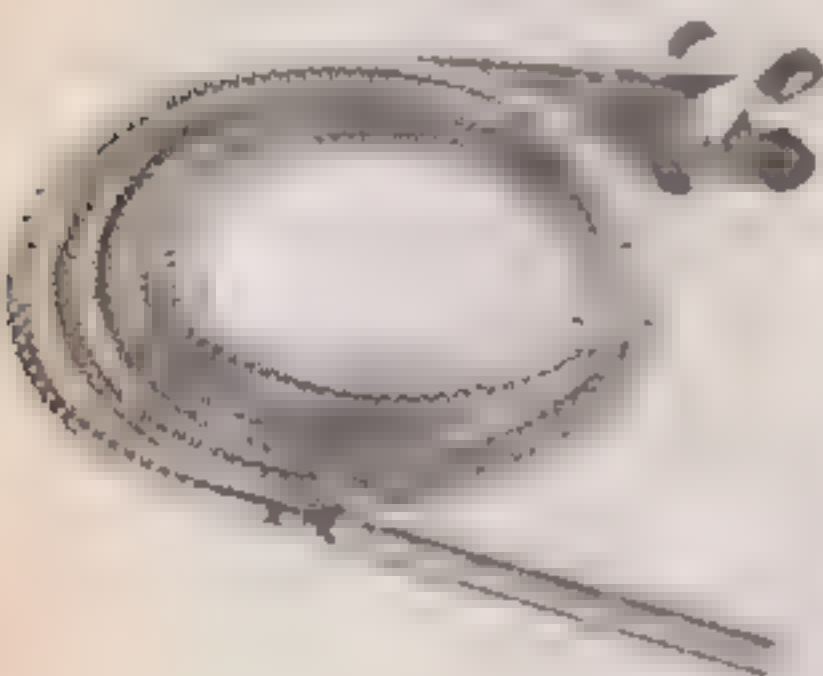


LEATHER FRATERNITY GREETING CARDS by Rex

The ultimate all-occasion card collection from Rex, the master of hard-edged erotic art. Available exclusively from the Source to you. An assortment of one dozen will send your message in sleazy style. Studio size, sturdy kraft envelopes included to get your message there discreetly (\$9.95).

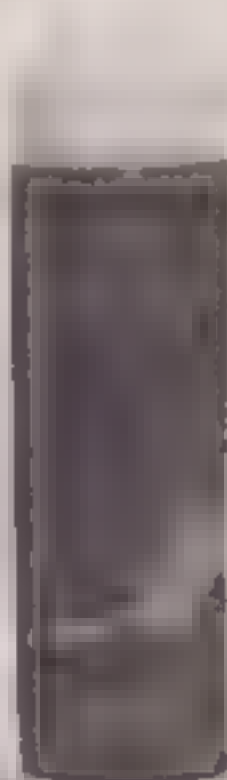
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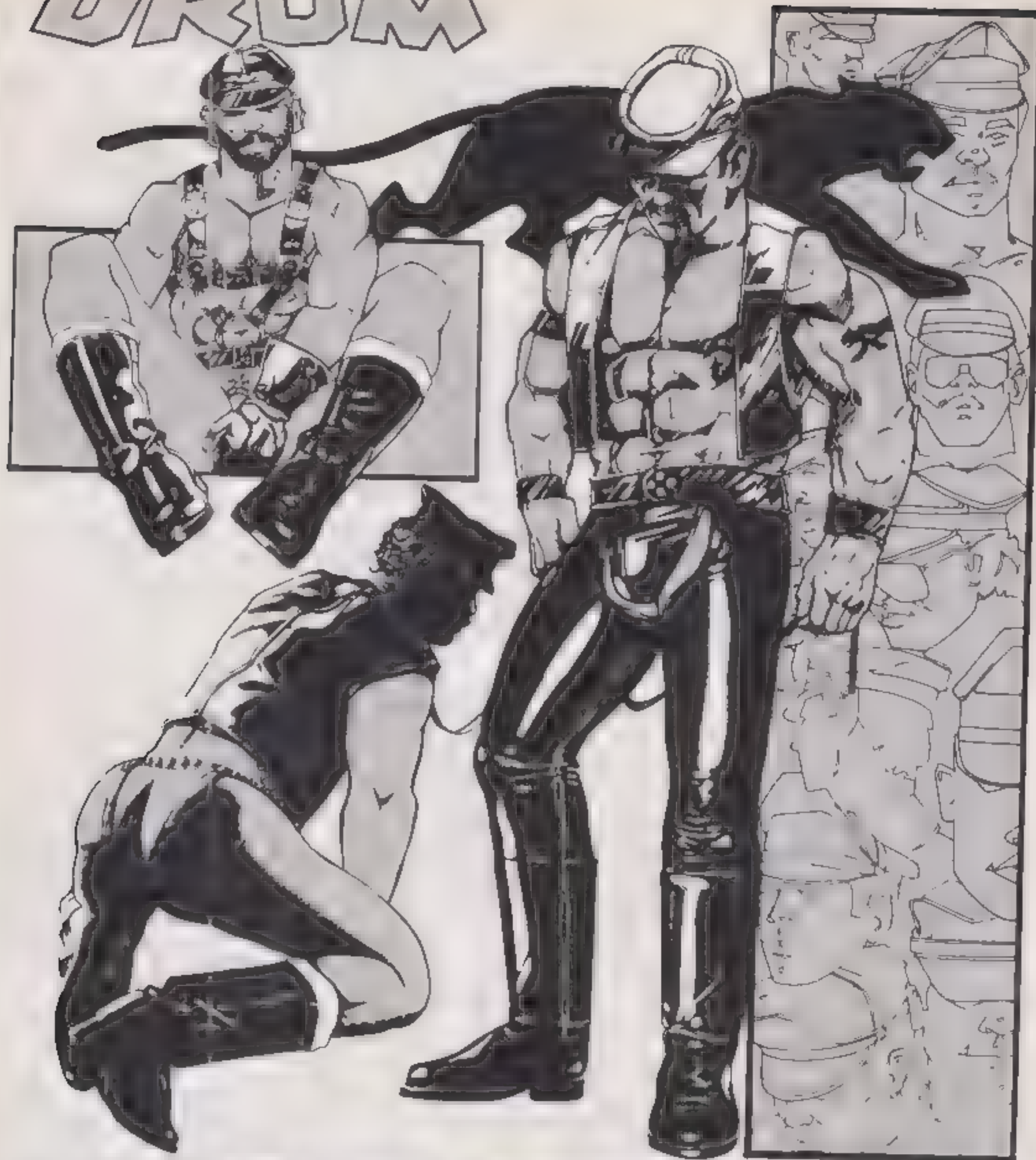
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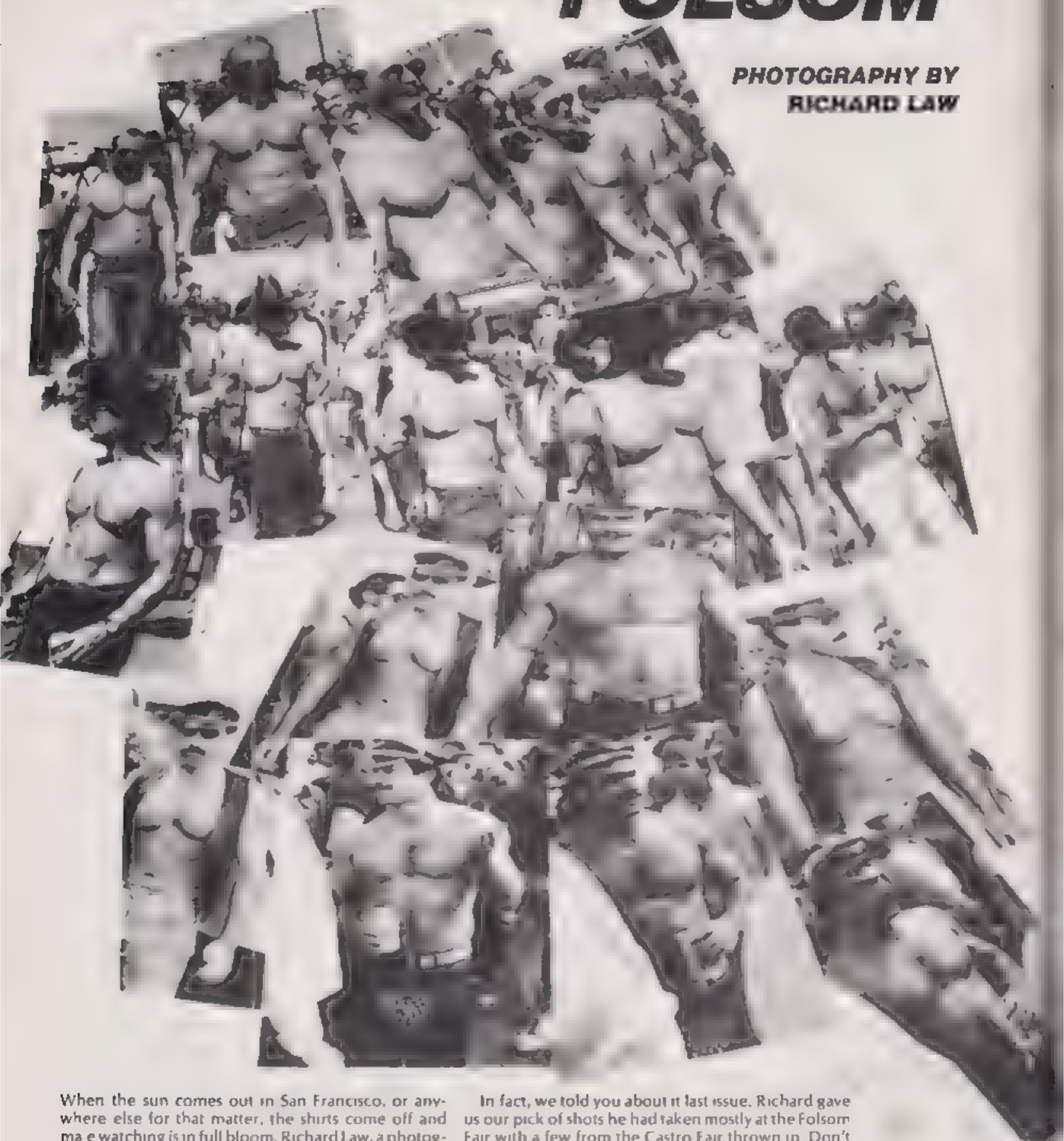






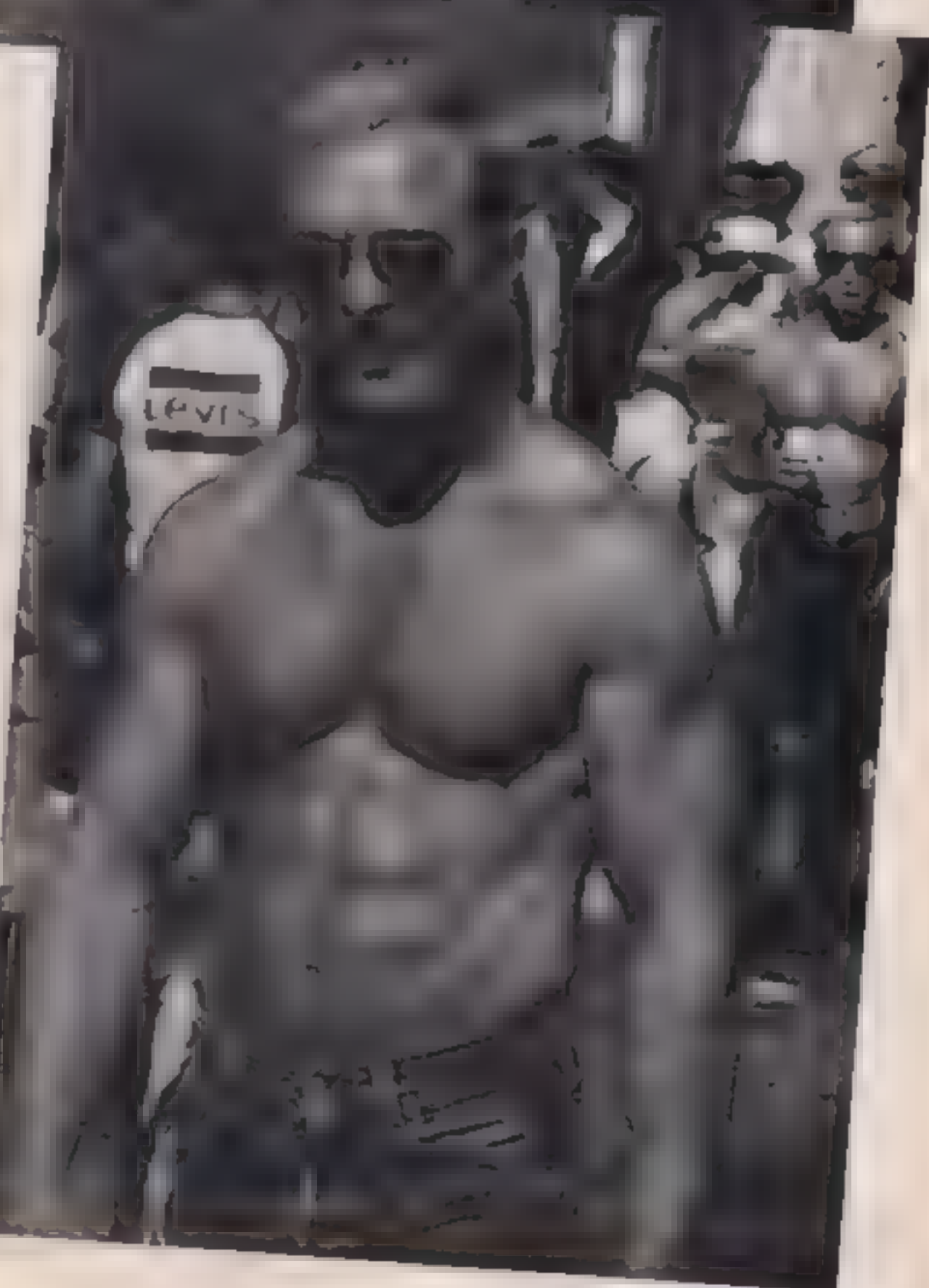
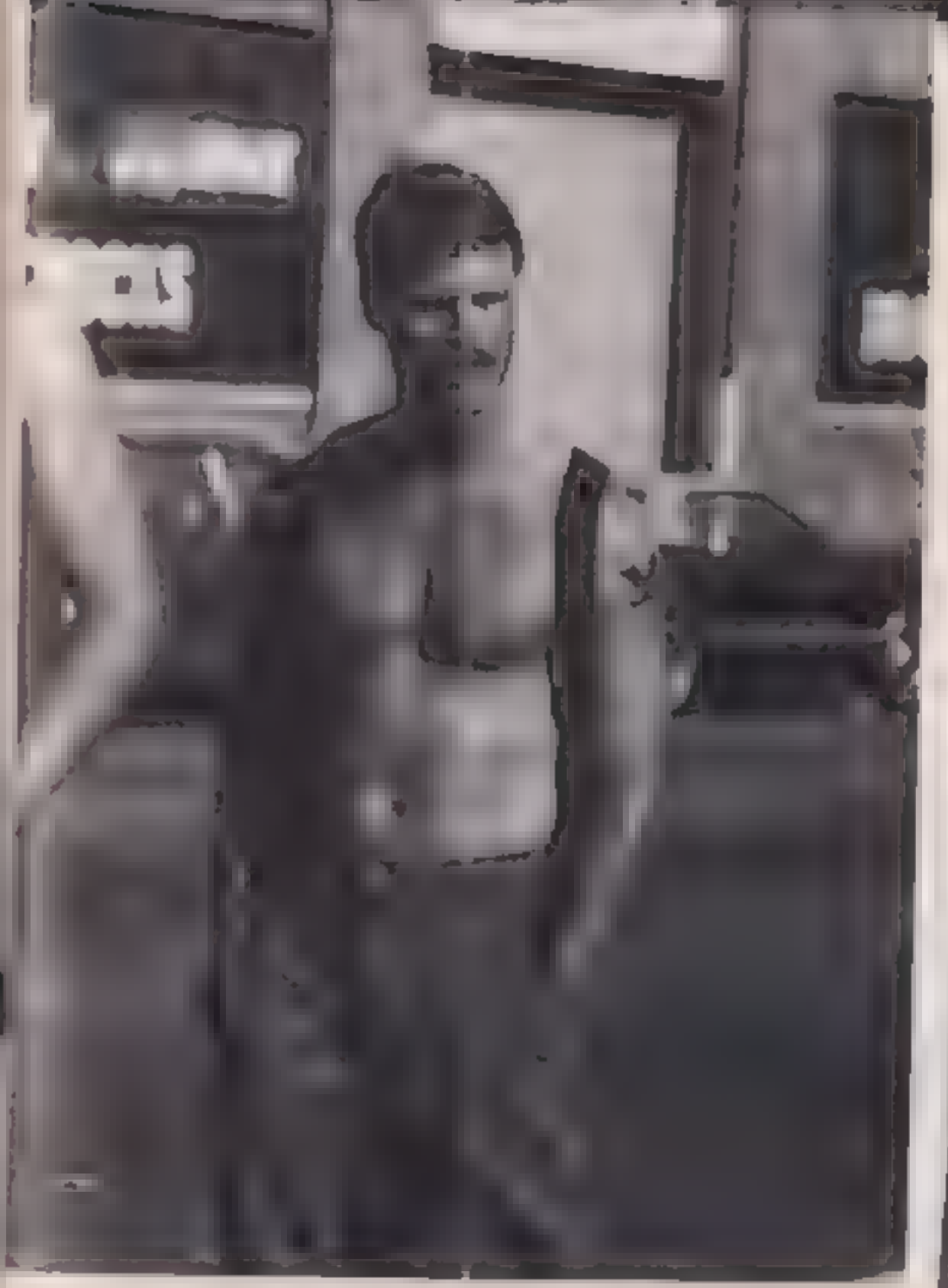
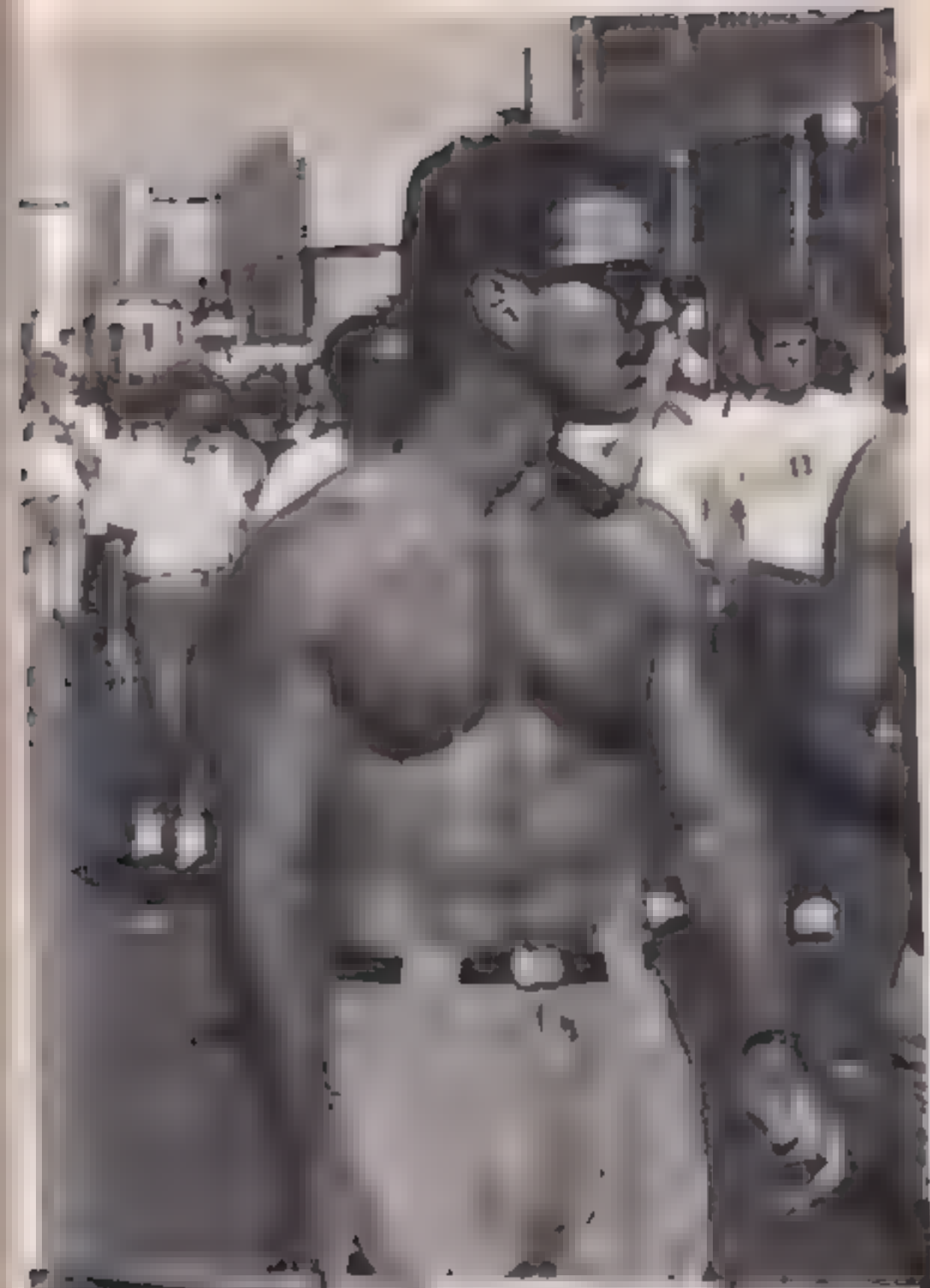
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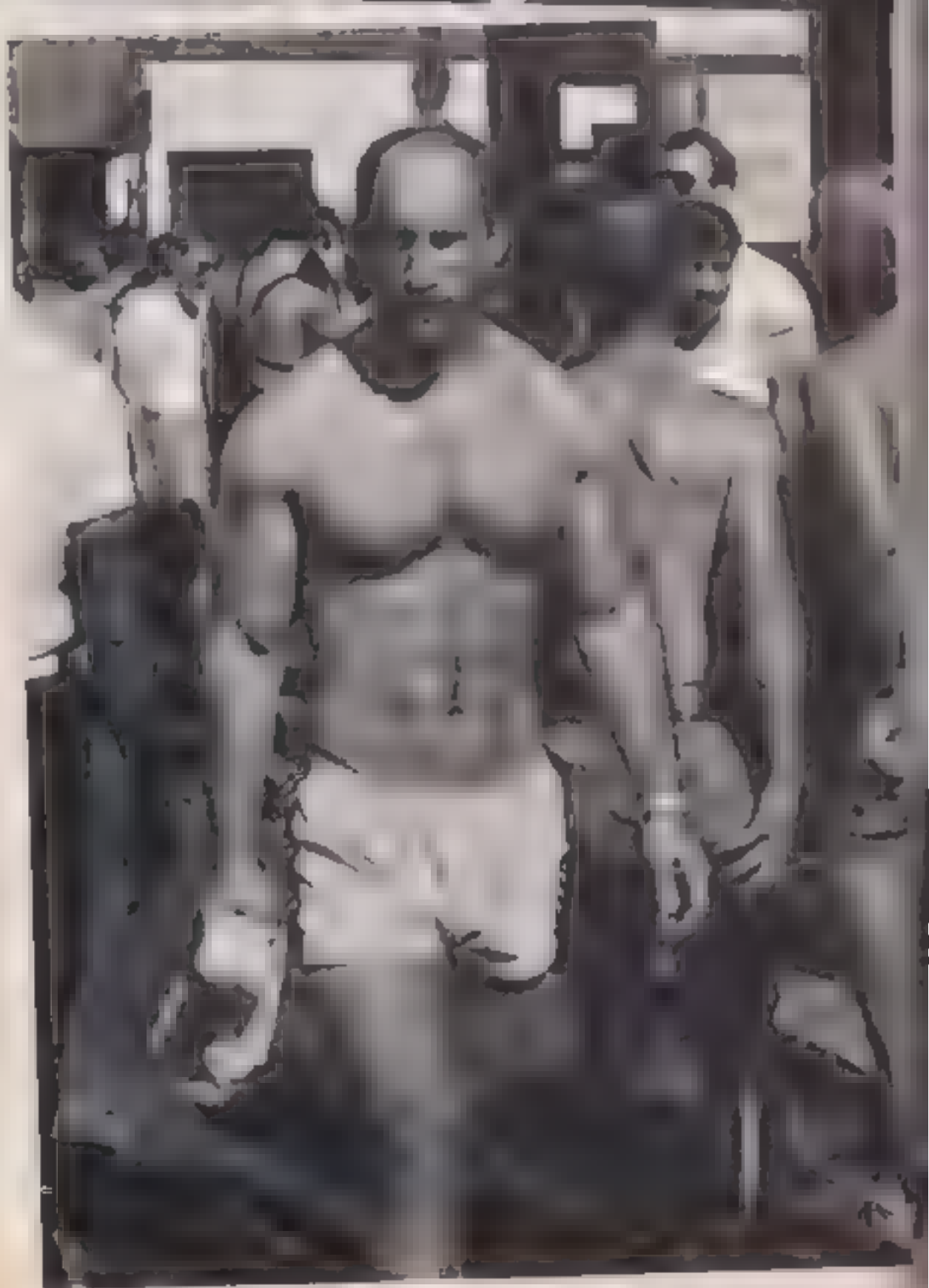
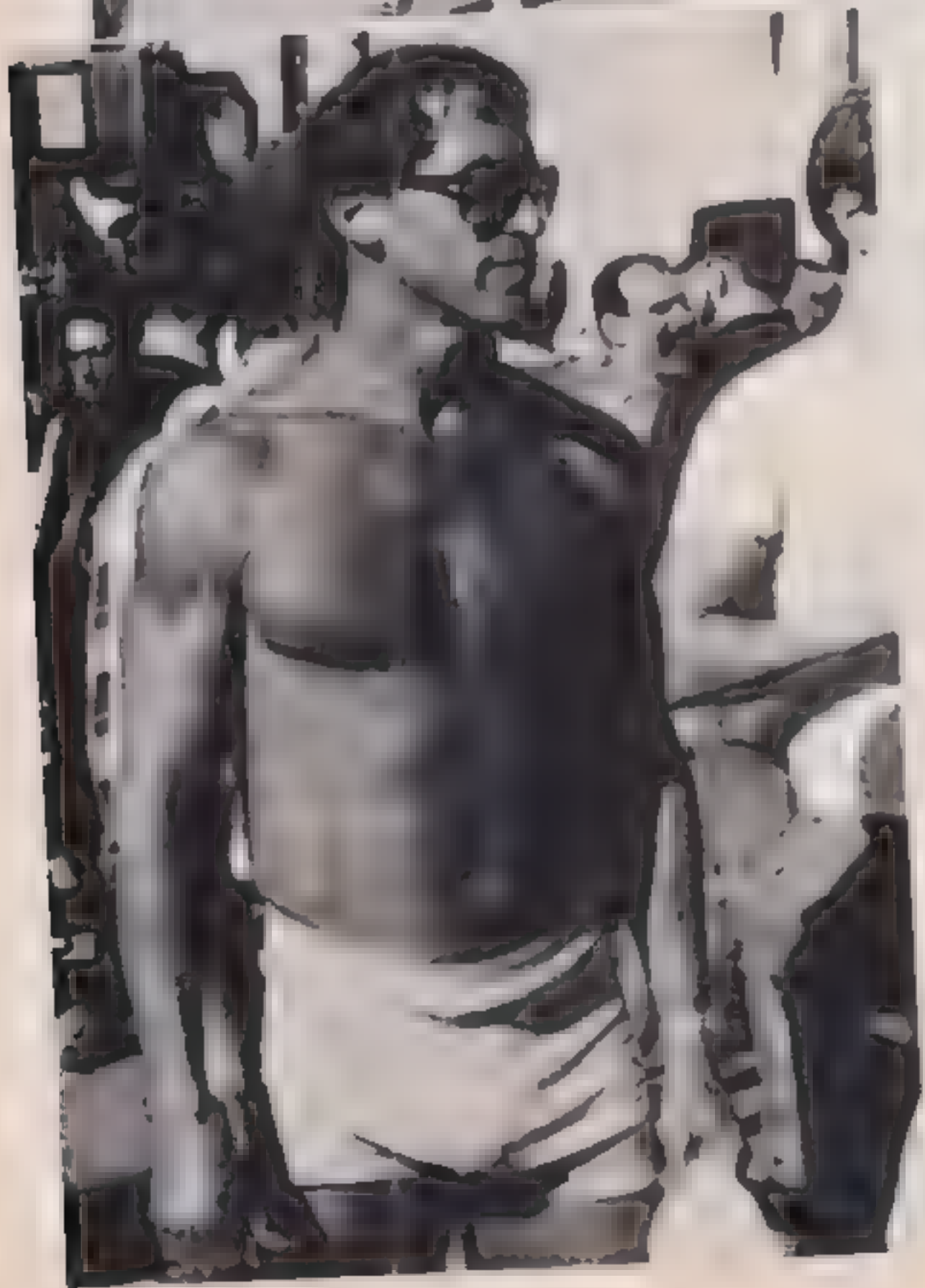
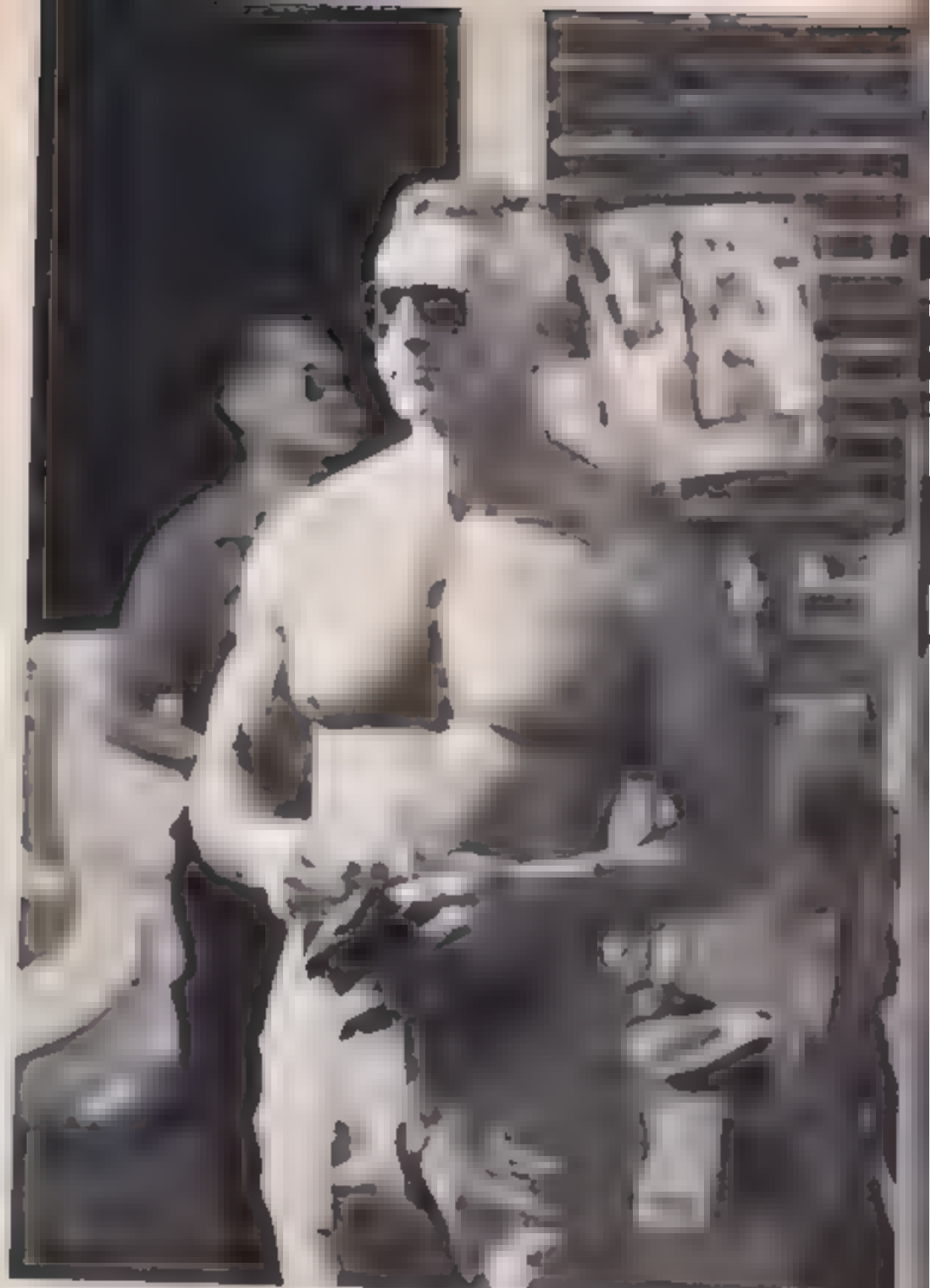
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
RICHARD LAW

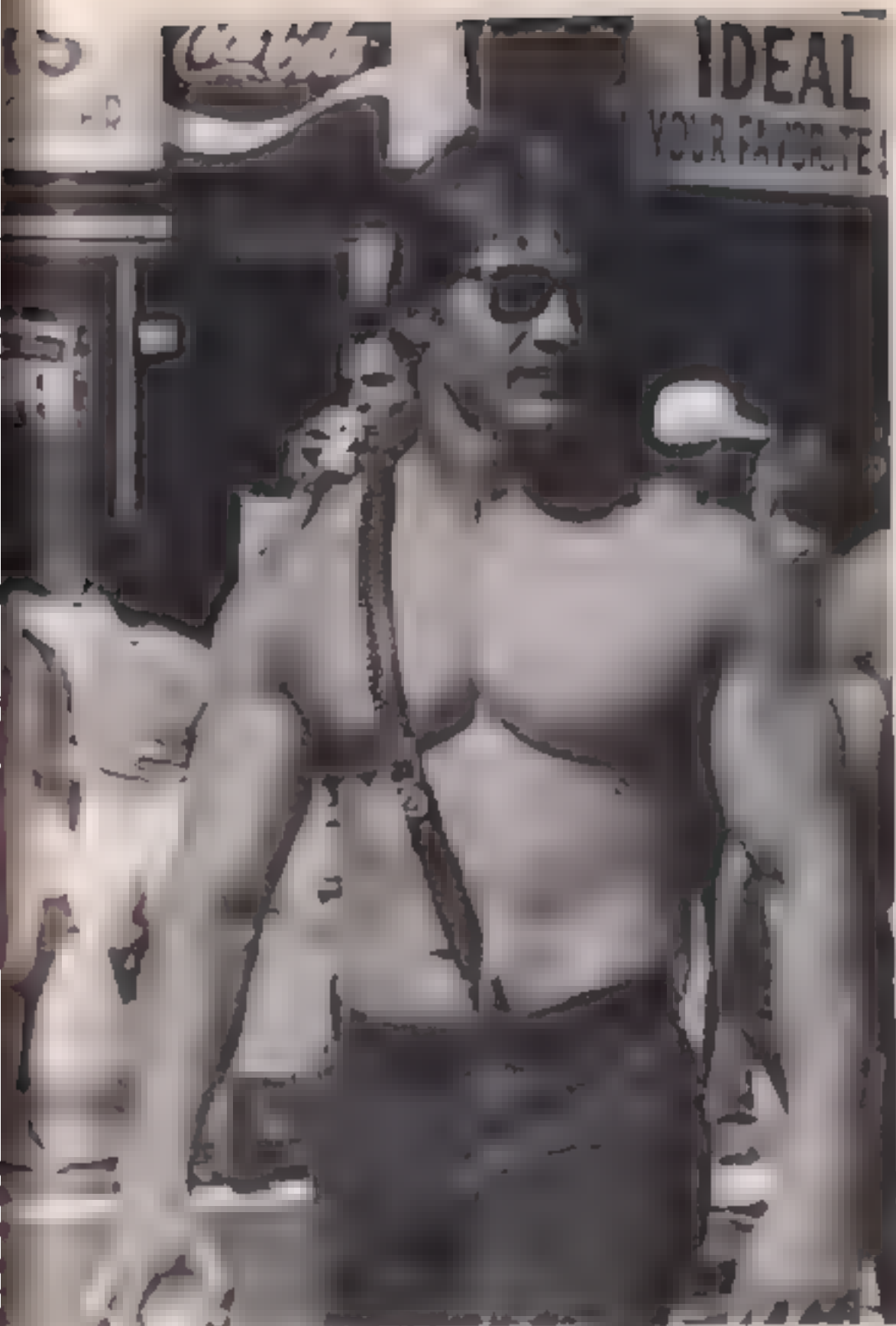


When the sun comes out in San Francisco, or anywhere else for that matter, the shirts come off and manwatching is in full bloom. Richard Law, a photographer dedicated to not just watching but taking pictures of the beef, put his camera where his eyes were and amassed a collection that is being exhibited through December at Express-Photo, 2370 Market Street in San Francisco.

In fact, we told you about it last issue. Richard gave us our pick of shots he had taken mostly at the Folsom Fair with a few from the Castro Fair thrown in. Don't ask us who these men are or how to reach them. They were merely in a public place and had their pictures taken. We wish we knew who they are and if any would like to be a star in our studios. Easy come, easy go, that's the way of the passing flesh.







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CMC CARNIVAL '85

Once a year the leather community gathers en masse in San Francisco for a fraternal bash that is unrivaled in gay leatherdom.
Below: A deserving son receives a kiss from Dad. (Photo by Robert Pruzan.)





Above: Two punkish party-ers check out the scene before the opening of the stage show. (Photo by B.F. Bradford.)



Above: Oral perversions were the order of the day. (Photo by B.F. Bradford.)




Above: In a novel way, a Mr. CMC Carnival contestant collects funds for his favorite AIDS charity. (Photo by B.F. Bradford.)


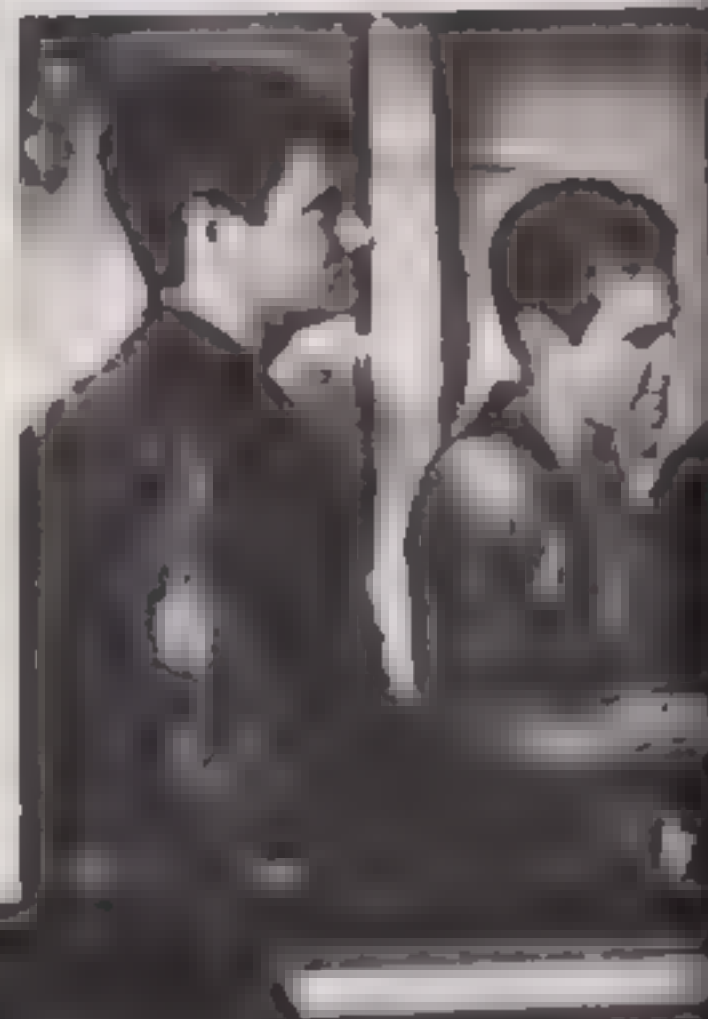
At left: The annual event allures a variety of types including motorcycle toughs, shackled slaves and sultry seamen. (Photo by Robert Pruzan.)



At right: A bondage enthusiast displays his rope work on a handsome torso and ponders over the day's festivities. (Photo by B.F. Bradford.)



At left: A good slave
takes care of his
Master's every need as
he lights his mentor's
cigar before his own.
(Photo by
B.J. Bradford.)



At right: The brisk November cold
was just right for donning leathers,
but the elements didn't stop some
revelers from showing their skin.
(Photo by B.J. Bradford.)

At right: Grommets, studs, zippers and belt complement the outfit of this well-dressed Carnival-goer. (Photo by B.J. Bradford.)



Above: A leatherman cops a feel from a scantily-dressed trolicker. (Photo by Robert Pruzan.)

At right: You can't keep a good man down, even after a hard day's fun at the CMC Carnival. (Photo by B.J. Bradford.)



ADULT ADULTS

TAKING DADDY'S ALL

My Daddy's name is Dan. He is 45 years old, six feet tall and blond. He is my beloved Daddy and my Master. I am 5'10", dark hair, 25 years old and I am his son and slave.

My Daddy/Master and I have been together four years now, and he has taught me well how to respect, obey, service and worship him. He also taught me humility, gratitude, and the fear of his punishment when I break any of his rules.

I do not stay at home cooking, cleaning and polishing his boots as some of our friends do for their Daddies. Daddy Dan has my ass out working at a blue collar union job so that I can bring home money. I give him my check, endorsed, and he takes care of the bills for us and I never see any of it. He also works every day and takes care of all our needs.

He sees that I am punished when I deserve it (which is usually every day, as I am a fuck-up), with his belt or long leather paddle on my bare ass. He wants me on my knees with my hands tied behind my back to my ankles and my head down on the floor with my ass high in the air, so he can get good swings at my ass until it is beet-red and I am pleading with him and begging his forgiveness. He knows how much pain he is giving me and only then does he stop. Only then is he happy again in knowing that the ass-whipping and punishment have been successful. Then I am allowed to service him.

Some of our friends are Daddy/Masters with son/slaves. They will come over for an evening of beer drinking and sports on TV. The other Daddy's son and I will serve the beer as they need it, and also take care of our Daddies' recycled beer on our knees in front of them so they won't miss any of the game by disturbing themselves to get up and use the john to relieve themselves. This always ends up with all of us stripping

down and us son/slaves showing how well we can serve our Daddies, each of us trying to out-do the other. Then my Daddy will order me to service his buddy (the other Daddy), and he orders his son to service my Daddy.

And service we do. Everything from armpits down to the toes. Then our Daddies allow us sons to do our rutting for them to watch. We roll on the floor in front of them and sniff and lick out each other's assholes, lick and suck each other's balls and cocks, then end up in a 69 position and blow our loads.

This makes our Daddies hot and they want hot ass. They select their paddles, whips or belts to beat our asses until they get the required glow, then we sons get our holes fucked. Sometimes they switch off and plow each other's son's ass. We all enjoy this very much.

My Daddy does not suck cock or get fucked, but he does something that is unusual for a Daddy/Master. He will eat my asshole—but only after he has shaved it. He will shave my chest, armpits, crotch and asshole twice a week, but never my head, as he says it would interfere with my job. He uses a straight razor and he is very good at it, being especially careful around my cock and asshole. He then takes me over his knee and gives me a real hard, open-hand spanking. I mean he puts a lot of muscle into it. When it's hot and burning red, he throws me on the bed and holds my legs up in the air while he inspects my pink-brown hole. He doesn't like any hair or stubble when he's going to chow down. Satisfied that it is ready, he then licks, kisses and sticks his tongue into my clean-shaven hole and goes to work.

He makes little murmuring sounds and talks to it while I wriggle my ass to his face. He swears my hole talks back to him. But he only does this

right after he has shaved me. When his appetite is sated, he greases me up for a good, long, heavy fucking. When he blows his nuts in me, I cum all over myself and scoop it up with my fingers and eat it.

When I really piss my Daddy/Master off, to the point that he is livid with rage, there are two ways of punishing me that he knows I dread the most. Number one: Daddy Dan has a buddy of his who is a Top man and he is into raunch...and I mean filth. Daddy thinks he is great, but I despise the bastard and he knows it. I wouldn't dare use his name as he is well-known even by his first name, so from here on I will refer to him as Dick.

Daddy calls him up and tells him I need special punishment and for him to come over; this he does with pleasure as he is an evil and cruel man. He brags about how he doesn't take a shower but once a month. Dick is good-looking enough and has a huge, thick, ten-inch cock, uncut. He strips down and my Daddy orders me on my knees to lick him clean. When he pulls the skin back from his cockhead, it's wet and sticky as thick, white, corn syrup. There's white clumps of curds all around the crown, stinking of cheese. I have to lick this all off real slow, then suck his cock into my throat.

Then I have to clean out his ass. There are no balls of shit on it, but the hairs are all matted down and the stench is unbearable. When that's all licked, it's time to service his feet. I think they smell the worst. Black all around the ankles and soles, with black toe-jam, which I have to suck, each toe and in between. I always have to fight myself to keep from puking when I have to tongue-clean Dick. I know that if I didn't, my Daddy would make me lick up my own vomit.

When they are both satisfied that I have taken my punishment, then they take turns beating my ass with Daddy's variety of leather toys. My Daddy/Master lets Dick fuck me for helping out in getting me back in shape for him. Now, this isn't bad at all, and I get a hard-on. Then Daddy Dan plows my ass with his big cock.

Now for number two. When I screw up or sass Daddy back (sometimes I can come home in a bad mood, too, you know), Daddy gets real quiet and won't say anything. That's how I recognize what's going to come. But I never know when it's going to come. When Daddy feels a bowel movement coming on, he yells for me to strip and get his razor stop. Then I know my time has come. I automatically bend over and grab my ankles and he beats the piss out of me. Then he orders me to the bathroom, where I have his raw-hide and handcuffs laid out for him. He cuffs my hands behind my back and ties them to my ankles with the hide. He has me lay on the tile floor while he strips and pisses all over my face. Then he squats over my upper chest on his haunches and takes a shit right under my chin. I can see it come out of his ass and it plops down on my chest, hot, moist and smelly. He wipes his ass on the toilet and glares at me in discomfort. Then he spits in my face in contempt.

He walks out, closing the door so he won't have to smell the turd and goes in the living room to watch TV and drink beer. I know from past experience that I will remain in that position for a few hours and if that turd should slip off my chest from any of my movement or breathing, Daddy will make me eat it. The smell and trying to remain still is agony for me. Several times my Daddy/Master will come in to take a piss, which he does all over my face and in my mouth. Sometimes if he's getting a little drunk, he will grin and piss all around the stinking turd to wet me down in hopes that it will slip. Fortunately for me it never has. I love my Daddy and I will clean out his ass when he comes home from work smelling sweaty and his ass crack is musky, but with good man-smell, not shit. I don't know what I would do if I ever had to eat a slipped turd. I must say here that when I see his big turd coming out of his ass, it's kind of sexy.

Then, when he thinks I have had enough in the bathroom, he comes in with a bunch of paper towels and picks up the turd and flushes it down the toilet. I hit the shower after he

lets me loose to clean it up. I crawl into the living room where he's sitting with just his jock strap on and beg his forgiveness. There will be no sucking his cock or getting fucked for me that night. I just lay at his feet and hope his anger will pass soon. Sometimes, if he lets me, I will kiss his feet and lick and suck the toes to let him know how truly sorry I am for having made him so mad. There are times when my Daddy just isn't in the mood to have sex with me, or to whip my ass, and he will sit on my face and let me lick out his asshole, while he watches TV or talks on the phone and drinks beer. But he always makes sure that I get my share of his recycled beer. My Daddy and I were made for each other and he only punishes me out of love.

Every word of this letter is true and you can publish it if you like.

Jym C
Huntington Park, CA

BEST SLAVE

After about a year of knowing my Top/Daddy/Master, I can only now even begin to share him with your readers. My Daddy is a very hot, hairy man who is self-assured, confident, sensitive and together. I know my Daddy loves me. He proves it to me each time we make love. His intensity begins with the most conventional foreplay. A glance, a hug, a kiss. As this most wonderful top begins the session, our entire lovemaking experience, the security of his arms, the firmness of his grip, his strength of a smack is always done to reassure me that he is my man. In his masculine way he has the ability to transform this timid, slight, insecure bottom into a man. He is the man who can make my cock stand rock hard. He is the man who's hand reassures me, as he rubs and pinches my entire body to warm me, that I am worthy of his love. His actions not only raise my skin temperatures, he brings a warmth to my heart and soul that allows me to surrender to him as his best slave.

My Daddy always pushes me. He makes me feel that I too can be a man and prove it to him. As he stretches me out,





Photo Courtesy of MAN'S HAND FILMS

Insert Photo by ANG STUDIOS

LOOK WHO'S A DADDY The cover star of *Physique* magazine thirty years ago is still a hot, soft looking govt and recently sparked some hot boys like a good daddy should for *Man's Hand* films. The spread will run in *Drummer Daddies 4*. Joe still turns us on, as he did in my days as young fellows who weren't even born when he was breaking hearts in *Physique Pictorial*.

hangs me from the rafters and shackles my ankles, he lets me know that I can prove my own strength. The fact that I too have worth and I too can please my Daddy through my surrender to him tells my top that I'm his possession to take, to love, to enjoy.

My Daddy knows my limits. He always respects them and always pushes them. My top always, always outperforms himself, making each scene better than before. He brings such a feeling of excitement throughout my entire body with each succeeding gift he performs for me that I sail for hours. He has trained me to love my tit clamps, from tiny clothespins to heavy duty spring clamps with weights. He has pulled, stretched, weighted, tied, abused, beaten my balls and cock into a raging hard-on that allows him to use my cock like a handle that can be manipulated to perform for his pleasure. He is the only man who can express his full love to me numerically. I'd love one time to be able to

count the lash marks on my ass after he warms up my asshole with his cat-o-nine.

The tingle of his love is intense, and so is he. Topper trains my hole with his fingers, a toy or two, a nightstick, but most favorably for me is with his thick, delicious cock. He can bang my hole until I scream, and I'll still beg for more. At this moment of sensuality, my Daddy is in me. He is part of me and if he decides, he gives me his most precious gift, his thick, hot manhood; born within his cock and balls, warmed by his body and dispensed into me, to keep warm and hold within me. This is truly his full expression of his feelings toward me. He tells his boy I'm truly a man.

Daddy never repeats, he only improves his techniques as our love grows. My master is generous. He always brings me his time and love. He shops for us. Among my favorite items is a recently purchased hood, complete with eye mask and mouth plug (my favorite). It's beautiful, not only as a

work of art in itself by the maker, but as an object of pleasure. My master can transform me into his personal slave, sex object or rack of meat and consequently dictates the scene. The personal physical contact with the all-encompassing hood allows my master to isolate me and my attention directly to him.

Daddy often visits me at the warehouse where I work. We lock out the world and combine efforts to fully enjoy each man's intensity. In my Daddy's pleasure-making towards me, he continues to expand my levels of excitement. He straps two-by-fours across my shoulders and restrains my wrists to the screw-eyes on each end of these boards.

He chains my ankles to my wrists, plugs my ass, feeds my face with himself, and then begins to hoist me up off the ground. In total suspension and in total surrender, my Daddy has worked hard to make me know that I'm important to him, that all I want to do is bring to him his

total due pleasure. My gratitude is shown by swallowing his cock head into my throat and begging him to inject his load deep into my oral cavity. As I ingest his thick, rich masculine juice, I sail into ecstasy, feeling his heat flow into my system, landing internally to warm my externally beaten belly.

I suppose I could go on for days, for as I said, my Daddy is tops in all ways. He not only will punch my belly no less than a dozen times in a row, but will have me ask for more. Finally, my master is beginning to train me with an electronic cattle prod. He'll work slowly and tenderly, until I begin to beg for it, then he will retain control, exactly where I want my Daddy.

In closing, I'm going to go curl up on Daddy's chest, rub his beautiful pecs and arms, take his tit into my mouth and feel totally consumed by the best. My pleasure is to love my Daddy, because he's mine and I have the best.

P.C.

Newport, DE



TOUGH CUSTOMERS

Tough Customers is our way of sharing the hottest candid home photos sent in by readers like you!

Wanna join in? Send your photo (crisp black and white reproduces best) to: Tough Customers, Drummer, 640 Natoma Street, San Francisco, 94103. Tell us you're of legal age, put your signature on the back of the photo, and include your name and address so we can assign you a confidential TC Box number (Photos can't be returned)

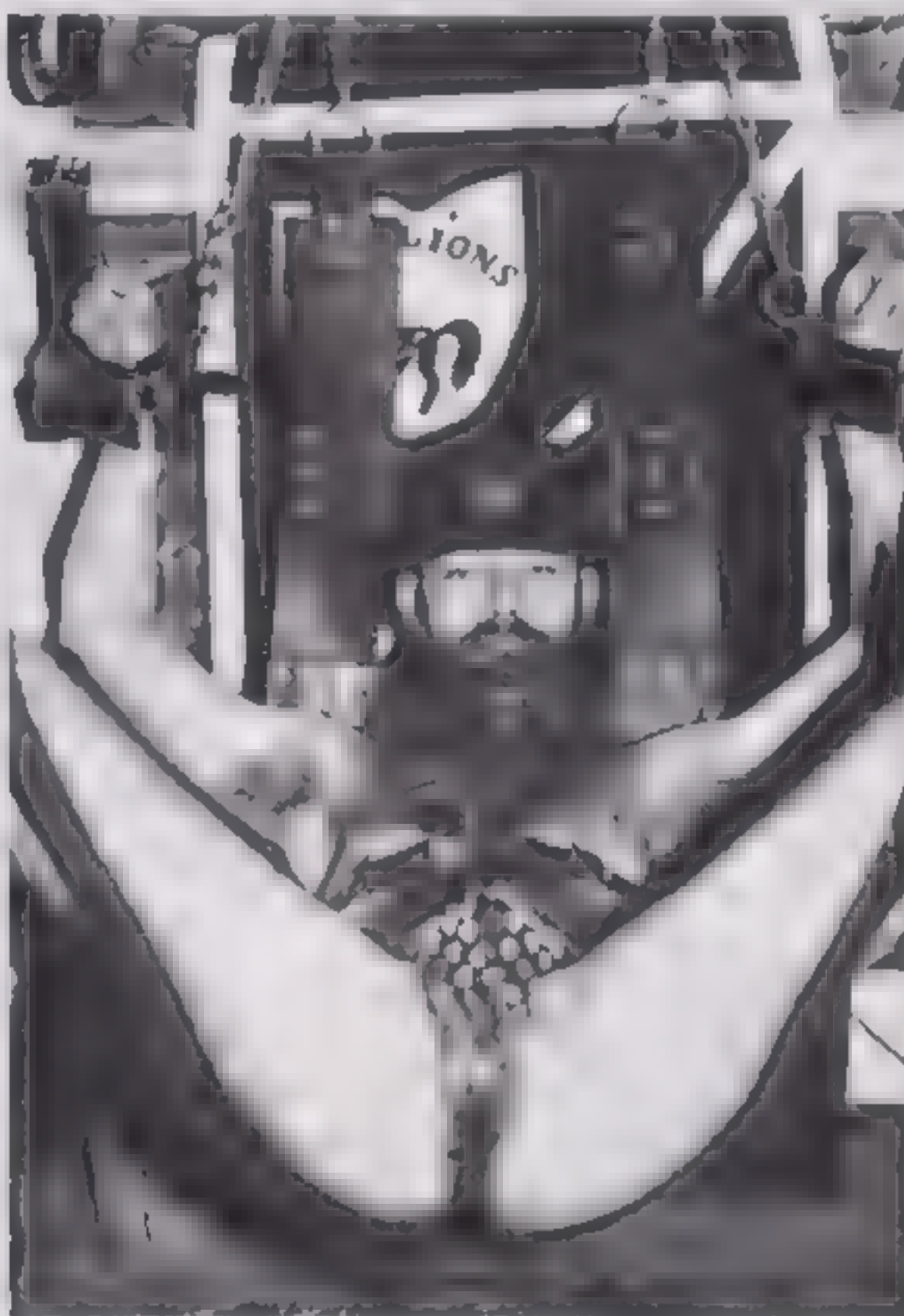
Wanna get in touch with a TC? Put your correspondence in an envelope, seal it, apply postage, and write the TC Box number on the back flap in pencil; put that inside another envelope and mail to the address above, along with a measly quarter for handling. See ya around!



ALL TIED UP: The Man seeks intelligent, sensitive tops to teach The Kid creative lessons in bondage and sensory input in the Seattle, Portland, tri-cities and surrounding area. The Man will forward appropriate responses to The Kid," writes TC 1125. Can you show him the ropes?



TIGHT WIDE RECEIVER: This northern California muscular, bearded bottom boasts "wrap-around asslips with a wide hole that wants to be worked over by healthy, good-looking tops of any age and race. My hole can stretch from condom-cock tight to wide open and back. A treat for your big toys. Firm buns glow when slapped around." At age 34, he stands 5'10", 158 lbs., with a 41" chest and 31" waist and is hot to get plowed "Safe is hot—healthy sex is tough and masculine," says TC 1121



THE FEW THE PROUD: Ex-Marine Johnny is 26-years-old, 5'8", 125 lbs. He's looking for a Master/Daddy to worship and serve and is into watersports, BD, SM, spit, uniforms, leather, boots and foot service. He's ready for you, are you ready for TC 1123



THE SATISFIER: This TC from northeastern Pennsylvania, wants to meet men hung 10 to 13 inches and especially digs Black men and older, hung men. "Bring a friend, if you can," writes TC 1122. Black and white men welcome.




MILITARY TRAINER: "I'm your MP officer, and you are my sailor," commands this bicoastal TC. He's looking to place you under arrest if you're experienced, or show you how if you're a novice. Sounds interesting, huh? Contact TC 1126 for a possible rendezvous in California or New York.



GET INTO RUBBER is the motto of this Massachusetts TC. He also appeared in the Drummer 28 Tough Customer section as "The Boston Leather Phantom." With rubber's new found popularity, he is seeking men with similar interests. Rubber lovers contact TC 1124.



COACH'S DISCIPLINE: This Northern California, 36-year, 6'4" TC is strong enough to handle ill-disciplined macho jocks and unruly punks, 18 to 35, with hand, belt and wooden paddle. Get on that field boy! Before you do, report to coach now with photo. TC 1127.



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